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HISTORY

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND
IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH
BY J. A. FROUDE · INTRODUCTION BY W. LLEWELYN WILLIAMS
B.C.L. · IN 5 VOLS. · VOL. 1

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THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH

VOLUME ONE

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

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INTRODUCTION

Froude once said that his account of the Armada should be as interesting as a novel, and there is no doubt that he approached the reign of Elizabeth with the intention of making "our glorious *semper eadem*" the heroine of the stirring romance. He begins by quoting a contemporary description of the state of the country at the queen's accession:

"The queen poor; the realm exhausted; the nobility poor and decayed; good captains and soldiers wanting; the people out of order; justice not executed; all things dear; division among ourselves; war with France; the French king bestriding the realm, having one foot in Calais and the other in Scotland; steadfast enemies, but no steadfast friends."

The queen, with a disputed title, was forced by the circumstances of her birth to identify herself with the revolt against the Papacy. Her personal inclinations, her philosophical temperament, and her dislike of extremes rendered her averse to the religious and political views of the Protestants. Mary Stuart in France quartered the royal arms of England on her shield; Philip, before he became actively hostile, tried to treat England as a vassal of Spain. Elizabeth faced the situation with regal spirit. She repulsed the advances of Philip, and insisted that England was strong enough to stand alone. She was determined to expel the French from Scotland and from Calais, and as a child of the Reformation she was fixed in her opposition to the pretensions of the Bishop of Rome. The subtle De Quadra, Philip's first ambassador at her court, was aghast at "the spirit of the woman." His polite conclusion was that "she is possessed of the Devil, who is dragging her to his own place." The good bishop was an astute and experienced diplomat. He knew the power of Spain, the strength of her armies, the magnitude of her fleet, the untold riches of her American dominions. He could not understand how Elizabeth, with a rebellious Ireland and a hostile Scotland at her back, could hope to stand up against Philip. "She is possessed with a false opinion of her own resources, from which she will never awake till she is ruined."

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Froude set out to tell the story how this weak woman brilliantly triumphed over all her enemies and changed the history of the world. She drove the French for ever out of Scotland and paved the way to the union of the kingdoms. She brought Ireland definitely within the orbit of English influence. She broke the power of Spain and helped to free the Netherlands. By dexterous intrigues and timely assistance to the Huguenots she postponed for a century the predominance of France in Europe. More than all, she infused her own spirit into the people of England, so that they came to regard their country, "this precious stone set in the silver sea," as a sceptred isle, whose destiny it was to send forth her sons to all the world—

> Renownèd for their deeds as far from home—
> For Christian service and true chivalry—
> As is the sepulchre, in stubborn Jewry,
> Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son.

To achieve so heroic a result, the chief actor herself must have possessed the qualities of a heroine, and Froude commenced his task with high hopes that he had before him a more grateful task than he had attempted in transforming King Henry VIII. into a perfect knight. He was prepared to find that Elizabeth had done "shady" things in diplomacy. He excused one of her first dissimulations by quoting an obvious modern parallel. "Count Cavour in 1860 encouraged Garibaldi's expedition to Sicily, while in public he denied all knowledge of it. The political exigencies of Cavour's position were but slight compared to those which drove Elizabeth into falsehood." But, as he went on, the cautious compromising policy of the queen, with its many shifts and endless subterfuges, irritated and finally alienated the historian. He sneered at her motto "*Semper Eadem*," bitterly remarking that she had well deserved it, for she was always the same cold, hard, treacherous, lying, pledge-breaking Machiavellian politician. His final conclusion is that Elizabeth's tortuous and indecisive policy disqualify her "from being cited as an example of the capacity of female sovereigns."

It is only in her dealings with Mary Queen of Scots that he will not admit a blemish. To Froude Mary Stuart was a "pantheress" who more than deserved her tragic fate. He pursues her even beyond the grave with a relentless rancour which would have delighted his favourite Knox. He tells, indeed, the story of her last days with a dramatic passion which enthralls the reader. But it is only to heighten the irony of the final scene when the executioner raising her head "exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman." Froude insists, with a dogmatism that nothing can shake, on the authenticity of the Casket Letters, though few will be found to-day to give any other verdict upon them than "non-proven." To him Mary Stuart was a murderous adulteress, who blighted the lives of all who loved and trusted her, who repaid the clemency of Elizabeth with endless treason and plot, and who, if she had succeeded, would have brought England under the foot of priest and pope. Compared with her, Elizabeth was an angel, but Froude's real views on female sovereignty were expressed in Knox's *Blast against the Monstrous Regiment of Women.*

In one of his private letters, Froude confessed his growing admiration for Cecil, and his conviction that whatever was great in Elizabeth's reign and achievements was due to her minister. No doubt Sir William Cecil was a man of judgment and calm wisdom, but a less heroic figure never graced the stage of English politics. The grandson of an obscure Welsh squire, he had his career to make in troublous times. He was employed by Henry VIII., and he was advanced by Protector Somerset. He was rewarded by the Duke of Northumberland for drawing up the indictment against his former patron. When Mary came to the throne, he won his pardon by conforming to the queen's religion. That did not prevent him from hanging Papists under Elizabeth. His moderation allowed him to torture the saintly Campion, and he was not above tempting poor souls to perdition by threat of the rack or by the hopes of reward. Nor was his policy consistent or clear. At one time he was the eager advocate of war with France; at another with Scotland; still later he would have embroiled England with France and Spain simultaneously by taking the field openly with the Huguenots and the Dutch. Such a policy might have succeeded, but it might, on the other hand, have ended in the coalition of the two great Catholic powers of Europe and in the bankruptcy and ruin of England. Elizabeth, in spite of her high spirit and fearless courage, was no Jingo. She would often bang the table of the council chamber and cry out, "No war, my lords, no war!" Even when she did go to war, she liked to conduct it on the principle of limited liability. Her thrifty Welsh soul abhorred waste and extravagance, and nothing annoyed her more than the fatal ease with which all her servants took to squandering when once war was embarked upon. Froude is severe on her parsimony before and after the Armada. But whenever were England's resources ready and prepared for war? At least, Elizabeth made better provision against the Armada than would have been possible for her had she wasted her substance on the unending wars which her ministers pressed her to make. She is entitled to be judged by the result. She found England almost bankrupt; she ruled so thriftily that her people were the lightest-taxed in Europe. She found England in a state of vassalage; she left her feared and respected by the world. She governed with a high hand; but she associated her people with the government of their country and so paved the way to the constitutional freedom which was won under the Stuarts. Even her fickleness and feminine coquetry were made to subserve the interests of her people. When she heard of the birth of a son to Mary Stuart, she bitterly exclaimed, "The Queen of Scots is mother to a fair son, while I am a barren stock." She set aside her natural instincts, she conquered her affection for Leicester, she deliberately chose the hard road of adventurous independence rather than the smooth path of vassalage, in order that England might be free and great. When all is said and done, most people will reject Froude's estimate of this amazing woman, and will rather endorse the deliberate conclusion of Martin Hume—an even greater authority on the period than Froude himself—that Elizabeth was "perhaps the greatest sovereign that ever occupied the English throne."

W. LLEWELYN WILLIAMS.

December 18, 1911.

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REIGN OF ELIZABETH

CHAPTER I

ACCESSION OF ELIZABETH

Queen Mary ceased to breathe an hour before daylight on Thursday the 17th of November 1558. Parliament opened as usual at eight for the morning session, when a message from the Peers required the immediate presence of the Commons. As they appeared at the bar of the Upper House, the Chancellor Archbishop Heath rose and said—

"The cause of your calling hither at this time is to signify to you that all the lords here present are certainly certified that God this present morning hath called to His mercy our late sovereign lady Queen Mary; which loss, as it is most heavy and grievous to us, so have we no less cause another way to rejoice with praise to Almighty God, for that He hath left unto us a true lawful and right inheritress to the crown of this realm, which is the Lady Elizabeth, second daughter to our late sovereign lord of noble memory King Henry VIII. and sister to our late said queen; of whose most lawful right and title in the succession of the crown, thanks be to God! we need not to doubt. Wherefore the lords of this House have determined, with your assents and consents, to pass from hence to the palace, and there to proclaim the said Lady Elizabeth queen of this realm without further tract of time."

The Commons answered, "God save Queen Elizabeth! long may she reign over us!" The vacancy of the throne had dissolved Parliament; and at once, while it was still morning, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Winchester, Lord Shrewsbury, and Lord Bedford rode through London with the heralds, making known from Palace Yard to the Tower the change which had passed over the realm.

The proclamation had been sketched in haste by Sir William Cecil. It declared Elizabeth "the only right heir by blood and lawful succession," and charged all persons of every degree, under pain of the new queen's indignation, to keep themselves quiet, and under no pretence to break the order of the established law.

In the sudden snapping of the chain which had bound them there was a fear that the citizens might be tempted into dangerous excesses.

But for a moment the past was forgotten in the present. The bells which six years before had rung in triumph for Mary's accession now pealed as merrily for her death. The voices which had shouted themselves hoarse in execrations on Northumberland were now as loud in ecstasy that the miserable reign was at an end. Through the November day steeple answered steeple; the streets were spread with tables, and as the twilight closed blazed as before with bonfires. The black dominion of priests and priestcraft had rolled away, like night before the coming of the dawn. Elizabeth, the people's idol, dear to them for her sister's hatred, the morning star of England's hope, was queen.

So deep had been the indignation at the Smithfield cruelties, so intense the national humiliation at the loss of Calais, that Catholics and Protestants forgot their animosities in the prospect of change. Elizabeth was the favourite daughter of Henry, whose character she was supposed to inherit, and whose reign was the last bright spot on which the nation looked back with pride. The Reformers saw in her their child and pupil, whose life had all but paid the forfeit of her fidelity to their instructions; in her ultimate submission and conformity the orthodox found a guarantee that they need not fear from her a return to revolutionary fanaticism; while, as Philip had declared in her favour, the Conservative peers and statesmen, who inherited the national traditions, supported her as the best security for the maintenance of the Spanish alliance and for the protection of the country against foreign invasion. One rival only possessed claims which would bear inspection. But Mary Stuart was Dauphiness of France. In the possible eventual union of the crowns of Scotland, France, and England, the politicians of Spain and the Low Countries saw their own ruin; and even in religion, however uncertain they might feel as to her real convictions, Elizabeth seemed preferable to the daughter-in-law of the sovereign who had fostered Wyatt's insurrection, and taught every Catholic in the realm to fear and hate him. Philip therefore having failed to secure the entail of the crown for himself, had signified his desire, through the Count de Feria, for the undisputed succession of his sister-in-law. And though Philip had left behind him no single personal friend, his position as England's solitary ally, as the most powerful sovereign in Europe, and as the most faithful servant of the Church, gave him still weight in the council, and an authority almost absolute among the sincere and earnest Catholics.[1]

Elizabeth herself he trusted that he could bind by gratitude, if not by a closer tie.[2] That a young unmarried woman in a situation so critical should choose a course and policy of her own was the one possibility which neither he nor any one else anticipated. Her conduct, he naturally supposed, would be dictated by the husband to whom she would immediately be allied; and the choice of the person he conceived to rest with himself.

Alone among the Catholic leaders, Reginald Pole shared the ineradicable suspicion with which Elizabeth had been regarded by her sister. But Pole was on his death-bed when Mary died. Among the last sounds which fell upon his ears must have been the bells of Westminster ringing the knell of the cause to which he had sacrificed his life; and before the evening he too had passed away—a blighted, broken-hearted man, detested by those whom he had laboured most anxiously to serve.[3] Singled out, in connection with Bonner, for the especial aversion of the new queen, he was taken away in mercy to escape a second exile, or the living death of the Tower.[4]

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[1] "No tiene su Majestad en todo el Reyno hombre á su devocion, pero la parte de los Católicos entiende todavia que el bien y conservacion de la religion consiste en la ayuda y asistencia que su Majestad les quisiese hacer, en laqual parece que van colocando todas sus esperanças y remedio. Porque entienden si el Rey de Francia metiese aqui el pie, se perderia lo espiritual y temporal del Reyno, porque saben que no curarian sino de desfrutarlos y traerlos en su sugecion, sin atender á lo de la religion."—Memorial del Conde de Feria: *MS. Simancas.*

"Los Católicos que hay en este Reyno, que son muchos tienen puesta toda su esperanza en V. Md., y es cosa estraña la cuenta que tienen con saber que hago yo: y quando el negocio hubiese de venir á los manos V. Md. tendra esta parte por suya, porque piensan que seran perdidos si el Rey de Francia mete aqui el pié."—De Feria to Philip, January 31, 1559: *MS.* Ibid.

[2] The recent connection between the English Protestants and the court of France was so considerable and so notorious, that Philip attempted to make Elizabeth suspicious of them by dwelling upon it. "Mirad si convendria decir tan bien á la Reyna que tenga sospechosa á la parte de los ereges, porque con aquellos tienen mas platica los Franceses, y confian mas dellos: y que los Católicos nunca se fiéran de Franceses."—Philip to De Feria, February: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] "Murió á noche. El dia que falleció su Majd. sus criados pusieron mala guarda para encubrille la muerte de la Reyna, y la pena que recibió creo que abrevió la suya. Dios le hizó misericordia en llevarle, y V. Md. perdió muy poco en el."—De Feria to Philip: *MS.* Ibid. . . . "Este maldito Cardinal," De Feria calls him elsewhere.—De Feria to Philip: *MS. Simancas.*

[4] "Con el Cardinal (la Reyna) esta malisimamente y comenzó mi a contar los enojos que la habia hecho."—Ibid.

Thus it was that Elizabeth was welcomed to the throne without a dissentient voice, and perhaps without a dissentient heart, save only among the fanatic ecclesiastics, whose bloody work was at an end. And yet her position was beyond example difficult; difficult at the best—more difficult tenfold, if she cared to act on any deeper principle than the immediate expediency of the moment.

Statesmen who remembered the resources at the command of Henry VIII. when, twenty years before, he had built fortresses round the coast out of the spoils of the monasteries, and had replied to the menaced coalition between Charles V. and Francis I. by calling the united nation under arms, must have felt mournfully how keen was the contrast with the ruined inheritance of his daughter.

The war in which Henry's reign had closed had left a legacy of debt behind it, for which the capture of Boulogne had poorly compensated. The minority of Edward had been a time of mere thriftless waste and plunder, while east, west, north, and south the nation had been shaken by civil commotions. The economy with which Mary had commenced had been sacrificed to superstition, and what the hail had left the locusts had eaten. She had brought herself to believe that the confiscation of the abbey lands had forfeited the favour of Heaven; and stripping the already embarrassed crown of half its remaining revenues to re-establish the clergy, she had sacrificed, at the same time, the interests of England to her affection for her husband, and forced the nation into a war in which they had neither object to gain nor injury to redress. She had extorted subsidies only to encounter shame and defeat; and in the midst of the general exasperation at the disgrace which had fallen upon England, she had allowed Philip to avail himself of the scanty revenues of the treasury, and had made him a present of unknown thousands of pounds, with valuable jewels of the crown.[1]

Although the country was financially ruined, there was still the land, and there were still the people to fall back upon; but in the last two sad years, famine and plague had been added to other causes of suffering, and the long gaps in the muster rolls told a fearful tale of the ravages which they had made. The revolt of the Commons under Edward had led also to a general disarmament. The art of war was changing; and the English peasantry, so far from having been taught the use of harquebuss and pistol, were no longer familiar even with their own bows and bills. Themselves untrained and undrilled, their natural leaders the young men of family had been entangled one side or other in rebellion or conspiracy, and had been executed or driven into exile. The nobility were scanty and weak. The new owners of the soil, the middle classes who had risen to wealth on the dissolution of the monasteries, were unwarlike men of business, given merely to sheep farming and making money. The peasantry hated them as the chief enclosers of the commons; the crown and the lords despised them as the creation of a new age; while as evading in all ways the laws of military tenure, and regarding their estates as a commercial speculation for the building up of their private fortunes, they were looked on by the Englishmen of the old order of things as poisonous mushrooms, the unwholesome outcome of the diseases of the age.

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[1] "Se quejó Isabel al Conde de Feria que sabia que el Rey se le habia dado grandes sumas de dinero. Contradijó lo el conde pero en el hecho era verdad que la Reyna Maria le habia dado de una vez siete mil libras y algunas joyas de valor para pagar ciertas tropas Alemannas."—De Feria to Philip, November 21: *MS. Simancas.*

It was believed in London, that shortly before her death Mary had sent Philip as much as 200,000 ducats.

"The wealth of the meaner sort," wrote some Tory correspondent of Sir William Cecil, "is the very fount of rebellion, the occasion of their insolence, of the contempt of the nobility, and of the hatred they have conceived against them. It must be cured by keeping them in awe through the severity of justice, and by providing as it were of some sewers or channels to draw and suck from them their money by subtle and indirect means."[1]

On all sides the ancient organisation of the country was out of joint. The fortresses from Berwick to Falmouth, although in the preceding summer some faint efforts had been made to repair them, were half in ruins, dismantled, and ungarrisoned. The Tower was as empty of arms as the treasury of money. The volunteer fleet which had been called together for the ineffectual demonstration against Brest was scattered; and thus bare of the very necessaries for self-defence, the queen found herself with a war upon her hands which the experience of Crêpy made her fear that she might be left to endure alone, with Calais lost, the French in full possession of Scotland, where they were fast transporting an army, and with a rival claimant to her crown whose right by the letter of the law was better than her own.[1]

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[1] "The distresses of the commonwealth, with the means to remedy them, addressed to the Lords of the Council, December, 1558."—*Domestic MS., Elizabeth*, vol. i.

Her position and the position of England were summed up in a few pregnant sentences. "The queen poor; the realm exhausted; the nobility poor and decayed; good captains and soldiers wanting; the people out of order; justice not executed; all things dear; excesses in meat, diet, and apparel; division among ourselves; war with France; the French king bestriding the realm, having one foot in Calais and the other in Scotland; steadfast enemies, but no steadfast friends."[2]

Beyond all these political difficulties, and at the heart and root of them, lay the differences of religion. The alternate supremacy of the two extreme parties had taught the nation to loathe them equally. Yet men were in that strange state that they still believed in the necessity of some defined conviction. They believed it still to be their duty to profess, as a Christian people, a national creed, while yet there was no third form of opinion visible to them on which they could rest with security. Happily there was one point on which, with but few exceptions, all sides were united — the dread and hatred of those ecclesiastical tribunals whose yoke had been broken by Henry, and who had so fearfully abused their recovered power.

A bishop's chancellor sitting in court and proceeding *ex-officio*, unrestrained by statute or common law, and enabled at all times to command the services of the secular arm, was the incarnate representative of iniquity. No fireside was safe from the intrusion of his familiars. No act, no word, was so innocent but that it could be construed into a crime; and the conduct of the priests in the three last years showed that they had learnt from their humiliations only a lesson of revenge. Towards them and their doings there was no doubt at all of the feeling of the English laity. As it had been in the days of Cromwell so it remained—an irrepressible detestation and scorn.

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[1] "The wars have consumed our captains, men, money, victuals, and have lost Calais. The axe and the gallows have taken away some of our captains. It is necessary, that in every shire, at the towns' charge, there might be discipline and exercises used to prepare and frame the rude men into captains and soldiers, to serve in case of need. All other plagues that before and since the death of good King Edward have happened unto us, have been in respect tolerable, and as it were but preludes of one great and grievous plague to come. The loss of Calais is the beginning of the same great plague, for it has introduced the French king within the threshold of our house; so as now or else never your honours must bestir you and meet with this mischief. Else, if God start not forth to the helm, we be at the point of greatest misery that can happen to any people, which is to become thrall to a foreign nation."—Address to the Council: *Domestic MS.*

[2] Ibid.

Here however unanimity was at an end. The secular power of the priesthood was no necessary adjunct of the Catholic faith. The accession of Mary had found the new opinions equally dishonoured by tyranny; and if the reaction had not stained itself with crimes beside which the iniquities of the Duke of Northumberland looked pale, the profession of Protestantism as a positive creed would have been confined to a minority, strong in the fire and force of their convictions, but numerically small and politically weak. But the fanaticism of the Catholic clergy had discredited their doctrines and forfeited for them the confidence of moderate and reasonable men. They had clutched so passionately at the privileges to which they pretended that their theories entitled them, they had betrayed so incautiously their unslaked thirst for power, for wealth, for blood, that the world was taking them at their word, and judging the tree by its fruits. Their foreign policy had been as unfortunate as their domestic administration had been cruel. A blight as if from heaven had rested on them and their deeds; and thus the teaching of the Reformers which had passed away like a dream was beginning again to find its way into men's minds. The figures of the murdered Cranmer and his fellow-sufferers stood out against the dark background of those wretched times as the victims of an accursed tyranny; and with the halo of martyrdom shining round them, they became silent preachers of righteousness, more effective in death than in life. While, again, the reformed opinions had this advantage, equivalent at the bottom of it to certain eventual victory. However men might argue and wrangle, however they might persuade themselves that they believed what they did not believe, Catholicism had ceased to be the expression of the true conviction of sensible men on the relation between themselves and heaven. Credible to the student in the cloister, credible to those whose thoughts were but echoes of tradition, it was not credible any more to men of active and original vigour of understanding. Credible to the uneducated, the eccentric, the imaginative, the superstitious; credible to those who reasoned by sentiment, and made syllogisms of their passions; it was incredible then and evermore to the sane and healthy intelligence which in the long run commands the mind of the world.

In the long run—yet the force which eventually maintains the ascendency is the slowest in rising to it. The strongest nations are the most reluctant to change, and in England especially, opinions, customs, laws, hold their ground because they exist, although their logical defences may have long crumbled to pieces, and their warmest friends may have long ceased to plead for them. Healthy people live and think more by habit than by reason, and it is only at rare intervals that they are content to submit their institutions to theoretic revision. The interval of change under Edward VI. had not shaken the traditionary attachment of the English squires and peasantry to the service of their ancestors. The Protestants were confined chiefly to the great towns and seaports; and those who deprecated doctrinal alteration, either from habit, prudence, or the mere instinct of conservatism, still constituted two-thirds, perhaps three-fourths, of the entire people.[1] They were willing to resume the tenths and first-fruits which Mary had restored, to revise the relations with the pope, to suppress the re-established monasteries; a cautious adviser suggested that it might be even possible to expel the bishops from the House of Lords, take from them their palaces, their lands, their titles, and reduce them to stipendiaries of the crown: [2] yet the same writer thought it eminently dangerous to meddle with the established creed.

Such was the condition of England, and such the humour of the English people, when Elizabeth, a young untried woman of twenty-five, was intrusted with their destiny. Every course open to her was beset with objections. She could not stand still, she could move in no direction without offence to some one; and she herself in her own internal uncertainties was a type of the people whom she was set to rule. She had been educated in a confused Protestantism which had evaded doctrinal difficulties, and had confined itself chiefly to anathemas of Rome. Left to herself on her father's death, while the Anglican divines had developed into Calvinism, Elizabeth had inclined to Luther and the Augsburg Confession. For herself she would have been contented to accept the formulas which had been left by her father, with an English ritual, and the communion service of the first Prayer-book of Edward VI. But the sacramentarian tendencies of English Protestant theology had destroyed Henry's standing ground as a position which the Reformers could be brought to accept. It was to deny transubstantiation that the martyrs had died. It was in the name and in defence of the mass that Mary and Pole had exercised their savage despotism. Elizabeth had borne her share of persecution; she resented with the whole force of her soul the indignities to which she had been exposed, and she sympathised with those who had suffered at her side. She was the idol of the young, the restless, the enthusiastic; her name had been identified with freedom; and she detested more sincerely than any theologian living, the perversity which treated opinion as a crime. In her speculative theories she was nearer to Rome than to Calvinism. In her vital convictions she represented the free proud spirit of the educated laity, who would endure no dictation from priests of either persuasion, and so far as lay in them, would permit no clergy any more to fetter the thoughts and paralyse the energies of England.

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[1] "In perusing the sentences of the justices of the peace in all counties of the realm, scantly a third part was found fully assured to be trusted in the matter of religion."—Note on the state of the realm, in the hand of Sir William Cecil.—*Cotton. MSS.*, CALIG. B. 10.

[2] "Peradventure it was not amiss as the time and things would suffer, to take from all your bishops the titles of lords, with their places in Parliament, remitting them to the House of Convocation, with all their temporal lands and stately houses—to give to the archbishops a thousand pounds per annum in specialties out of the shire where they reside—to the bishops a thousand marks per annum in specialties—and the temporalties to be given to noblemen having need of the same."—Distress of the Commonwealth, December, 1558: *MS. Domestic, Elizabeth, Rolls House.*

With such views it was impossible for her to sanction permanently the establishment of a doctrine from which the noblest of her subjects had revolted, or to alienate the loyalty of the party who in her hour of danger had been her most ardent friends.

What she would do those most interested conjectured by their wishes. The Protestants expected a good time when they could score out their wrongs on Bonner and Harpsfeld, and have their crusade against idolatry. Philip of Spain flattered himself that Elizabeth, whatever her wishes, would recognise her weakness, lean for support on him and his friends, and by a convenient marriage be secured to the Catholic confederacy. He had sent the Count de Feria to be at her side at the crisis of her accession, and it is clear that he entertained no sort of misgiving that she would not act as he might dictate or desire.

De Feria himself thought otherwise. Connected by marriage with the great English Catholic families (he had married the daughter of Sir William Dormer, one of Mary's maids of honour), the Spanish minister had access to the under-currents of court intrigue, and from his own personal impressions he anticipated evil. In her first interview with him before her sister's death, Elizabeth had spoken with admiration of the government of Henry VIII. The ladies of her household were "suspect" of heresy, and "every schismatic and traitor in the realm seemed to have risen from the grave to flock about her."[1] She spoke favourably to him indeed of Heath the chancellor, of Paget, Petre, and Mason, all of whom had been on the council of Mary, and were either Catholics, or politically disinclined to change; yet she had no near relation to guide her, and she talked as if she intended to act on her own judgment. Her more chosen intimacies were with the younger noblemen: "gentlemen abandoned all of them," De Feria admitted, "to the new religion"[2]—men like Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, Sir Peter Carew, Sir John Harrington, and Lord Bedford—and the most dangerous of this party for his virtues and his genius, Sir William Cecil, she had chosen for her secretary.[3]

To Cecil indeed it was that Elizabeth had turned with exceptional and solitary confidence. He had received her instructions beforehand how to act; and while she herself remained at Hatfield, without waiting to communicate with her he assumed the instant direction of the government. Within an hour of Mary's death he had sketched the form of the proclamation. The same day he changed the guard at the Tower. The ports were closed. Couriers sped east, west, north, and south, to Brussels, to Vienna, to Venice, to Denmark. The wardens of the marches were charged to watch the northern border. Before the evening of the 17th of November, the garrisons on the Kent and Sussex shores had trimmed their beacons and looked to their arms. A safe preacher was selected for the Sunday's sermon at Paul's Cross, "that no occasion might be given to stir any dispute touching the governance of the realm."[4]

The next step, characteristic both of Cecil and his mistress, was to staunch the wounds, without the delay of a moment, through which the exchequer was bleeding to death. More than £200,000 was now owing to the Flanders Jews, bearing interest of 14 and 15 per cent.; and money was wanted for immediate expenses. The accounts were in confusion. The thoughts of Mary and those about her had been absorbed in higher considerations; and two of the last bonds which had been lying in her room for signature had been used by the women in

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[1] De Feria to Philip, November, 1558: GONZALEZ.

[2] "En la nobleza todos los mozos estan dañados de eregias."—De Feria to Philip: *MS. Simancas.*

[3] "Cecil qui fué secretario del Rey Eduardo me han dicho cierto que sera secretario de Madame Isabel. Este dicen que es hombre entendido y virtuoso pero herege."—De Feria to Philip, November, 1558: GONZALEZ.

[4] Memoranda in Cecil's hand, November 17, 1558: *MS. Domestic, Elizabeth,* vol. i. *Rolls House.*

"cering the corpse."[1] On the 18th Sir Thomas Gresham accompanied Cecil to Hatfield, received his instructions from Elizabeth herself, and departed for Antwerp on the instant to raise an immediate loan, and to reside there afterwards, till by humouring the merchants by honest payments and by tricks of finance, he could clear the black incubus away.

Meanwhile, peers, courtiers, knights, and gentlemen, rode down to do homage and congratulate. By Saturday night the privy council with every statesman of any side or party of name or note had collected at Hatfield. On Sunday the 20th Elizabeth gave her first reception in the hall. The oaths of allegiance were sworn; the promises of faithful service official and private were duly offered and graciously accepted. The queen then stood forward and said a few words:—

"My Lords,

"The laws of nature move me to sorrow for my sister; the burden that has fallen upon me maketh me amazed; and yet considering I am God's creature ordained to obey his appointment I will thereto yield; desiring from the bottom of my heart that I may have assistance of his grace, to be the minister of his heavenly will in the office now committed to me. And as I am but one body naturally considered, though by his permission a body politic to govern, so shall I desire you all, my lords, chiefly you of the nobility, every one in his degree and power to be assistant to me; that I with my ruling and you with your service may make a good account to Almighty God, and leave some comfort to our posterity in earth.

"I mean to direct all my actions by good advice and counsel. And therefore, considering that divers of you be of the ancient nobility, having your beginnings and estates of my progenitors, kings of this realm, and thereby ought in honour to have the more natural care for maintaining of my estate and this commonwealth; that some others have been of long experience in governance, and enabled by my father of noble memory, my brother, and my late sister, to bear office; the rest of you being upon special trust lately called to her service; my meaning is to require of you all nothing more but faithful hearts in such service as from time to time shall be in your powers towards the preservation of me and this commonwealth. And for counsel and advice, I shall accept you of my nobility, and such others of you the rest as in consultation I shall think meet and shortly appoint; to the which also I will join to their aid and for ease of their burden, others meet for my service. And they which I shall not appoint, let them not think the same for any disability in them, but for that I consider a multitude doth make rather discord and confusion than good counsel. And of my good will you shall not doubt, using yourselves as appertaineth to good and loving subjects."[1]

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[1] *MS. Domestic, Elizabeth*, vol. i. *Rolls House.*

Nothing definite had been said; yet the words seemed to imply that the queen did not contemplate immediate or sweeping change. The lords withdrew: Pembroke, Clinton, Lord William Howard, and Sir Ralph Sadler, remained in the hall. Sir Thomas Parry was admitted as controller of the household. Cecil took the oaths as secretary, and when he was led up to Elizabeth she said to him:—

"I give you this charge that you shall be of my privy council, and content yourself to take pains for me and my realm. This judgment I have of you, that you will not be corrupted with any manner of gifts, and that you will be faithful to the state; and that without respect of my private will you will give me that counsel that you think best: and if you shall know anything necessary to be declared unto me of secrecy, you shall show it to myself only; and assure yourself I will not fail to keep taciturnity therein."[2]

Two days later the court removed to London. The last time that Elizabeth had travelled that road she was carried in a litter as a prisoner, could her sister's lawyers so compass it, to die upon the scaffold. Times had changed. Her sister's bishops came to meet her at Highgate. They were admitted to kiss hands—all except one: but from Bonner's lips she shrank as if contaminated by their approach, and in that evidence of her temper they read all their coming fate. No formal alteration could be ventured till the meeting of Parliament; but every hour brought with it some new indication that the moments were numbered of ecclesiastical dominion. Silently and swiftly the privy council was transformed: Montague, Englefield, Cornwallis, Boxall, Peckham—bigoted Catholics, and Mary's personal friends—withdrew or were removed. Even Paget, the most moderate of the opponents of change, was allowed to plead infirmity and retire; while the vacant places were filled by Bedford, Northampton, and the Puritan Sir Francis Knolles. The Archbishop of York, in spite of Elizabeth's regard for him, ceased to be chancellor. Sir Nicholas Bacon, Cecil's brother-in-law, was made lord keeper; and within a week or two the alterations were going on so fast that "fathers did not know their children."[1]

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[1] Words spoken by the Queen to the Lords, November 20, 1558: *MS. Domestic, Elizabeth*, vol. i.

[2] Words spoken by Her Majesty to Sir William Cecil, November 20, 1558: *Domestic MS., Elizabeth*, vol. i.

Notwithstanding some efforts to check their zeal, the London mob tore down the new crucifixes. Priests if they showed in the streets were kicked into the kennels,[2] and the Protestant clergy, coming forth out of their hiding-places, began unpermitted to read the English services again. The bishops, distracted between fear and fury, knew not what to do or where to turn. Maurice Griffin, the Bishop of Rochester, died, and carried his mute appeal to a higher tribunal. The queen's almoner Dr. Bill had preached at Paul's Cross on the 20th, bidding the people be quiet and orderly. Christopherson, Bishop of Chichester, he who burnt the bones of Bucer and Fagius at Cambridge, got possession of the pulpit the next Sunday, to rave mere treason, to be sent to the Tower for his violence, and to die like Griffin, a week or two later, either by grief or passion. The Catholics clamoured that they were being betrayed by Spain;[3] and De Feria could but write "that his worst fears were confirmed;" "that he was himself a cipher;" "that Philip's voice had no more weight with the council than if he had never married into the realm; and that in all likelihood there would be an insurrection, of which the French would take advantage to invade the realm." "His majesty had but to resolve, and he might be master of the situation; the Catholics would rise to support his interference in arms,[4] and to lose time was useless and dangerous." "The truth is," De Feria said, "the realm is in such a state that we could best negotiate here sword in hand. They have neither men, money, leaders, nor fortresses, while the country contains in abundance every requisite for the support of an army."[5]

A large Spanish force was lying idle in the Netherlands. The

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[1] "Con la mudanza del Principe y de los officiales anda tel barahunda y confusion que no conocen los padres á los hijos."—De Feria to Philip, November: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Ibid.

[3] "Todos los fieles y Catolicos del Reyno ponen la principal culpa á su Magestad por no haberse querido ocupar en ellos y hacer lo que pudiera si quisiera."—Memorial Del Conde de Feria: *MS. Simancas.*

[4] "Quando lo negocio hubiese de venir á los manos V. Magestad tendra esta parte por suya."—De Feria to Philip: *MS. Simancas.*

[5] Ibid.

Scheldt was crowded with vessels which could be converted with ease into transports. Philip himself was on the spot and must have felt how tempting was the opportunity. Happily for England he was incapable of a sudden resolution, and could only act when the critical moment had passed. He believed that the difficulties of her position would work their effect on Elizabeth as soon as she began to feel them, without his interference. He contented himself with charging his ministers to bribe, to promise, to persuade, to force upon the council the certainty of which he was himself convinced, that without his support the country must become a province of France.

Meanwhile Cecil, with a conviction that let Elizabeth do what she would Philip would be compelled to stand by her, went boldly forward. In preparation for the meeting of Parliament, he circulated questions on the principal points of uncertainty among the leaders of the different parties. The opinion of the Catholic clergy it was needless to ask. The Catholic clergy had nothing to desire beyond the existing order of things, except it was a more complete restoration of their estates and immunities. As easily may be divined the views of the reforming divines. The pupils of Zuingle and Calvin saw in religion an absolute and universal rule for all times and circumstances; and by religion they understood the profession of a special body of doctrinal formularies, with the absolute prohibition of every other creed or system. They implored the queen to admit no carnal compromise with Satan, and to regard herself as a Deborah or Judith, raised up by Providence for the deliverance of the Church.[1]

The secular politicians had less confidence in truth, or were less certain that the Protestants had exclusive possession of it. The author of the paper on the "Distresses of the Commonwealth"[2] advised "wary handling." "The Catholics were in the majority in every county in England except Middlesex and Kent." "The pope was a dangerous enemy:" "theological intolerance was not found by experience to produce healthy convictions;" "glasses with small necks, if liquor was poured into them suddenly and violently, would not be so filled, but would refuse to receive it."[3]

Goodrich, a lawyer of some eminence, was more explicit and decided. The Premunire Statute might, he thought, be enforced safely. The laws of the realm forbade the introduction of bulls, briefs, or letters of excommunication. The bishops might be forced again to submit to the crown. They might be forbidden under the old penalties "to deal with suits in their courts for matters determinable in the king's courts." Before Parliament met, it would be well "that certain of the principal prelates, and their addicted friends, councillors to the dead queen, should be committed to the Tower, and the rest commanded to keep their houses;" while the whole body of the bench might be specially excepted from the pardon which would be proclaimed at the coronation. All these measures, high-handed as they were, might be prudently ventured; but it was more dangerous to meddle with opinion, or even to take a step against the spiritual functions of the papacy. King John revolted against the pope, and "was brought in danger of his state." The clergy it was true were weaker than they had been; but they were "more wily and wise;" "their tempers were more malicious, and the times more dangerous;" and before they could be "handled effectually" they should be "dissembled with and bridled." Even in the approaching Parliament it would be better to attempt nothing beyond the repeal of the Lollard Statutes of Henry IV. and Henry V., which Queen Mary had revived. Deprived of these the bishops could no longer institute their processes *ex officio;* "quiet persons could live safely;" and meantime "her majesty and all her subjects might by licence of law use the English Litany and suffrages used in King Henry's time;" "her majesty in her closet might use the mass, without lifting up the Host, according to the ancient canons; and might also have at every mass some communicants with the minister in both kinds." The married priests might be "winked at, so as they used their wives secretly;" and "the learned and discreet sort" might preach "the Gospel," if they would avoid direct controversy, abstain from irritating the Catholics, and reserve their invectives for Anabaptists and Arians.[1]

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[1] *Zurich Letters*, 1558, 1559.

[2] Probably Armigil Wade, who had been clerk of the council at the close of Henry VIII.'s reign.

[3] *Domestic MS., Elizabeth*, vol. i.

Seven years later Elizabeth told Guzman de Silva, then Philip's ambassador, that at the beginning of her reign she had not been wholly a free agent, and that she had been driven by the pressure of the Protestants beyond the point where she would have preferred to rest. It is possible that she was intentionally deceiving De Silva; but it is likely also that if left to herself she would have accepted the policy which was thus marked out for her by Goodrich. Politically there was much to recommend it. The Council of Trent had proved a failure. The Lutherans had recovered the ascendency in Germany; and the Ultramontanes had not yet succeeded in dividing the Church of Rome by any sharply-defined line from the communion of the more moderate Reformers. The chances were equal that if a general council should reassemble the Confession of Augsburg might be acknowledged; while the Genevan theology, the Articles and the second Prayer-book of Edward VI., would be certainly condemned. The Premunire Statute would secure the national independence; and so long as the critical doctrine of the Eucharist was unimpugned, the Church of England might still consider itself in communion with Catholic Christendom; while the great powers could have no pretext for interference or complaint. Personally and individually the dogmatism of Calvin was as distasteful to Elizabeth as the despotism of Rome. The practical complexion of her genius gave her a dislike and distrust of speculation; she was herself in her own opinions studiously vague, and she could have been well contented with a tolerant orthodoxy, which would have left to Catholics their ritual deprived only of its extravagancies, and to the more moderate of their opponents would have allowed free scope to feel the way towards a larger creed.

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[1] "Judgment of Thomas Goodrich," December, 1558: *Domestic MS., Elizabeth,* vol. i., *Rolls House.*

Yet revolution cannot be controlled with the logic of moderation; and toleration of those who are themselves intolerant is possible only when the common sense of mankind compels them to an inconsistency with their theories. The Lutheran might seem nearer to the Romanist than he was to Beza or Zuingle; but the vital differences were not the apparent differences; and the distinctions between the Reformers were after all but insignificant shades of variety, compared with the principle which parted all of them from the orthodox Catholic. The Catholic believed in the authority of the Church; the Reformers, in the authority of reason. Where the Church had spoken, the Catholic obeyed. His duty was to accept without question the laws which councils had decreed, which popes and bishops administered, and so far as in him lay to enforce in others the same submission to an outward rule which he regarded as divine. All shades of Protestants on the other hand agreed that authority might err; that Christ had left no visible representative, whom individually they were bound to obey; that religion was the operation of the Spirit on the mind and conscience; that the Bible was God's word, which each Christian was to read, and which with God's help and his natural intelligence he could not fail to understand. The Catholic left his Bible to the learned. The Protestant translated the Bible, and brought it to the door of every Christian family. The Catholic prayed in Latin, and whether he understood his words or repeated them as a form the effect was the same; for it was magical. The Protestant prayed with his mind as an act of faith in a language intelligible to him, or he could not pray at all. The Catholic bowed in awe before his wonder-working image, adored his relics, and gave his life into the guidance of his spiritual director. The Protestant tore open the machinery of the miracles, flung the bones and ragged garments into the fire, and treated priests as men like himself. The Catholic was intolerant upon principle; persecution was the corollary of his creed. The intolerance of the Protestant was in spite of his creed. In denying the right of the Church to define his own belief, he had forfeited the privilege of punishing the errors of those who chose to differ from him.

Liberty as opposed to submission; the natural intelligence of the living man as opposed to the corporate sovereignty of the outward and visible Church: these were the sharp antitheses which were dividing Christian Europe; and between them, and not between any special and detailed conclusions, lay the essential and irreconcilable antagonism. A *via media* might be found for opinion: words could be used which admitted of uncertain interpretation, so long as there was no authority to invest them with a definite meaning. On the question of authority itself, it was as little possible to hesitate as between rival claimants of the same throne. The pope was a reality or he was nothing; and no government could seem to acknowledge him without consenting sooner or later to enforce his decrees.

Thus when Elizabeth had chosen her place on the moving side, she found it would be necessary to reclaim the spiritual jurisdiction of the crown; and in taking a step which of itself would make enemies of the Catholics, to restore the Bible, to restore the English service, and in the question of the mass to leave a latitude which would conciliate the Calvinists.

The last of the papers addressed to Cecil indicates, with a rare combination of piety, good sense, and courage, the course to be pursued, showing at the same time that the dangers to be anticipated were not too great to be encountered.

"The sooner religion was restored," the writer said, "God was the more glorified, and it might be trusted would better save and defend her highness from all dangers." The pope would perhaps excommunicate the queen, interdict the kingdom, and invite the Catholic powers to a crusade. The French king would attempt an invasion in the name of Mary Stuart; Scotland would go with France, and Ireland would mutiny. The bishops and clergy would do their worst to make a rebellion in England itself; and the ultra-Protestants would be discontented if they were not permitted their turn at persecution.

On the other hand, though all this was possible enough, it was worse in appearance than in reality. The pope had been looked in the face already, and his terrors had proved chiefly imaginary. "Evil will, cursing and practising," might be expected from him, but little else. France and Scotland were formidable; but there too, as well as in England, were religious differences, which could be kindled and fanned into a flame; while the disaffection at home might be held in awe by judicious and prompt severity. The extreme Catholics who had been placed in office by Queen Mary might be quietly and gradually removed. The old-fashioned country gentlemen, constitutionally reactionary and conservative, might be dropped out of the commission of the peace; and "men of discretion, meaner of substance, and younger in years," be put in their place; while the musters or militia should be called under arms, officered "by young gentlemen which did earnestly favour her highness;" and "so far as justice or law might consent, no jurisdiction or authority should be left in any discontented man's hand."

The laity against the clergy; the middle classes against the higher; the young generation against the old—society was split in two, in the normal line of revolution between the representatives of the future and the past.[1]

The intended measures were concerted with the strictest secrecy. A body of divines sat in the house of Sir Thomas Smith to revise the Prayer-book, and take from it that sectarian character which in its latest form it had assumed. Northampton, Pembroke, Bedford, and Lord John Grey, formed with Cecil a committee of council to consult privately with the queen; and innovation and change until sanctioned by Parliament were strictly forbidden by proclamation.[2]

But however cautious they might be the outline of the intended policy became every day more clear; and the Spanish ambassador wrote with louder emphasis that England was lost and Elizabeth lost unless she was checked in the mad career on which she was entering. He did not anticipate the ultimate success of heresy. He believed only that the queen, blinded by vanity, passion, and ill advice, was bringing on a catastrophe in which she must inevitably lose her throne to the Queen of Scots. Nothing could save her, nothing could prevent so disastrous a consequence, except her immediate marriage to some prince or nobleman in the Spanish interest.[1] "The more I reflect on this business," he said, "the more clearly I see that all will turn on the husband which this woman will choose." That she would marry some one was assumed as a matter of course; and at home as well as abroad the question who was to be her husband was the prominent subject of anxiety.

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[1] The device for the alteration of religion in the first year of Elizabeth, offered to Secretary Cecil: *Cotton. MSS.* Printed in BURNET'S *Collectanea.*

[2] STRYPE, *Annals*, vol. i. part ii. Appendix iv.

The opportunity of securing a powerful continental alliance, not a statesman in Elizabeth's cabinet would encourage her to neglect. Her life was the single bulwark between the nation and civil war or incorporation with France. She was the last of her race. All England was impatient for an heir, and was uncertain only whether it desired her to choose a husband from abroad or from among her own subjects. A subject would bring no increase of strength. The antipathy of the English to strangers had been shown remarkably in the opposition to the alliance of Mary with Philip. But the peril of the nation was now so great, the necessity of the case so overwhelming, that minor objections were overlooked; and the first prayer of every loyal man or woman in the country, alike Catholic and Protestant, was to see Elizabeth married somewhere, and to see her a mother.

To this matter therefore De Feria's attention was now turned exclusively. On his first arrival in London in January 1559, the ambassador, regarding the queen as the creature of his master, had spoken to her in a tone which she resented. High words had passed between them, and De Feria had absented himself from court. Elizabeth however was afraid to quarrel with him. In a few days she sent for him again, and affected to listen with interest to his proposals for her marriage. Philibert of Savoy, Philip's landless cousin, was the first suggestion. But Philibert had been already proposed and rejected while she was princess. England it was thought would be involved in endless war for the recovery of his lost inheritance. There were the Austrian archdukes, to either one of whom there was less objection. But the person desirable above all others for her, in the eyes of Spanish statesmen, was Philip himself. "If she marry out of her own realm," wrote De Feria to him, "may she place her eyes on your majesty."[1] There would be the true solution of all difficulties. The daughter of Anne Boleyn accepting the hand of her brother-in-law, and submitting to a papal dispensation in order to obtain it, would make a refined expiation to the Catholic world for the divorce of Queen Catherine, and would exquisitely stultify the English revolt. The political combination of England, Spain, and the Low Countries would be cemented more firmly than ever. There would be no more danger from France and the Queen of Scots; and Philip himself would be rewarded for his late martyrdom by a wife more suited to his years.

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[1] "Quanto mas pienso en este negocio entiendo que todo el consiste en el marido que esta muger tomará, porque si es tal qual conviene, las cosas de la religion irán bien, y el reino quedará amigo á V. Magd.; si no todo va borrado."—De Feria to Philip: *MS. Simancas.*

A thousand motives recommended Elizabeth to the Spanish court. To understand their weight we must revert to the conference at Cercamp, and the relations between Spain and France.

In *Mary Tudor*, Chapter VI., it was seen how the languid but expensive campaign of the last summer had terminated in an armistice, and in an effort to make peace. Behind the shield of the forty years' war, half Europe had revolted from the Church. The poison of heresy was spreading in France, in the Low Countries, in Italy, and even in Spain—exciting disorder and revolt, and allying itself with dangerous doctrines of popular liberty. The great powers were recognising at last that it was high time to close their secular quarrels, and turn their swords towards holier objects. In the presence of their common enemy the Ultramontanes everywhere saw the necessity of drawing together; and for the moment the Catholic party was superior at the court of Henry II.

Thus when the conference opened it had seemed that there was nothing to discuss. The French relinquished without a struggle their claims on Naples and Milan. They were willing to retire from Piedmont, to leave Navarre to Spain, to sacrifice every object for which they had wasted their blood and treasure. They insisted only on keeping Metz, which the Duke of Guise had defended against the emperor, and Calais, which he had wrested from the English. Measured by their intrinsic value, these two poor towns were as nothing when compared with the concessions in Italy; and about Metz there was little difficulty. But the English, who had been dragged reluctantly into the war by Mary, who had lost all and gained nothing, required that in the restitution of conquests, their claim should not be disregarded. The loss of Calais had touched the national honour in the point where it was most sensitive, and they insisted, and required Philip to insist with them, on its restoration.

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[1] "Si determine da casa fuera del Reyno ella ponga los oyos en V. Md."—De Feria to Philip: *MS. Simancas.*

The Spaniards were sensible of their obligations, and their own interest assisted in keeping them firm. The possession of Calais by the English was one of the securities of the Low Countries. It had been lost in a war undertaken solely at Philip's entreaty; and the Duke of Alva, perhaps in fear that his master's anxiety for peace might make him hesitate, dwelt with distinctness on the danger of forgetting their duty to their allies.

" We have told the French," he said to the King of Spain, at the end of October, " that your majesty will make no peace without the Queen of England's consent, though all Christendom perish for it. If you give way you will lose utterly the hearts of the English nation, who will turn from you to France; and the French king having Scotland and Calais, will soon be master of England also." [1]

Both Alva and the Bishop of Arras agreed in advising that the negotiation should be broken off, and the war be resumed. Philip would recover his popularity in London, and England would be roused to fresh exertions. If Spain was exhausted, France was more exhausted. The difficulty had perhaps been raised but as a feint to divide the Anglo-Spanish alliance; and if Philip was firm, the point would probably be given up.

So matters stood a fortnight before Mary's death. The change of sovereigns voided the commission of the English representatives. The armistice was prolonged, the conference prorogued till January, and the interval occupied with intrigue.

Affecting to suppose that the interests of Spain in England must have died with the late queen, the French commissioners at once, on the arrival of the news, challenged Elizabeth's right.[2] They made an immediate effort to separate Philip from her, and scarcely cared to conceal their intention of striking an immediate blow, if Spain would look on and hold its hand.[1]

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[1] *Papiers d'Etat du Cardinal Granvelle*, vol. v. pp. 324-5.

[2] Lord Cobham, writing in December to Elizabeth from Brussels, told her on the authority of Ruy Gomez, the colleague of Alva and Arras, " that at Cercamp the French did not let to say and talk openly how your highness is not lawful Queen of England, and that they have already sent to Rome to disprove your majesty's right."—*Spanish MSS. Elizabeth, Rolls House.*

The Spaniards however had no intention of letting England become an appanage of France. Elizabeth was Philip's nominee, and not yet to be set aside for the Queen of Scots. On the 21st of November the King of Spain wrote to assure the English council that he would never desert them, and so he would have all men understand.[2] Doctor Wotton and the Bishop of Ely accompanied Arras from Cercamp to Brussels, and the diplomatic relations of the Spanish and English courts remained as close as ever.

Philip was then confident that he could retain Elizabeth. Elizabeth, while peace was unconcluded, was compelled to keep on terms of cordiality with Philip. Ruy Gomez it was true suggested that it might be better to come to terms without extorting the restoration of Calais; but this was only that the allies might replenish their treasuries, and begin the war again at better advantage.[3]

But French intrigues were double-edged. Untroubled by scruples religious or political, Henry cared only to make the most of the situation; and of the two parties and two policies which divided France, he was indifferent which he employed, provided he could gain a march upon an adversary. While the Cardinal of Lorraine, at Cercamp, would have persuaded Spain to sacrifice England, the King of Navarre was allowed to tempt England to sacrifice Spain. If Elizabeth would become French, and if he could secure for his daughter-in-law the peaceable reversion of the English crown, Henry might turn the tables upon Philip, keep Piedmont, and possibly extend his frontier to the Rhine.

No sooner was the armistice extended than Lord Grey de Wilton, who had been taken prisoner at Guisnes, was sent over to Elizabeth with proposals for a secret peace. Guido Cavalcanti, who had been employed in Edward's time on a similar errand, followed to "practice" among the lords; and Henry himself wrote to "congratulate Elizabeth on her accession, to assure her that he ever had been and ever would be her truest friend, and to express his hope that with her sister's death the only cause had been removed which had made a difference between the two countries. While the conference was suspended, a second set of commissioners might meet in some remote French village where their presence would be unobserved; and Philip could not complain if Elizabeth treated him as Charles V. had treated her father at Crêpy." [1]

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[1] Arras and Alva to Philip, November 26: *Granvelle Papers*, vol. v.

[2] "Ita enim ab omnibus accipi atque intelligi volumus, nullo tempore Anglos quibus multas ob causas bene volumus deserturos sed omnibus in rebus adfuturos."—Philip II. to the English Council, November 21: *Spanish MSS., Elizabeth, Rolls House.*

[3] Cobham to Elizabeth, December 13: *Spanish MSS.*

Ignorant whether Henry was sincere, or was trying only to divide her from Philip, ignorant how far she might trust Philip himself when the changes which she was contemplating were daily embroiling her with his ambassador, perhaps knowing that notwithstanding his fair speeches the Count de Feria was already urging his master to an armed interference in England, Elizabeth would not reject these overtures, yet would not so admit them as to give Philip an excuse for complaint. She declined the secret conference, yet professed herself ready to make a separate peace; at the same time she directed Wotton to inform the King of Spain of the advances which had been made to her; to tell him that she would agree to nothing which would prejudice the Spanish alliance, without giving him notice; but to say frankly that as England had been entangled in the war against the declared wishes of the people, if advantageous offers were made to her she would not think it right to refuse them.[2]

The habitual ambiguity of Philip had provoked this partial menace. Although his ministers at Cercamp had been true to England, his own language had been less decided. He had declared himself willing to continue friendly towards England, but the treaty remained unrenewed, although Lord Cobham had been sent over to him to exchange the ratifications; and Wotton could only pray "that it were well done and past," without expecting to see it done. "The king," Wotton wrote, "doth well consider that if he should agree to the peace without us, we were not able long to resist the French and the Scots and others whom the French would set on our tops. What would ensue thereof a blind man can see; and these reasons persuade that he will make no peace without our satisfaction." [3] Yet on the other hand Philip was inclined to make demands on England, which he knew could not be complied with; and Spain was impatient of the expenses of the war, and cried out to be at rest.

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[1] The King of France to Elizabeth: FORBES, vol. i.

[2] The Queen to Wotton, December 30, 1558: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

In this uncertainty Henry's advances to England quickened his resolution, and from other quarters probably, as well as from Elizabeth's letter, he learnt that no time was to be lost. The King of France had followed up his first step by more decided overtures. Going at once to the central difficulty, he instructed Guido Cavalcanti to say to the queen that although "Calais was part of the ancient patrimony of France, and the French nation would give all their substance to keep it," yet that "where there was a will on both sides, no difficulties were insuperable." "So long as it was uncertain where Elizabeth might marry, he might if he restored it be opening a door to give his enemies an entrance into his kingdom;" "but if she would marry in a quarter from which France had nothing to fear," "an expedient would be found for Calais to the honour of both princes and the satisfaction of their subjects;" while an alliance might be formed between himself, the dauphin, the dauphiness, and the Queen of England, for "a perpetual union" of England, France, and Scotland, "with a final determination of all quarrels, rights, and pretensions whatever."[1]

It is uncertain to whom the King of France was alluding as the husband whom he would desire for Elizabeth; but her marrying at all in the French interest was a contingency which Philip dared not risk; and as little could he afford that she should remain—as from her words to De Feria she seemed to desire—neutral in the quarrels of the continent.[2] On the 9th of January Philip was still wavering; on the 10th he declared his final determination.

"Touching the queen's marriage," he wrote to De Feria, "I directed you in one of my last letters to throw all possible obstacles in the way of her marriage with a subject. For myself, were the question asked, I bade you say nothing positively to commit me, yet so to answer as not to leave her altogether without hope. In a matter of so great importance I had to consider carefully; and I wished before coming to a resolution to have the advice both of yourself and others. At length, after weighing it on all sides, I have concluded thus:—

"There are many and serious reasons why I should not think of her. I could spend but little time with her: my other dominions require my constant presence. The queen has not been what she ought to be in religion; and to marry with any but a Catholic will reflect upon my reputation. I shall be committing myself perhaps to an endless war with France, in consequence of the pretensions of the Queen of Scots to the English crown: my subjects in Spain require my return to them with indescribable anxiety; while so long as I remain in this country, the hospitalities expected of me are, as you well know, a serious expense; and my affairs, as you know also, are in such disorder that I can scarce provide for my current necessities, far less encounter any fresh demands upon me.

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[1] "Mission of Guido Cavalcanti: FORBES, vol. i.

[2] "Particularmente dió señal de su resolucion de querer estar neutral." —De Feria to Philip, December: *MS. Simancas.*

"There are other objections besides these, equally considerable, which I need not specify. You can yourself imagine them.

"Nevertheless considering how essential it is in the general interests of Christendom to maintain that realm in the religion which by God's help has been restored in it—considering the inconveniences, the perils, the calamities which may arise, not only there but in these states also, if England relapse into error—I have decided to encounter the difficulty, to sacrifice my private inclination in the service of our Lord, and to marry the Queen of England.

"Provided only and always that these conditions be observed: First, and chiefly, you will exact an assurance from her that she will profess the same religion which I profess, that she will persevere in it and maintain it, and keep her subjects true to it; and that she will do everything which in my opinion shall be necessary for its augmentation and support.

"Secondly, she must apply in secret to the pope for absolution for her past sins, and for the dispensation which will be required for the marriage; and she must engage to accept both these in such a manner that when I make her my wife she will be a true Catholic, which hitherto she has not been.

"You will understand from this the service which I render to our Lord. Through my means her allegiance will be recovered to the Church. I should mention that the condition that gave the Low Countries to the issue—should any such be born—of my marriage with the late queen, cannot be again acceded to. It is too injurious to the rights of my son Don Carlos."[1]

In announcing his resolution to make this cruel sacrifice, Philip nevertheless felt it necessary to add that "although he was ready to marry Elizabeth, she must not expect him to remain long with her." "He was absolutely required in Spain, and to Spain he must go, whether he left her pregnant or not. There was no such pressing haste as there had been when he married her sister; she was young, and he could go and come at convenient intervals." And here it seemed, as if for the first time it occurred to him, that his offer of himself might possibly not be welcome; for he told De Feria not to mention the likelihood of his absence, or indeed any of the other conditions, until he had discovered how she was affected towards him. He bade the count feel his way, "and not expose him to a refusal which would make his condescension appear ridiculous." "For himself he was ready to do anything which his duty to God demanded of him."[1]

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[1] Philip II. to the Count de Feria, January 10, 1559: *MS. Simancas.*

Seen by the light of later history, a proposal of marriage from Philip of Spain to Elizabeth of England can scarcely be thought of without a smile: yet Philip was indisputably serious, and in offering his hand he was offering the most splendid alliance in the world. Had the proposal itself been simply communicated to her, unaccompanied by Philip's thoughts about it, Elizabeth would have felt herself bound to refuse with courtesy. But the fates were unfavourable. The improvident Count de Feria permitted his master's letter to be seen by the ladies of the palace, whom he was endeavouring to interest in the cause. The contents of it, or perhaps the despatch itself, reached Elizabeth's eye;[2] and the value of the offer was not improved when it was represented as a sacrifice to duty.

When the count opened the subject with her, she was already prepared with her reply. She was conscious, she said, of the honour which had been done her; she was aware of the value to the realm of the King of Spain's alliance; but his majesty's friendship was as sufficient for her protection as his love. She had no desire to marry, and she did not believe in the power of the pope to allow her to have her sister's husband.

De Feria threatened her with the Queen of Scots. She declined to consider the Queen of Scots' chances to be as large as he described them; and finally, her sense of humour getting the better of her, she said, laughing, she feared the King of

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[1] *MS. Simancas.*

[2] "Despues que su Md. escribió la resolucion destos negocios, se comenzáron á tratar, usando el buen modo que pareció convenir, que fue ganar las voluntades de sus mugeres de camara. Parece que la Reyna ha visto las cartas de su Md. lo qual debe advertirse mucho."—Memorial del Conde de Feria: *MS. Simancas.*

Spain would prove a bad husband, he would come to England and marry her, and then desert her and go home.[1]

True to her nature however Elizabeth would not give a positive refusal. If she was determined, she affected to be irresolute; and the count could only conjecture that her final answer would be unfavourable.

Thus at home and abroad the new year found all parties watching each other, and "practising" under the surface. The English Parliament was to meet on the 23rd of January; a fortnight later the conference was to reassemble at Cambray. On Sunday the 15th, the day after she had received Philip's proposals, the queen was crowned at the Abbey.

The week preceding was spent according to custom at the Tower. On the Saturday there was the usual pageant, when she was taken in state to Westminster.

Elizabeth had been disciplined into self-control by danger and suffering. Her more serious feelings she habitually concealed; and when she spoke on such subjects, it was either with diplomatic reserve or with an elfish and mocking irony. On occasions however her deeper emotions refused to be stifled; and as she passed out to her carriage under the gates of the Tower, fraught to her with such stern remembrances, she stood still, looked up to heaven, and said:—

> "Oh Lord, Almighty and Everlasting God, I give Thee most humble thanks that Thou hast been so merciful unto me as to spare me to behold this joyful day; and I acknowledge that Thou hast dealt wonderfully and mercifully with me. As Thou didst with thy servant Daniel the prophet, whom Thou deliveredst out of the den, from the cruelty of the raging lions, even so I was overwhelmed, and only by Thee delivered. To Thee, therefore, only be thanks, honour, and praise for ever. Amen."

She then took her seat, and passed on—passed on through thronged streets and under crowded balconies, amidst a people to whom her accession was as the rising of the sun. Away in the country the Protestants were few and the Catholics many. But the Londoners were the first-born of the Reformation, whom the lurid fires of Smithfield had worked only into fiercer convictions. The aldermen wept for joy as she went by. Groups of children waited for her with their little songs at the crosses and conduits. Poor women, though it was mid-winter, flung nosegays into her lap. In Cheapside the corporation presented her with an English Bible. She kissed it, "thanking the city for their goodly gift," and saying "she would diligently read therein." One of the crowd, recollecting who first gave the Bible to England, exclaimed, "Remember old King Harry VIII.;" and a gleam of light passed over Elizabeth's face—"a natural child," says Holinshed, "who at the very remembrance of her father's name took so great a joy that all men may well think that as she rejoiced at his name whom the realm doth still hold of so worthy memory, so in her doings she will resemble the same."

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[1] "Diversas personas le habian dicho que su Md. habia de venir aqui á casarse con ella y irse luego á España, lo qual dijó con mucha risa."—Memorial del Conde de Feria: *MS. Simancas.*

The ceremony the next day was performed by Oglethorpe, the Bishop of Carlisle. The Archbishop of York, to whom the duty would naturally have fallen, had been alarmed by the English litany and refused to officiate; but his example was not followed. The bishops waited till the quarrel was commenced by the queen, and were generally present at the Abbey. Mass was sung as usual, and the occasion passed off with no particular remark.

The opening of Parliament was the one subject which absorbed attention. How would the Houses accept the intended policy of the queen? Four new peers had been created at the coronation. The earldom of Hertford was revived in favour of Edward Seymour, son of the Protector. Lord Thomas Howard, Surrey's younger brother, was made Lord Howard of Binden. Sir Henry Carey, the queen's cousin, became Lord Hunsdon; and Sir Oliver St. John was created Baron St. John of Bletso. Including these, the lay peerage of England consisted but of sixty-one persons, of whom it is to be observed that eighteen were either unable or unwilling to appear at Elizabeth's first Parliament, while twelve who were present at the opening very soon discontinued their attendance. Their proxies for the most part were held by Bedford and Clinton, and their votes therefore were given to the government. But the personal absence of half the peers implied but a cold welcome to the new sovereign.

The bench of bishops also was proportionally thin. Reginald Pole, for some unknown reason, had left several sees untenanted. The accession of Elizabeth had been followed by a remarkable mortality among those whom it found in possession; and before Parliament met there were a dozen bishoprics vacant for the queen to fill, as De Feria expressed it, with as many ministers of Lucifer.[1] Of the surviving prelates, some were incapacitated by age, some by sickness, from attending to their places; and thus, without violence being used to thin their phalanx, ten was the largest number which they were ever able to muster on the most important debate of the session.

For the Commons, the Catholics were loud in their complaints of the unfairness of the elections; and it may be assumed as certain that a government which had contemplated the removal of every Catholic magistrate in the kingdom, exerted itself to the utmost in securing the return of its friends. It is equally certain—inasmuch as five years later two justices of the peace out of three were even then reported to be unfavourable to the Reformation—that when parties approached an equality the crown was in no condition to use violence. Constitutional opposition however was as yet imperfectly understood; and the disaffected on either side looked rather to rebellion when the government was against them than to the tedious processes of Parliament. The universal horror of the late reign forced the defenders of its principles into the shade, and the moving party, though numerically the weakest, were the young, the eager, and the energetic. The Catholics left the field to their adversaries; and town and country chose their representatives among those who were most notorious for their hatred of popes and priesthoods.[2]

A slight indisposition obliged Elizabeth to postpone the opening for two days. On the 25th the session began, and for the first time she stood as queen face to face with her subjects.

Her position was singularly lonely. The mortality in the Tudor race which had raised her to the throne had left her also with scarcely a relation in the world. Her nearest kinswoman was the rival claimant of her crown; and she herself, as she appeared in the House of Lords, a young woman not yet twenty-six, must have felt that in her high estate she had but herself alone, her own resolution, her own prudence, her own energy, to depend upon; the last of the royal blood, the centre of a revolutionary hurricane, which with such skill as she possessed she was set to guide and to curb.

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[1] De Feria, in his irritation, credited Pole with the whole deficiency—"Aquel maldito Cardinal dexó doce obispados por proveer en los quales pondran ahora doce ministros de Lucifer."—De Feria to Philip, February 20: *MS. Simancas*.

[2] "Este Parlamento es de personas escogidas en todo el Reyno los mas ereges y perversos."—Ibid.

Of those who were round her, the figures of some few, with the help of such scanty light as remains, may be looked at specially and distinctly. First on the bench of bishops sat Heath, and next him Bonner, standing out with unshaken daring to brave the execration which was heaped upon his name. After Bonner came Pates, Bishop of Worcester, attainted by Henry VIII. for high treason—one of Pole's missionaries of treason, who had sat in the Council of Trent. Next him was White, Bishop of Winchester, who had distinguished himself by a violent sermon at Queen Mary's funeral. Of the three other bishops, Baynes, Scott, and Oglethorpe, the two first were equally notorious fanatics. The Abbot of Westminster Feckenham, was he who had gone on the vain mission to shake the faith of Lady Jane Grey.

Leaving the churchmen, soon to disappear all of them into their proper darkness, we look next to the keeper of the Great Seal. Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the more famous chancellor, had grown into notice as a lawyer in the time of Henry VIII. He had married a daughter of Sir Antony Cooke, being thus Cecil's brother-in-law; and, with Lady Bacon, was an advanced Protestant, inclining over the borders towards Calvinism.[1] His eldest son Antony was a child, Francis was not yet born. He himself was approaching middle age—a large corpulent man, with a square massive face deeply lined, high arched eyebrows, and a high nose, the expression keen, hard, and unsparing, yet upright and noble. Unknown as yet as a statesman, Bacon it is likely owed his advancement to the recommendation of Cecil.

If Bacon represented the incoming era, the Marquis of Winchester represented the era which was passing away. Paulet Marquis of Winchester could remember a Plantagenet king, and Bosworth field. He was advanced in years when Queen Catherine was divorced; and having survived all changes of creed, having been made a peer by Henry, created a marquis by Edward, and having afterwards been the chief instrument in saving Mary's crown—"the Shebna" of Knox, "the crafty fox with a fair countenance"—he was to be seen in his office of high treasurer in Elizabeth's first Parliament, eighty-four years old, still vigorous and serviceable. His letters continued for years to show a mind as clear and a hand as steady as those of the best of the contemporaries of his grandchildren. His principle was loyalty to the family of Henry VIII.; his creed, faith in God and English freedom, and hate of fanatics, Catholic or Protestant.

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[1] Sir Antony Cooke, ἀρχιμάγειρος as he was called, had been spoken of for chancellor, he too being in close intimacy with the Genevans, yet not disposed to go all lengths with them.—ZURICH *Letters*, pp. 1, 17, and 32.

The Duke of Norfolk, first of the English peers, was young and untried. He for the present was guided, and the Howard family was represented, by his uncle William Lord of Effingham, to whom above all other Englishmen Elizabeth owed her life and throne.

Fitzallan Earl of Arundel, Norfolk's father-in-law, like the Marquis of Winchester, had served under three sovereigns and under three creeds. He had been one of the executors of the will of Henry VIII.; it was he who arrested Northumberland at Cambridge; he had been steward of Mary's household; he had acted as high constable at Elizabeth's coronation; and being a widower he was named among those who might aspire to the queen's hand. But he moved in a cloud, suspected of aims which he would not avow, without a conviction, without a purpose, feared by all men and trusted by none.

The Earl of Pembroke was a soldier, and the ablest which England possessed. Pembroke, with Lord Russell, had suppressed the insurrection under Edward. Pembroke led the English contingent at St. Quentin, and had commanded in London on the memorable morning when Sir Thomas Wyatt came in from Knightsbridge. His wealth was enormous: as president of the Welsh Marches, he was supposed to be able to bring two thousand men into the field. But he had been employed by Mary chiefly because she could not afford to alienate so powerful a subject. He had looked coldly on her proceedings, and in turn had been coldly regarded. He had been among the first to support Elizabeth with his presence at Hatfield; and his growing allegiance to Protestantism placed him on the committee of four which had determined on the change of religion.

Lord Francis Russell Earl of Bedford was the favourite above all English noblemen of the extreme reformers. In the late reign he was one of the few of high rank who had not cared to conceal his opinions; and although Mary had not dared to proceed to extremities against him, he had been imprisoned, and had been released only to go into voluntary exile. He had travelled into Italy, paying a visit by the way to the refugees at Zurich; and the Genevans looked to him afterwards as their surest friend in Elizabeth's cabinet. In appearance he was a heavy ungainly man, distinguished chiefly by the huge dimensions of his head. When Charles of Austria was a suitor for Elizabeth's hand, and questions were asked of his person, the Earl of Bedford's large head was the comparison made use of in his disparagement:[1] but his expression, like that of Bacon, was stern and powerful; the world as he knew it was no place for the softer virtues; and those only could play their parts there to good purpose whose tempers were as hard as the age and whose intellects had an edge of steel.

The Catholic leader among the peers, in default of Norfolk, was Antony Browne, son of Henry VIII.'s Master of the Horse, created by Mary Lord Montague, in right of descent by the female line from the Nevilles. In the distraction of families, one of his sisters was the wife of the Puritan Lord John Grey, the other was Countess of Kildare. Montague himself, with the estates of the Countess of Salisbury, had inherited her principles and her fearlessness. But his character with that of all others then passing into prominence will unfold itself with the story.

The queen took her seat upon the throne. The Commons were called to the bar. Sir Nicholas Bacon then rose and spoke.

After throwing himself upon the courtesy of the Houses, he said that he was directed by her majesty to explain the causes for which they were assembled.

Her majesty having God before her eyes, desired to seek "before all things the advancement of His honour and glory as the sure and infallible foundation on which to erect her policy." "This foundation being well laid, good success would follow in all else; without it nothing could be looked for but continual alteration and change; things much to be eschewed in all good governance, and most of all in matters of faith and religion." "Her majesty's desire was to secure and unite the people of the realm in one uniform order to the honour and glory of God and to general tranquillity;" "she required the Parliament therefore, for the duty they owed to Him whose cause it was, and for their country's sake whose creed it concerned, to use their best diligence for the establishing of that which should be most convenient for so godly a purpose." They would consider no private interests or personal respects. They would "forbear, and, as a great enemy to good counsel, flee from all contentious reasonings and disputations, all sophistical, captious, and frivolous arguments and quiddities, meeter for ostentation of wit than a consultation in weightier matters, more beseeming for schools than for the Parliament House"—the queen required them to "eschew contumelious and opprobrious words, as heretic, schismatic, and Papist, as causes of displeasure and malice, enemies to concord and unity, the very marks which they were now to shoot at;" and as on the one hand they would "devise nothing which in continuance of time might breed idolatry and superstition," so "they would take heed by no licentious or loose handling to give occasion for contempt and irreverent behaviour towards God or godly things."

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[1] "Del Carlos dicen que tiene la cabeza mayor que el Conde de Bedford."—The Bishop of Aquila to the Count de Feria, May 29, 1559: *MS. Simancas.*

Touching then on scriptural illustrations of the dangers of both these extremes, and expressing, in a graceful comparison with Esther, Elizabeth's earnest aim to do only what should be just and acceptable in God's sight, he concluded that part of his subject in these words:—

"Forced by our duties to God, forced thereto by His punishments, provoked by His benefits, drawn by our love to our country, encouraged by so princely a patroness, let us in God's name go about this work, endeavouring ourselves with all diligence to make such laws as may tend to the establishment of God's Church and the tranquillity of this realm."

Turning next to the condition of the country, he spoke of the change of sovereigns. The crown, he said, had fallen to a princess who intended to govern with the advice of the estates of her realm; to put down evil-doers "without rigour and extremity," yet without "indulgence or foolish pity;" a princess that neither was nor ever would be "so wedded to her own will and fantasy," that "for the satisfaction of it" she would bring her people into bondage "or give occasion for tumults and stirs," such "as had risen of late days;" a princess that never for private affection would advance the quarrel of a foreign prince and impoverish her realm; a princess to whom "nothing—no worldly thing under the sun—was so dear as the love and goodwill of her subjects."

All this was of happy augury. On the other hand Calais was lost—Calais the glory of England, the fear of England's enemies; Calais the mart for its merchants; Calais the guardian of the Channel. The particular loss would have been of less consequence if "what had been lightly lost might lightly be recovered;" but the revenue of the crown had been wasted; guns, men, ships, stores, squandered and lost; enormous debts were owing abroad, with "biting interest" so long as they were left unpaid. War was daily growing more expensive; and England surrounded with enemies was unprovided with the commonest means of defence. The Parliament must look to it; when there was danger of fire "they plucked down part of their houses to save the rest." "The wise merchant in adventures of danger" insured himself against loss. The queen was most unwilling to burden her subjects; but "the ragged state torn by misgovernment" could no longer be trifled with.

"Her highness," the lord keeper concluded, "has commanded me to say, that were it not for the preservation of your own selves and the surety of the state, she would rather have adventured her own life than troubled you. And albeit you yourselves see that this is no matter of will, no matter of displeasure, no private cause of her own, but for the defence of our country and the preservation of every private man's home and family, her majesty's pleasure is that nothing shall be demanded of her loving subjects but that which they of their own free liberality be contented frankly and freely to offer; so great is the trust and confidence that she reposeth in them, and the love and affection that she bears towards them." [1]

Five days passed. On Monday the 30th the business of the session commenced. In the Commons, the first question was of supply; a committee of twenty-four was appointed to draw up a Money Bill. In the Lords, the same day, an Act was introduced to re-annex the first-fruits of ecclesiastical benefices to the crown. In both Houses, the general policy which the queen intended to pursue was sketched in outline; Cecil, Bedford, and Sussex most distinguishing themselves. "The Parliament has begun," De Feria wrote on the 31st. "It is already proposed to repeal the late laws, and to change religion. The Catholics are in the utmost alarm, and have no hope but in your majesty." [2]

The First-fruits Bill—so slight regard was there anywhere for the temporal interests of the clergy—was swept in four days through the Upper House, amidst the clamours of the bishops.[3] The Commons were no less expeditious. On the 1st of February a Tonnage and Poundage Act was introduced.[1] On the 3rd the committee was prepared with the Subsidy Bill.

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[1] Speech of Sir N. Bacon, 1558-9: *MS. Harleian*, 398. Printed in Dewes' *Journals*.

[2] "Los Catolicos estan muy temorosos de la resolucion que se tomará en este Parlamento. De los del Consejo, Cecil y el Conde de Bedford son los que mas se señalan en destruir esto; de los de fuera el Conde de Sussex hace lo que puede. Los Catolicos tienen puesta toda su esperanza en V. Md."—De Feria to Philip, January 31: *MS. Simancas.*

[3] *Lords' Journals*, 1 Elizabeth.

It will be remembered that in Mary's last Parliament the Commons, in distrust of Philip's influence on the queen, had granted half only of the sum which was then demanded of them, undertaking to furnish the remainder at a future time, should it be absolutely required. The preamble of the present bill admitted the necessity, yet in terms which implied a belief that England was weak only by misgovernment, and was capable as ever of maintaining its freedom and greatness. They voted at once, and without reservation, more than all which they had refused to Mary—two-fifteenths and tenths, half-a-crown in the pound on all personal property, and four shillings in the pound on the rents of land. With peculiar significance they took upon themselves on this occasion to legislate for the clergy also, and extended the Act to all persons in the realm, spiritual as well as temporal.[2]

But there was a more pressing anxiety than any which could be removed by money. Elizabeth's single life alone lay between England and annexation to France, and no foreign prince could be more anxious about her marriage than her own subjects. To Philip or Henry the question was but of the balance of power in Europe, to the English it was life itself.

There were many suitors—Philip, his cousin Philibert, the Austrian princes, and the King of Sweden. At home Arundel's name had been mentioned, and Sir William Pickering's. On the whole, the queen was thought more likely to choose a subject than a foreigner;[3] but the desire to see her married to some one was so great that the person seemed nothing in comparison. On the 6th of February the Speaker Sir T. Gargrave, with the privy council and thirty members of the House of Commons, demanded an audience, and without mentioning person or country they requested her in the name of the nation to be pleased to take to herself a husband.

How Elizabeth received the petitioners is unknown, but she took time to consider her answer. On Thursday the 9th, a bill was introduced into the Lower House to restore the royal supremacy, and was referred to a committee of which Sir Antony Cooke was chairman.[1] It was not till the morning of the 10th that the deputation was desired to return to the queen's presence.

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[1] In money bills, the reason for the grant was always specially assigned. Tonnage and poundage, or a duty on exports and imports, was supposed to be given for the police duty of the seas.

[2] 1 Elizabeth, cap. 21.

[3] "Entiendo que estos consejeros se comiençan desengañar de que ella no se quiere casar en el Reyno, y esto les hace dar mas priesa á lo de la eregia."—De Feria to Philip, January 31: *MS. Simancas.*

She then said she most heartily thanked her faithful subjects for the care they showed for her. For herself, from the time when she had first determined to live for God's service, she had preferred to remain unmarried. There had been a time when her life was in danger. She would not blame her sister, nor although she had good grounds for suspicion would she name the person by whose advice her sister was acting; but it had seemed then as if her marriage alone could save her. Yet she had refused, and God, who had defended her before, she was confident would not desert her now. She approved of the form of the petition, which left her choice unfettered, and should it please God to incline her heart to another kind of life they might assure themselves she would do nothing of which the realm should have cause to complain. She intended to spend her own life for the good of her people, and if she married she would choose a husband who would be as careful for them as herself. If, on the contrary, she continued in her present mind she could not doubt but that with the help of Parliament the succession might be secured, and some "fit governor be provided, peradventure more beneficial to the realm than such offspring as might come of her." Children were uncertain blessings, and might grow up ungracious. For her it would be enough "that a marble stone should declare that a queen having reigned such a time lived and died a virgin."[2]

A vague answer, yet not intended to mislead; the obligation to marry for political convenience, detestable under all its aspects, painful to a man—to a woman so painful that a crown might be thought too poor a price to pay for it—the proud Elizabeth would not wholly repudiate. Even that sacrifice she might make at last if the welfare of the country required it of her. But the time had not come as yet, and it was convenient to leave the prize of the English throne open for a while to the competition of the Catholic powers. The Reformation could be carried on with less danger and interference so long as Philip could hope to undo it again constitutionally; nor could he interfere at all, while a suitor in his own behalf or his cousin's for Elizabeth's hand, without blighting his chance of acceptance.

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[1] De Feria says the heretics made the more haste for fear the queen might marry a Catholic. Cooke himself complained that he could move no faster. On the 12th of February he wrote to Peter Martyr, "We are busy in Parliament, casting out the tyranny of the pope, restoring the authority of the crown, and re-establishing true religion, but we move far too slowly."—ZURICH *Letters*, p. 19.

[2] Speech of the Queen: *Commons' Journals*, DEWES, 1 Elizabeth.

The King of Spain, on his side, was watching her with tremulous anxiety. On the first intimation of the measure brought forward in Parliament, he feared it would be his duty to withdraw the offer of his hand;[1] but Alva whom he consulted dissuaded him. The duke was unable to believe that she could reject such a magnificent alliance. Her allegiance to the Church would be a condition of the contract, and the Acts of one Parliament could be undone by another.[2] Still impatient, Philip wrote to De Feria, bidding him implore Elizabeth to reconsider what she was doing; if entreaties failed, he left it to the ambassador's discretion to menace her with the chance of losing him.[3] De Feria however agreed with Alva: if Elizabeth would become Philip's wife the Catholics would resume their ground with ease; if not, neither menace nor remonstrance would be of any avail. "I have ceased," he wrote on the 20th of February, "to speak to her about religion, although I see her rushing upon perdition. If the marriage can be brought about, the rest will provide for itself; if she refuse, nothing which I can say will move her. She is so misled by the heretics who fill her court and council that I should but injure our chances in the principal matter by remonstrating."[4]

Elizabeth understood the situation, and used her advantage. The Parliament, after thanking her for the gracious answer which they construed into a consent,[5] went on with their work. On the 11th of February the English Litany was read in the Lower House, the members all kneeling; on the 13th the Supremacy Bill came on again, and large differences of opinion at once revealed themselves.[6] As first brought before the Commons, the Act restored to the queen the title of Supreme Head of the Church, which was originally assumed by her father.[7] Two days' discussion led to no result; and to judge from the surviving fragment of a single speech, the language of the Catholics was indecently passionate. Dr. Story had been a notorious instrument in the Marian persecution, and serving as such men ever serve the cause which they most oppose, he dared to boast of his past atrocities. "I wish for my part," he said, "that I had done more than I did, and that I and others had been more vehement in executing the laws! I threw a faggot in the face of an earwig at the stake at Uxbridge as he was singing a psalm, and set a bushel of thorns under his feet, and I see nothing to be ashamed of or sorry for. It grieves me that they laboured only about the young and little twigs, whereas they should have struck at the root."[1]

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[1] Philip II. to the Duke of Alva, February 9: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Alva to Philip: Ibid.

[3] Philip II. to De Feria, February 12: Ibid.

[4] De Feria to Philip II., February 20: Ibid.

[5] Five days later, a committee of the Commons had a conference with the Lords in the Star Chamber, to determine the rank which the *queen's husband* should hold.—DEWES' *Journals*, 1 Elizabeth.

[6] "Sir Antony Cooke defends a scheme of his own, and is very angry with all of us."—Jewel to Peter Martyr: ZURICH *Letters*, p. 32.

[7] Speech of Archbishop Heath: STRYPE'S *Annals*, vol. i. part ii. p. 405.

Story perhaps thought less triumphantly of his Uxbridge exploit when long years after he was entrapped on board a trader at Antwerp, and carried to London to die there. He could boast of his crimes in the English Parliament, but the hate which he had generated against himself dogged his footsteps and overtook him at last.

The Supremacy Bill went back to a committee: a week later it was re-introduced, slightly, though not materially, altered; and again the opposition was so violent that it would have been lost except for Cecil, who, in De Feria's words, "flung the question into a garboyl," and carried his point in the confusion.[2] In the shape in which it was sent to the Peers the new Act scarcely differed from that of Henry VIII., either in the title which it gave to the queen, in the oaths which every subject was required to swear, or in the penalties which were to follow on refusal. The bishops assured the Spanish ambassador that they would sooner die than submit;[3] and, encouraged by the resistance in the Commons, and conscious that they were secretly supported by the majority of the English people, they settled down into resolute opposition. In point of learning there was no lay peer capable of arguing with them.[4] The vacant sees could not be filled with Protestants till the oaths to the pope, required at their institution, had been removed by Act of Parliament. Their audience was for the most part neutral or favourable; and, but for Pole's neglect in leaving so many bishoprics unoccupied, De Feria thought the Catholics might have been altogether successful.

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[1] Strype's *Annals*, vol. i. part i. p. 115.

[2] "Los del Parlamento en la camara de abajo determináron que la suprema potestad ecclesiastica se comprehendera en la corona de los Reyes de Inglaterra; aunque hubo algunos que habláron en favor de la razon; de manera que fué necesario para salir con su maldad que el secretario Cecil metiese la cosa en garbullo, y assi pasó. Quieren hacer que todo el Reyno jure de guardar este articulo y que quien no lo hiciese sea tenido por traydor, como lo hizó hacer el Rey Henrico."—De Feria to Philip II.: *MS. Simancas.*

[3] Ibid.

[4] "The bishops being, as you know, of the Upper House, and having none there of our side to expose their artifices, they reign as sole monarchs in the midst of ignorant and weak men, and easily overreach our little party by their numbers, or their reputation for learning."—Jewel to Peter Martyr: Zurich *Letters*, p. 22.

Convocation had been sitting by the side of Parliament—the clergy with the bishops at their head had drawn up a protest against the threatened changes, and in five articles had signified their adherence to the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, and to the established constitution of the Church.[1]

They asserted their absolute belief in transubstantiation, in the sacrifice of the mass, in the sovereign rights of the successors of St. Peter, in the authority of priests over laymen in "all matters of faith and discipline;" and the first step of the opposition in the House of Lords was the presentation of the unanimous petition of the entire "spirituality of England," embodying their convictions.[2]

The Archbishop of York followed it up in a careful and elaborate speech. Avoiding as much as possible all irritating topics, he argued for the papal authority on its own merits, on the evidence of history, the decisions of councils, and the judgment of the fathers of the Church. The system which had been established by Henry VIII. had been condemned, he said, both by Catholic and Protestant; and if the queen desired to return to it she would be without a friend in either party. There was no intelligible sense in which a temporal sovereign could be head of the Church, and in dealing with the subject at all he considered that Parliament was going beyond its powers.

There was nothing new in these arguments. The supremacy was the well-trodden battle-field of the old campaign between More and Cromwell, Fisher and Cranmer; yet there was no one among the peers who was capable of answering the archbishop. Heath, who had been raised to the bench by Henry, had acquiesced once in what he now opposed; and he could represent himself not as new to the subject, but as having gone astray, and as having been brought back to the truth. In its existing shape the Bill could not be carried. English opinion alone would have prevented a measure from again passing into law which might send honest Catholics to the scaffold, and give the longing Protestants their turn at persecution; while even the debate of such a question was compromising English interests at Cambray, and exercising a perilous influence on the humour of Philip, who if pushed too far might make his own terms, and leave England to its fate.

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[1] The five articles were these:—

1. "That the natural body and blood of Christ is really present in the sacrament by virtue of the words duly spoken by the priest.

2. "That after consecration no other substance remains.

3. "That the mass offered is a propitiatory sacrifice.

4. "That Peter and Peter's successors are Christ's vicars, and supreme rulers in the Church.

5. "That the authority in all matters of faith and discipline belongs and ought to belong only to the pastors of the Church, and not to laymen."—STRYPE'S *Annals*, vol. i.

[2] And yet we are told that the Church of England reformed herself—meaning by the Church, not the laity, who alone did the work, but the bishops and clergy, who never consented, as a body, to any measure of reformation whatever, except under the judicious compulsion of Henry VIII.

When pressed to say decisively whether she would marry him, Elizabeth at last refused. On the 20th of February De Feria made his final effort. He spoke to her again of the Queen of Scots. He warned her that if Spain ceased to have an interest in England, the peace of Europe could not be sacrificed because her sister's carelessness had lost Calais. But "the devil," he said, "had taken possession of her;" "she was more impatient of menace than of entreaty," she repeated "that the pope could not allow her to marry her brother-in-law," and she refused entirely to be afraid of France; "her realm," she said. "was not too poor, nor her people too faint-hearted, to defend their liberties at home and to protect their rights abroad; she would not marry, and she would agree to no peace without the restoration of Calais—that was her answer."[1]

As there was no hope that she would change her mind, De Feria recommended Philip not to trouble himself about any other marriage for her, but to instruct his ministers at Cambray to complain to the English representatives of the alteration of religion, and if their remonstrances were unheeded, to make peace at once.

Had nature given Philip a capacity for prompt action, Elizabeth's career might have run out before its time. The shrewdest statesman in England, Lord Paget, though for some reason excluded from her confidence, could not refrain from pressing on Cecil the peril of the crisis. "If the French invade us by sea or by Scotland," he said, "the King of Spain will enter also as our friend or our foe; if we take part with neither of them, they will fasten their feet both of them here and make a Piedmont of us; if we take part with the one, we ourselves shall afterwards be made a prey by the victor. God save us from the sword! we have been plagued of late with famine and pestilence. For God's sake move that good queen to put her sword in her hand; she shall make the better bargain with her doubtful friends and enemies."[1]

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[1] De Feria to Philip, February 20: *MS. Simancas.*

It was easy to advise; it was difficult to execute. At this time, England being actually at war with the second power in the world, the whole naval force in commission amounted to seven coast-guard vessels, the largest of which was but 120 tons; and eight small merchant brigs and schooners, altered for fighting. Of ships in harbour fit for service there were twenty-one; one newly built of 800 tons, one of 700, one of 600, one of 500, and one of 400, four from 300 to 200, the rest sloops and boats.

In artillery the destitution was even more pitiable. Of cannon and "demicannon" in all the dock-yards, there were but thirty which were reputed sound; with two hundred culverins, "minions," and "falconets." Of bows, arrows, lances, corselets, and harquebusses, there were not enough to arm 3000 men.[2] For the troops, Captain Turner, who was sent to command at Portsmouth, and was in daily expectation of a visit from the French, reported to Cecil on the 6th of March that they were all "grown to misorder and mischief, and to the greatest ill that man's head could imagine."[3]

To such a point had England been brought after eleven years of the government of doctrinaires, Protestant and Catholic. If the suspicions and jealousies of France and Spain had not come to the assistance of Elizabeth's diplomacy, it might have gone hardly with her. She had continued her private correspondence with France. Calais, she insisted, must be restored; her people were determined to have "that blot to their nation wiped and taken away." As to its falling to Spain, she was descended of English blood, and not Spanish like her sister; and she and her people might be trusted to take care of it. She was "good friends" with Philip, "yet not otherwise bound to him than was for the good of her country and subjects." The French king had said "that a way might be found," and it was not for her to close any avenue that promised her an escape from her difficulties. Her sister had done nothing without the privity and direction of the minister of Spain; she herself being a free princess, intended "to proceed without participation to the Spaniards of anything, otherwise than for the nature of her matters should seem expedient."[1]

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[1] Paget to Cecil, February 20, 1559: BURGHLEY *Papers*, vol. i.

[2] Naval Report, March, 1559: *Domestic MS. Elizabeth, Rolls House.*

[3] Ed. Turner to Cecil, March 6: *MS.* Ibid.

The "way" intended by Henry he indicated by sending over in return a confidential agent, with the portrait of some unknown prince or nobleman who should take Calais back with him as Elizabeth's dowry. The queen examined it long and earnestly, but as it seemed with an unfavourable conclusion.[2] The negotiation fell through, and in a letter still full of friendly expressions, the King of France intimated his regret that he had changed his mind, and that the plan by which he had hoped to end the quarrel was found impracticable.

Thus Elizabeth found herself thrown back upon the solid facts of her position, with her Spanish allies alone to trust to. The congress reopened at Cambray on the 5th of February. The Bishop of Arras, the Duke of Alva, Ruy Gomez, and the Prince of Orange, represented Spain. The Constable Montmorency, the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Bishops of Orleans and Limoges, appeared for France, with the Duchess of Lorraine as a neutral and independent president. Dr. Wotton and the Bishop of Ely returned from Brussels. The third English commissioner, Lord William Howard, was delayed in London, and did not appear till four days after the opening.

On the evening of his arrival Howard had a private interview with Alva and his colleagues. His last instructions from Elizabeth were to surrender anything except Calais; but to remain firm upon that. Philip on the other hand was weary of the war; he was irritated with Elizabeth, and insisted that he was penniless and that peace must be made.[3] Between these contradictory positions the middle term was difficult to find. The Calais question happily was one in which the Low Countries were interested; and Alva, though he spoke bitterly of the carelessness with which it had been lost, promised that he would do his best for its recovery.

The next day, February 13, the commissioners met in public. Towns taken in war, Lord Howard said, were as a matter of course restored at the making of peace; Calais belonged to England, and the French had no right to persist in keeping it. The French replied promptly that Calais was a French town which at all hazards they meant to keep; their commission in fact did not allow them to consider the surrender of it as possible. A long argument ensued, but absolutely without result; and the day closed apparently without a hope of agreement.

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[1] Instructions to Guido Cavalcanti, January 29: FORBES, vol. i.

[2] "Hoy he sabido que esta mañana arrivó aqui de vuelta de Francia Guido Cavalcanti, y luego la Reyna le oyó y ha estado con el un gran rato. Trae en su compañia un Frances, hombre pequeño. Hasta ahora no he podido saber mas sino que me dicen que el Guido traye un retrato que estuvó mirando le Reyna un gran rato."—De Feria to Alva, February 29: *MS. Simancas.*

[3] "Porque yo os digo que yo estoy de todo punto impossibilitado á sostener la guerra."—Philip II., to the Duke of Alva, February 12: GRANVELLE *Papers*, vol. v.

No sooner however had the meeting broken up than the constable drew Howard apart, and warned him against trusting Philip, who desired only to annex Calais to the Low Countries. From Howard Montmorency went to Alva to express his astonishment that the Spaniards should sacrifice themselves to the selfish interests of England; there was Crêpy for a precedent, and the peace of Europe was more important than a single town. The dauphiness moreover was the true Queen of England, and if France surrendered Calais, it must be to her.[1]

It was fortunate for Elizabeth that the dauphiness was the one person whose pretensions in the existing state of Europe the Spaniards could not recognise, and to whom Elizabeth with all her heresies was preferable. For Elizabeth herself they cared nothing; but they dreaded an increase to the power of France; and they cared much for the sympathies of the English Catholics, whom they would alienate for ever by deserting English interests. Notwithstanding Philip's orders, Alva was compelled to assure Montmorency that Spain would be true to her ally. Montmorency with equal firmness insisted that Calais if it belonged to England at all belonged to Mary Stuart, and that to her alone should it be given. Thus much only Henry might be induced to yield. Elizabeth might be left in undisturbed possession of the crown of England, on condition that her children should intermarry with Mary Stuart's children, son to daughter, and daughter to son; France meanwhile should keep Calais for eight years, as England had kept Boulogne, and the question of right could be referred in the interval to arbitration.

Proposals of marriage between children not yet born meant obviously nothing. In communicating to Lord Howard what Montmorency had said, the Duke of Alva expressed no opinion on the course which England should pursue; he desired only that his proposal should be made known to Elizabeth, and he accompanied Howard's despatch with a letter of his own to the Count de Feria. By accepting the French offer Elizabeth would gain breathing time; if the conference broke up ineffectually on her account, he said she must be prepared for exertions of which, in its present exhaustion, he believed England to be incapable—at the same time it was not to be supposed that the French would keep any promise which they might make of restoring Calais at the completion of the term; if the queen accepted peace on the terms now proposed, it must be by her own act; the King of Spain would neither advise nor dissuade, and if she cared to continue the struggle in a serious spirit, she might rely on his co-operation.[1]

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[1] "Donnant assez à entendre qu'ils ne tiennent la Reyne pour Reyne."—Alva and Arras to Philip II., February 13: GRANVELLE *Papers*, vol. v.

If England had remained orthodox—if Elizabeth had accepted Philip, he would have spent his last ducat to bring France upon her knees; under existing circumstances the Spaniards were justified in adhering to the letter of their engagement. Elizabeth inquired what Alva meant by larger exertions, and in what time and by what means he thought that Calais could be recovered. If the allied armies, Alva replied, were to invade France in force for two or three consecutive years, there was no doubt that they could force the French king to any condition they pleased; and in that case the King of Spain would sell all that he had to see England righted.[2] But Alva well knew what England must answer; and after a pang of indignation and disappointment, Elizabeth commissioned Howard to accept the best terms which he could obtain.

"It appeared," the duke wrote to Philip, "that all they could do was to attack Scotland, leaving the Continent to us. We told them that to such conditions your majesty could not agree: if they would do their part, your majesty would do yours; but they must remember that your majesty's differences were already arranged, and that your people could not and would not endure the burden of the war only in a quarrel of theirs. They asked us what we would have them do, and we brought them at last to this: we undertook to demand and to urge, by all means short of breaking off the negotiation, the restoration of Calais pure and simple; if this was refused, to demand the town and harbour without the Pale: if we could not obtain this, the English would consent to leave France in possession for eight years; we, on our parts engaging, if the place was not then restored, to go to war, and assist them to recover it."[1]

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[1] Alva and Arras to the Count de Feria, February 13: *Granvelle Papers*. Howard, Wotton, and Ely to Elizabeth, February 14: FORBES, vol. i. De Feria to Alva, February 29: *MS. Simancas*.

[2] "Y que en este caso sabiamos cierto que V. Md. aunque se hubiese de vender todo se esforçaria para ayudar á la Reyna."—Alva and Arras to Philip II., February 26: *Granvelle Papers*, vol. v.

So matters stood at Cambray when the Supremacy Bill was first introduced to the Upper House, and it is easy to understand why the government at such a crisis were in no haste to press it.

The two first conditions the French rejected immediately and absolutely. The third would have been rejected also, but to their vexation and no small astonishment, Philip's commissioners united with the English to present it as an ultimatum; and with the certainty that if they refused, the conference would break up, they referred for instructions to Paris.

Since he had resolved at all hazards to keep Calais, the King of France was unwilling to bind himself by a promise which he had predetermined to break. He flinched however before the attitude of Spain, and said that he would restore it after the eight years if the English would take his word for their security; and if in the meantime the fortifications might be dismantled, and the port be made purely mercantile. Again however the English found their allies faithful to them. The Bishop of Arras would have had Philip put his troops in motion, "the French being a people more affected by force than argument."[2] "For myself," Arras wrote to the Duke of Savoy, "I hold it certain that if we yield to them in a matter so unreasonable they will presume on our weakness and will withdraw from many things which they have accorded in Piedmont and elsewhere; there is no fair dealing to be had unless we show our teeth."[3]

It was insisted that the works should be maintained unimpaired; that when the eight years were expired, the town should be given up in the condition in which it had been lost; and the bare word of France not being considered good,[4] the allies demanded further the ignominious guarantee of hostages.

Seeing that it was useless to persevere further, the French gave way, and on the 12th of March a final arrangement was concluded by which they bound themselves to deliver Calais, Guisnes, and the whole Pale intact in its existing condition at the time stated, or else to forfeit half a million crowns, and leave the English claim unimpaired; to evacuate and raze the fortresses which they had built on the Scotch border; and to give substantial bonds for the money. As a last precaution, the Spanish commissioners required that the dauphin and dauphiness should confirm the treaty, and directly recognise Elizabeth's right to the crown.

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[1] *Granvelle Papers*, vol. v.

[2] Arras to the Comte de Megha, February 28: Ibid.

[3] Arras to the Duke of Savoy, March 11: Ibid.

[4] "Los Franceses les prometerán de volver á Calais dentro de los seis [ocho] años y despues guardarán la verdad que suelen."—De Feria to Alva, February 29: *MS. Simancas.*

Thus had Spain fulfilled its bond, and England was extricated from its difficulties with better conditions than might have been looked for. The King of Navarre wrote indeed to Elizabeth to assure her of the lasting regard of Henry; to tell her that all which she had gained at Cambray would have been conceded more willingly in a private treaty; and that although the immediate opportunity was lost, "a way" would soon be found again to settle the question more definitively. But Navarre was a feeble rival to the Duke of Guise. The liberal party in France had been permitted to try their hand at making a separate treaty with England, but they had failed, and with their failure they lost their influence at Henry's court. The Guises, ultramontane in creed, and haters of England in politics, were only eager for an occasion to reopen the war, and set themselves free from their embarrassing engagements. The treaty was signed by the king and ratified by the dauphin and dauphiness in the terms which had been extorted. But Mary Stuart at the same moment assumed the royal arms of England; and the dauphin in the ratification of the separate treaty concluded with Spain, dared to subscribe himself "Francis by the grace of God King of Scotland, England, and Ireland, Dauphin of France."[1]

In England the first and immediate effect of the peace was the reappearance of the Supremacy Bill. On the 13th of March it was read a second time. On the 18th, after "certain provisions and amendments," it came on again, and Scot, Bishop of Chester, made a last effort to throw it out. At length, and with some power, he exhausted the usual arguments for the unity of the Church; he dwelt upon the distractions of Christendom since the introduction of the new opinions; and asking what security there would be for the preservation of the faith in a Church cut off from the body of Christ, he said that there were already in Europe thirty-four Protestant communions, all differing from one another, yet "every one of them saying and affirming constantly that their profession was builded upon Christ, alleging Scripture for the same."[2]

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[1] "Quand ledict Arras eust entendu que l'Angleterre estoit compris le dedans il se print a rire."—Intelligence of a commission, wherein the French king used the style of England: *Scotch MSS., Elizabeth, Record Office.*

[2] Speech of the Bishop of Chester in Parliament.—Strype's *Annals*, Appendix No. 7.

But he spoke to a deaf audience. The bishops had the best of the argument; but they had fallen on evil times, and were outvoted. Montague supported them, and Shrewsbury supported them; but to the great body of the English laity, orthodox and unorthodox, a foreign jurisdiction was essentially hateful. They did not mean to imitate Henry VIII., and make war upon it with the axe and quartering knife; but the thing itself they were determined to end. The bill was read a third time, and in its altered shape went back to the Commons; and Elizabeth could now receive the Spanish ambassador with confidence and smiles.

"I found her resolved," De Feria wrote to Philip,[1] "to maintain the proceedings in Parliament; Cecil, Sir Francis Knolles, and their friends, have gained her over.

"After we had talked a short time, she said she could not have married your majesty because she was a heretic. I said I was astonished to hear her use such words; I asked her why her language was now so different from what it had been. But she would give me no explanation; the heretics, with their friend the devil, are working full speed; they must have told her that your majesty's object in proposing for her was only to save religion.

"She spoke carelessly, indifferently, altogether unlike herself, and she said positively that she meant to do as her father had done. I told her I would not believe that she was a heretic—I could not think it possible she would sanction the new laws—if she changed her religion she would ruin herself. Your majesty, I said, would not separate yourself from the Church for all the thrones in the world.

"So much the less, she replied, should your majesty do it for a woman.

"I did not wish to be too harsh with her, so I said men sometimes did for a woman what they would do for nothing else.

"She told me she did not intend to be called Head of the Church, but she would not let her subjects' money be carried out of the realm to the pope any more, and she called the bishops a set of lazy scamps.[2]

"The 'scamps,' I said, were the preachers to whom she had been listening; and I added that it was small credit to her to allow any vagabond from Germany to get into the pulpit in her presence, and to talk trash to her.

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[1] De Feria to Philip II., March 19: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] "Y que los obispos eran grandes poltrones."

"At this moment Knolles came in to tell her that supper was ready—a story made for the occasion I fancy. They dislike nothing so much as her conversations with me. I took my leave for that time, saying merely that she was no longer the Queen Elizabeth whom I had known hitherto, that I was ill-satisfied with her words to me, and that if she went on thus she was a lost woman.

"Cecil governs the queen; he is an able man, though an accursed heretic. Parliament came to its resolution on the morning on which the news came from Cambray; it was this which gave them confidence; and it is a bad return for all your majesty's kindness. That she will confirm their hateful and vile measures there is no sort of doubt. The bishops if necessary are ready to die for the truth; your majesty would admire the courage which they are showing. With your majesty's leave I would sooner spend your money upon them than on the false traitors who have sold their God and their country's honour.[1] Religion will triumph at last; of that I am sure, for the Catholics are two-thirds of the realm; but I had rather the work was done by your majesty than that it should lapse to the French. Your majesty will pardon me if I pass beyond my office. I am so wretched at what I see that I cannot refrain from speaking."

A few days later De Feria wrote again—"I know for certain that the news of the peace gave the Parliament the courage to act as they have done—they were afraid before, lest your majesty should leave them in the lurch. I told the queen I was indeed astonished that she should have permitted such a thing; I could only hope that after all she would refuse her own consent. I reminded her that she had desired me to write nothing to your majesty so long as that consent had been withheld; I had relied upon her word, and now I feared your majesty might hear of what had passed from some other source, and be justly displeased.

"She repeated what she said before, that she was not going to be Head of the Church, or to administer the sacraments, with more of the same sort which was both false and foolish. She asked me haughtily if your majesty intended to be angry with her for having mass in English. I said I could not tell that; but this I could tell, that she was on the high road to lose her throne, and I for my own part should be sorry to see it. She had had opportunities enough of judging what your majesty's feelings were towards her, and my business was to tell her the truth, and to point out to her the danger in which she stood. I knew what her resources were, I knew what your majesty's resources were, and what those of France were, and her only chance was to remain on good terms with your highness.

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[1] "Estos fementidos." The allusion is to the many English noblemen to whom life-pensions were given by Philip at the time of his marriage with Mary.

"She said she did not mean to quarrel with France; she intended only to maintain herself in her own realm as her father had done.

"I told her she was mistaken; she could not do it. She talked of imitating her father; and yet she kept about her a parcel of Lutheran and Zuinglian rogues that King Henry would have sent to the stake. May God and your majesty provide a remedy for these misdoings! The pope must be informed of what has taken place in Parliament here. It is not at all as it was in the times of Henry or Edward, when all alike were compromised. If his holiness proceed against the queen and the realm, he must exempt the bishops and Convocation, who have been loud in their protests of allegiance to the Church. The majority of the people out of Parliament are innocent also; and it is of high importance that the distinction be observed in the bull, to confirm the faithful in their allegiance, while it blasts and overwhelms the heretics.

"I had forgotten to tell your majesty that Lady Catherine [1] is a good friend of mine, and talks to me in confidence. The queen, she says, does not like to think of her as her possible successor. The late queen took her into the privy chamber and was kind to her. She complains that now she is out of favour and finds nothing but discourtesy. I keep on good terms with my lady Catherine. She promises me for her part not to change her religion, and not to marry without my consent." [2]

The fear of Philip on receiving this letter was that Elizabeth in despair of retaining his own friendship would accept the hand which France had at first held out to her. In the late reign Henry II. had been her firmest friend. His religion all Europe was aware depended on the convenience of the moment; and although the opportunity had probably passed and the French court had now determined to play the card of the Queen of Scots, the uneasy orthodoxy of the King of Spain was haunted with the dread of an Anglo-Gallican alliance, which would at once turn the scale in the balance of power against himself, and would postpone or prevent for ever his intended crusade against heresy. Or, if this danger were no longer to be anticipated, the English Catholics might declare for Mary Stuart; and the political mischief would be at least equally serious. France would then have earned the chief gratitude of the Papacy. France would be the first power in Europe; and Piedmont, Lombardy, and perhaps the Low Countries themselves, would drop into Henry's hands.

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[1] Lady Catherine Grey, Lady Jane's sister, who had been married (in form only) to the son of Lord Pembroke at the time of the Northumberland conspiracy. The marriage had been declared invalid, but Lady Jane being dead, Lady Catherine, by the will of Henry VIII., was next in succession to the crown.

[2] De Feria to Philip II., March 23: *MS. Simancas.*

Philip therefore replied with charging De Feria to prevent if it was not too late the passing of the Acts of Parliament; but whether they were passed or not to say nothing to alarm Elizabeth, and to assure her he was as much her friend as ever.[1] He directed him to do everything in his power to prevent an insurrection; to soothe the Catholics privately with promises, and if they broke out into rebellion to avoid committing himself to their support. If he saw them likely to succeed, he might secretly give them money; but even then he must not offend the friends of the queen, lest they should call in the French.

For himself, Philip said, he had determined to stay for the present in Flanders: he had put off his intended return to Spain, and would hold his ships and troops in readiness to take advantage of any opportunity which might offer itself.[2]

At the same moment, bidding adieu to his hope of Elizabeth of England, the King of Spain transferred his addresses to Elizabeth of France. Among the conditions of peace sketched in the preceding autumn at Cercamp, the daughter of Henry and Catherine de Medici had been proposed as a bride for Don Carlos. The father was now substituted for the son. After a brief private correspondence the exchange was brought forward at Cambray, on the 2nd of April, by Montmorency. It was accepted on the spot by Alva; and so rapidly was everything arranged, that the very next day the marriage treaty, complete in all its parts, received the signatures of the French and Spanish commissioners.

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[1] "Y en caso que no se pudiese remediar esto, procuraseis de entretener con la Reyna en buena gracia y detenerla muy descuydada y assegurada en mi amistad: porque no se le diese ocasion temiendo lo contrario de llegarse á los Françeses y valerse dellos; aunque no parece que sea verisimil que ella se ose fiar de que tiene en ese Reyno tal pretencion, y no dessea sino ocasion para procurar de echarla del."—Philip II. to the Count de Feria: *MS. Simancas*.

[2] Philip II. to the Count de Feria: *MS. Simancas*. Thinking it likely that Elizabeth might ask to see his letter, Philip sent a second with the same date, and in the same packet, containing vague expressions of general friendliness, which De Feria, if necessary, could show: *MS. Simancas*.

Meantime the Supremacy Bill with its new provisions went back to the Commons, where it was once more altered, and sent again to the Lords—flying between the two Houses like a shuttlecock, till the 22nd of March, when it appeared to be at last settled, the title of Supreme Head being given by it to the queen. The more dangerous question of doctrine was yet untouched; and on Good Friday, the 24th, Parliament was prorogued to celebrate Easter with a scene of spiritual pageantry. The mass still continued; the Catholic ritual had possession of the churches, and the litany with parts of the communion service alone as yet were read in English. The clergy, with remarkable unanimity, had pronounced against all change; and decency required that for a religious reformation there should be some semblance or shadow of spiritual sanction.

On the 31st March therefore there was held in Westminster Abbey a theological tournament. Eight champions on either side were chosen for the engagement. Sir Nicholas Bacon and the Archbishop of York kept the lists; the Lords and Commons were the audience—for whose better instruction the combat was to be conducted in English.

The subjects of controversy were—

1. The use of prayer in a tongue unknown to the people.

2. The right of local churches to change their ceremonies, if the edification of the people required it. And,

3. The propitiatory sacrifice for the quick and dead, said to be offered in the mass.

As a limit to diffuseness, the arguments were to be produced in writing: and to the Catholics, in affected deference to their rank, was given the honour and the disadvantage of precedence. On their side were four bishops — White, Baynes, Scot, and Watson; with four doctors—Cole, who had preached at Cranmer's martyrdom; Harpsfeld, Pole's delegate, the inquisitor of Canterbury; Chedsey, Bonner's chaplain; and Langdale, Archdeacon of Lewes.

The Protestants were returned refugees; men who had kept prudently out of the way while their opinions were dangerous to themselves, but had reappeared with security. The true battle on these great questions had been fought and won at the stake. The Aylmers, the Jewels, the Grindals, were not of the metal which makes martyrs; but they were skilful talkers, admirable "divines," with sufficient valour for the sham fight in which they were required only to walk with decorum over the course. They had conviction enough—though Jewel at least had saved his life by apostasy—to be quite willing to persecute their adversaries; they were as little capable as the Catholics of believing that heaven's gate-keepers acknowledged any passport, save in terms of their own theology; and on the whole they were well selected for the work which they had to do.[1]

It had been contrived that throughout the controversy the Protestants should have the last word. The bishops either resenting the unfairness of the arrangement, or having as they said really misunderstood it, there was some confusion; and when the moment came they were unprepared to begin. After some hesitation however Cole was put forward to speak on the first point; and according to the account of Jewel conducted himself with no particular dignity. He stamped, frowned, raved, snapped his fingers, and if not convincing, was at least abusive. In argument he stated what was of course true, that at a time when there was no regularly-formed English language, the public service was conducted in Latin, and that in the first centuries of Christianity Latin liturgies had been used in the Latin churches, and Greek in the Greek; but the inference that either Latin or Greek should be used in a country where it was not understood scarcely followed.

The counter-statements of the Protestants were then read by Horne. They consisted of appeals to the Bible and tradition. The service of God was asserted to be a reasonable service of the mind and heart, and not a magical superstition. All rituals had a meaning, which was intended to be intelligible; and generally the position was maintained that words—human words—whenever used were meant to be understood.

With this the first day's proceedings ended; the discussion was adjourned till Monday; and the Catholics were requested to comply for the future with the prescribed form, that the second proposition might be argued more completely.

On Monday, however, things went no better. Bacon invited the bishops to commence. White answered that he desired first to reply on the argument of the preceding day. He was told that he might reply on the whole subject when the three propositions had each had their separate consideration. Watson said that they had mistaken the directions, and that on the first head his party had not been heard at all; Doctor Cole had spoken extempore, and had given only his own private opinion. The lord keeper regretted their misconception, but was unable to permit the prescribed order to be interrupted; and after some recrimination the bishops agreed to proceed.

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[1] The English names are well known to readers of English Church history. They are Scory, Grindal, Coxe, Whitehead, Aylmer, Horne, Guest, and Jewel.

But here another difficulty arose. They had been assigned priority, and they preferred to follow; they protested with some reason that it was not for them to prove the Church's doctrine to be true; they professed the old established faith of Christendom, and if it was attacked,they were ready to answer objections; let the Protestants produce their difficulties, and they would reply to them.

They did not and would not understand that they were but actors in a play, of which the finale was already arranged, that they were spoiling its symmetry by altering the plan.

The lord keeper replied that they must adhere to their programme, or the performance could not go forward. He asked them one by one if they would proceed. They refused. He appealed to the Abbot of Westminster; and the Abbot of Westminster agreed with the bishops.

If that was their resolution then, the lord keeper said, the discussion was ended—and ended by their fault. They had refused to accept the order prescribed by the queen, and they should not make an order of their own. "But forasmuch as," he concluded significantly, "ye will not that we should hear you, you may perhaps shortly hear of us."

From the first the Tower had been the destined resting-place for the Catholic prelates. The Bishops of Lincoln and Winchester were at once committed for contempt. The rest were bound in recognisances to appear daily at the Council Chamber, and to remain in London till further orders.[1]

The Parliament was then left to do the work by itself. The Houses met again on the 3rd of April, and business recommenced with a message from the queen. Thanking them for the goodwill which they had shown in the Supremacy Bill, Elizabeth refused, as she had promised De Feria, the title which was offered her, and desired that the rights of the crown might be secured some other way. After so many alterations the Commons were unwilling to make fresh changes;[2] but a variation of phrase was all that was necessary; and the Act was then conclusively passed—the same essentially—though with its edge slightly blunted—which had originally severed England from the jurisdiction of Rome. The crown became once more, " in all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil, supreme; " and the bishops and clergy were required to forswear obedience to the Papacy—no longer under the pains of high treason, but as a condition of admission to their benefices. The Statutes of Henry IV. and Henry V. against heresy, with the Act of Mary which revived them, were again repealed; and the Church authorities were forbidden to proceed against any person for any manner of opinion, except such as had been condemned by the first four general councils, or by the plain words of Scripture, or such as might at a future time be declared heretical by Parliament and Convocation.[1]

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[1] Privy Council Register, *Elizabeth*, A° 1: *MS.*

[2] De Feria to Philip, April 11: *MS. Simancas.*

Thus the broken idol which Pole had so laboriously replaced was once more flung down from its pedestal. Dagon had fallen at last for ever, and De Feria again applied to his master for instructions.

Touching first on other matters, he described the manner in which Elizabeth had received the news of Philip's marriage. " She affected," he said, " one or two little sighs, and then with a smile observed her name was a fortunate one. I told her I was very sorry; but the fault was more with her than with your majesty; she knew how unwilling I had been to accept her refusal. She admitted the truth of my words; but she said your majesty could not have been so very much in love with her, or you would have waited three or four months. She did not seem to like it, though two or three of the council, she told me, were delighted."

" Both she and they," the letter continued, " are alarmed at your alliance with France, and fear that it bodes no good to them. That pestilential scoundrel Cecil tried to persuade me that they would have liked nothing better than to go on with the war. I bade him say that to some one less well acquainted with the state of the country than I was. Lord Sussex, heretic as he is, has warned the council that Ireland will rebel if they enforce the alteration of religion there; and the Welsh counties tell Pembroke to send no preachers across the marches, or they will not return alive. The queen I think would now be glad if she had been less precipitate. Two of the bishops are in the Tower. By entreaties and threats I have delayed the catastrophe as long as possible; but the country is lost to us now body and soul, and it is time for your majesty to see to it. You have made peace with France; you are at leisure and can do what you please.

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[1] Statutes of the Realm, 1 *Elizabeth*, cap. 1.

"There are two sides to the matter. As to religion, I do not pretend to measure your majesty's obligations. I can merely say that the Catholics hold your majesty responsible for the position in which they find themselves. But as a question of public policy you are aware of the just claims of the Queen of Scots; you know the defenceless state of the kingdom and the temptation presented to the King of France by the extreme facility of the conquest; and surely this is a catastrophe which you are bound to prevent. You have desired me to keep things quiet, not to quarrel with the queen, and not to interfere in religion. I have obeyed your majesty to the best of my powers; but it is still to be seen how far this can be done. Setting God's honour out of the question, each step forward which they take in heresy threatens the peace of the realm. The King of France you are aware will appeal to the pope; the pope will excommunicate the queen, declare her illegitimate, and pronounce in favour of the dauphiness; and your majesty will be more perplexed than ever to know how to act. The French will enter England in the name of Holy Church: the Catholics will unquestionably join them: and how your majesty can take arms against God—against justice, against truth—I confess myself unable to see. To allow them to succeed (and I am terrified to think how easy it will be for them) is politically ruinous to you; and to see these things as I see them, and yet to forbear to speak, would be treason against God and your majesty." [1]

So appeared England and England's chances to spectators not wholly led astray by Catholic sympathies, who nevertheless were mistaken in the one vital point. That which to them seemed a cause of weakness was in fact the secret spring of recovering life. Under the paralysing grasp of spiritual tyranny the arm of England hung nerveless by its side. When the free blood was in her veins again she would renew her youth like the moulting eagle.

The doctrinal question came next. The commission for revising the Prayer-book had been busily at work, and on the 18th of April a proposal for its restoration was brought forward in the House of Commons.

The object had been so to frame the constitution of the Church of England that disloyalty alone should exclude a single English subject from its communion who in any true sense could be called a Christian; so to frame its formulas that they might be patient of a Catholic or Protestant interpretation, according to the views of this or that sect of the people; that the Church should profess and teach a uniform doctrine in essentials—as the word was understood by the latitudinarians of the age; while in non-essentials it should contain ambiguous phrases, resembling the many watchwords which divided the world; and thus enable Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinist, and Zuinglian to insist each that the Church of England was theirs.

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[1] De Feria to Philip, April: *MS. Simancas.*

The "Articles" were left in abeyance; and happy it would have been for the Church of England had they never been revived. The rubrics of Edward's second book were modified, allowing large latitude in the use of ornaments and vestments. In the communion service the words were restored which seemed to recognise the real presence, while the words also were not rejected which seemed equally to reduce the sacrament to a commemorative form.[1]

Thus altered the Prayer-book was presented to Parliament. The Genevan refugees clamoured that they had not been consulted, that "fooleries were made of consequence," and that "truth was sacrificed to a leaden mediocrity." At the heart of the matter it was they who were giving importance to what was of no importance; it was they who considered exactness of opinion a necessary condition of Christianity. They would have erected with all their hearts a despotism as hard, as remorseless, as blighting as the Romanist. Happily they found few among the laity to share their views, and they were not permitted to ruin their own cause. In the Commons there was no opposition; in the Lords the bishops still resisted, and they found a support which they had not met with on the Supremacy Bill. Lord Montague alone of the lay peers had opposed absolutely the separation from the Papacy. The old Marquis of Winchester, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and six other noblemen [1] voted against an alteration of the services.

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[1] King Edward's second book appointeth only these words to be used when the bread is delivered at the Communion.—"Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee; and feed on him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving;" and when the cup is delivered—"Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thankful." Whereas, in her majesty's book, on the delivering of the bread, these words must be said—"The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life. Take and eat this, etc.;" and at the delivery of the cup, these words—"The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life. Drink this."—STRYPE, *Annals*, vol. i. part i. p. 224. The careful student of the Prayer-book will find the two lines of antagonistic thought represented in the alternative Prayers, which are left to the choice of the clergyman.

The mass however was not to be saved. The Bishop of Ely, who had returned from Cambray, said that he would perish rather than see it put away; [2] but to no purpose. The Act of Uniformity [3] passed its three readings in three successive days,[4] and Cranmer's liturgy became again the law of the land.

The revolution was complete. The organisation of the country resumed the solid and secular character by which, under Henry VIII., in the words of the Statute of Supremacy, "the realm was kept continually in good order;" and the interests of England were no longer to be sacrificed to the passions of religious partisans. The vessel of the state, though heaving dangerously in the after-roll, was again on her right course, and began slowly to draw away out of the breakers.

Elizabeth when called on by De Feria to explain the doctrines which her people were to believe found a difficulty in making herself intelligible. She told him first that the confession of Augsburg would be received in England, and when he expressed his surprise she told him it would not be precisely that confession: it would be something like it, and yet different: "in fact," she said, "she believed almost as Catholics believed, for she held that God was really present in the sacrament.

"However," De Feria continued,[5] "she would not argue with me, and I was as little anxious to argue as she was; but I told her I should like to know what the religion was to be, for so far as I could hear there were as many opinions in England as in Germany; and I could not but be surprised that while other princes were laying down their arms and seeking leisure to compose these questions, she who had found her realm in good Catholic order had thrown it back into confusion. She had repealed the good and pious laws of your majesty and her sister; and had there been nothing else to restrain her, the obligations under which she lay to your majesty should alone have made her hesitate.

"She said that the laws which she had repealed had been made by her sister before her marriage; your majesty knew from the first what her opinions were, and so did her sister.

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[1] Lords Morley, Stafford, Wharton, Rich, North, and Ambrose Dudley, the Duke of Northumberland's eldest son.

[2] De Feria to Philip II.: *MS. Simancas.*

[3] 1 *Elizabeth*, cap. 2.

[4] April 26, 27, 28.

[5] De Feria to Philip II., April 29: *MS. Simancas.*

"I assured her your majesty knew nothing of the kind.

"She professed to be very angry at some comedy in which your majesty had been insulted, and she said she would have the writer of it punished. Such things, I replied, were of small importance compared to the others; although both in jest and earnest she would do well to protect your majesty from impertinence: and I mentioned by the way that I knew the plan of the comedy to have been furnished by one of her council. It was Cecil—she herself half admitted it to me. But religion, she went on, was a question of conscience, in which in life and death she meant to be constant. She wished she could have three hours' conversation with your majesty; and she said in conclusion that she hoped to be saved as well as the Bishop of Rome."

A few subsidiary measures now finished the work of legislature. Elizabeth's title was defended by a treason act; the monasteries which Mary had refounded were again dissolved; and on Monday the 8th of May, in the queen's presence, the lord keeper thanked the two Houses for the patience with which they had discussed the grave and weighty matters submitted to them, recommended them to be as diligent in seeing the laws executed as they had been careful in framing them, and declared the Parliament at an end.

Distracted between his creed and his policy, the King of Spain notwithstanding De Feria's urgency durst not interfere. He was persuaded firmly that without his help Elizabeth's throne could not stand; and he felt himself the responsible cause of the success of what he most detested. To avoid if possible the dilemma with which his ambassador had threatened him, he wrote to the pope, making the most of Elizabeth's solitary act of virtue in refusing to be called Head of the Church, and requesting him to suspend his censures till other means had been tried.[1] He bade De Feria make Elizabeth feel the fresh obligations under which he had thus placed her, and press upon her the insanity of a course which eventually would drive him from her side. Meanwhile since she had declined his own hand he had looked out another husband for her, and sent her the choice of his cousins Ferdinand and Charles the Austrian archdukes.

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[1] "Me ha parecido que era tiempo de hacer oficio con su Santidad; y asi he mandado despachar sobre ello á Roma avisando á su Santidad del estado en que esta lo de ahí; y de la esperança que todavia se tiene del remedio; y lo que yo lo deseo y procuro, y que hasta ver lo que aprovecha de lo qual yo avisaré á su Santidad no innove cosa ninguna."—Philip to De Feria, May: *MS. Simancas.*

This last suggestion De Feria now warmly approved. He had discovered, he said, that Elizabeth was not likely to have children, and if the archdukes were men, either of them might with the help which Philip would give him make himself master of the kingdom at her death.[1] He laid the proposal before Elizabeth, who affected to listen most graciously. He assured Philip that there was every prospect of success: his own relations with her however had become so constrained through these repeated differences, that he thought the negotiation could be better conducted by another hand: to recall him, he said, would be a significant and public censure on the revolution, and would confirm the constancy of the Catholics; while for himself he admitted that he found it no easy matter to deal with a woman whose humours were so uncertain, and who was surrounded by advisers too blind and stupid "to comprehend their situation."[2]

Sir William Cecil and his friends "comprehended their situation" more entirely perhaps than De Feria himself. They were confident that so long as the only possible rival to Elizabeth was the Dauphiness of France, they might feel sure of Philip, let them do what they would. De Feria's request however was complied with. In an autograph letter full of warmth and friendliness Philip announced to Elizabeth that his ambassador's presence was required in Flanders; but that his place should be immediately supplied.[3] De Feria left London, and the Austrian marriage became immediately the all-absorbing topic of public interest in England, in the Low Countries, and throughout Europe.

To the English generally there was everything to recommend it. The house of Burgundy was traditionally popular. Whatever De Feria might dream, there could be no serious peril to English liberty from the younger son of an Austrian emperor; and the nation was feverishly anxious to see the queen provided with a husband. Elizabeth herself felt and admitted its desirableness. There was but a "little cloud, scarce bigger than a man's hand," which shadowed De Feria's hopes. "They tell me," he wrote before leaving England, "that she is enamoured of my Lord Robert Dudley, and will never let him leave her side. He offers me his services in behalf of the archduke; but I doubt whether it will be well to use them. He is in such favour that people say she visits him in his chamber day and night. Nay, it is even reported that his wife has a cancer on the breast, and that the queen waits only till she die to marry him." [1]

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[1] "Si las espias no mi mienten, que no creo, entiendo que ella no tendra hijos; pero si el Archiduque es hombre, aunque ella se muera sin ellos, se podra quedar con el Reyno teniendo las espaldas de V. Md."—De Feria to Philip II., April 29: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Ibid.

[3] Philip II. to Elizabeth: *MS. Hatfield.*

Of the Lord Robert Dudley it is scarcely necessary to say much. As every one knows, he was the younger son of the Duke of Northumberland, and was now about twenty-nine years old.

The wife spoken of was Amy daughter of Sir John Robsart, whom Lord Robert had married when little more than a boy. Though the ceremony had been public—at the court of Edward VI.—it had been a love match of a doubtful kind; [2] and the marriage had not been a happy one. The lady lived apart from her husband, at a manor-house in Oxfordshire, and was never mentioned except as an obstacle to his rising fortunes; while he himself, who had been Elizabeth's play-fellow in childhood and had been a fellow-prisoner with her in the Tower, was now the chosen favourite of her prosperity.

Of his qualities so little can be said to his advantage, that were not the thing so common one would wonder which of them attracted such a woman as Elizabeth. If the queen had a man's nature, Dudley combined in himself the worst qualities of both sexes. Without courage, without talent, without virtue, he was the handsome, soft, polished, and attentive minion of the court. The queen, who had no one to guide or advise her, selected her own friends; and in the smooth surface of Dudley's flattery she saw reflected an image of her own creation, which, because he devoted himself to her, she chose to believe that he resembled. Her daring, her intellect, her high conscientious devotion to duty, that great and sovereign nature which shone out in her grander moments, were dashed with a taint which she inherited with her mother's blood.

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[1] De Feria to Philip, April 18 and April 29: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Cecil, in a note on Lord Robert's character, spoke of it afterwards as *nuptiæ carnales.*

CHAPTER II

THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND

The Reformation was again the law of England. The Catholics sat still paralysed by the rival interests of France and Spain, while the work of Mary and Pole faded away. The nuns and monks were scattered once more; the crucifixes came down from the rood-lofts, the Maries and Johns from their niches, and in Smithfield Market, at the cross-ways and street-corners, blazed into bonfires, as in the old days of Cromwell. Amidst bear-baitings and bull-baitings, May-day games and river pageants, London kept its feast of recovered liberty.

If here and there an ecclesiastic gave trouble, the council were swift with their remedies. Harpsfeld at Canterbury swore impatiently that religion should not be altered. Sir Thomas Finch was sent to disarm his household.[1] The more dangerous of the bishops were in the Tower, with some care for their entertainment there;[2] the rest were under careful surveillance; while commissioners went out to take the oaths of allegiance from the clergy, to superintend and enforce the alteration of the services, and to collect the subsidy.

In the country all was quiet. The subsidy commissioners were entreated to remember the difficulties in which the late queen had left the realm, and to set an example themselves in returning the true value of their properties.[3] The result was on the whole satisfactory; there was no resistance or complaint, and the sum obtained was unusually large.[4]

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[1] *Privy Council Register*, A° 2 *Elizabeth.*

[2] "A letter to the Lieutenant of the Tower, with the bodies of the Bishops of Winchester and Lincoln, whom he is withal to keep in sure and several ward, suffering them nevertheless to have each of them one of their men to attend upon them, and their own stuff for their bedding, and other necessary furniture . . . and to appoint them some convenient lodging meet for persons of their sort, using them otherwise well."—Ibid.

[3] Letter to the Commissioners of the Subsidy, A° 2 *Elizabeth : Domestic MSS. Rolls House.*

[4] Sir John Chichester to the Earl of Bedford: *MS. Ibid.*: "The entire sum collected for the first instalment of the subsidy of the laity (not including that of the clergy, or the 15th and 10th) was £137,414. Among the counties, the return was highest from Kent, Essex, Norfolk, Devonshire, and Suffolk; being respectively, £9015, £7576, £7465, £6863, and

The liturgy was accepted gradually, without enthusiasm yet without opposition, and in places even with pleasure;[1] but it was long before it came into general use. The vast majority of the clergy, unambitious of self-sacrifice, or it may be acting under secret instructions, and with a dispensation for perjury when hard pressed, adjured the pope, retained their benefices, and laboured in secret for the cause which they seemed to desert. Out of 9400 persons holding cures of souls in various forms, less than 200 refused to the last to comply with the statute, and resigned their livings. But several years passed before they could all be sworn. They evaded the visitation, or protected themselves in the house or behind the authority of some Catholic neighbour too powerful for the commissioners to meddle with. They absented themselves altogether from their parishes; they closed their churches rather than consent to read there what they considered heretical; and Elizabeth, except in the towns where the Protestants were strong, was compelled to bear with them till she sat more firmly on the throne. Of this more will be heard hereafter.

Meantime the bishops were less fortunate: the bishops were on the spot to be bent or broken; and professed themselves ready for martyrdom, of which however there was no present danger. On the 15th of May the whole body of the prelates, fourteen in number, were called before the queen, and informed that they must swear allegiance or lose their sees. It was not now as when the oath was first offered, when More and Fisher chose the alternative of the scaffold, and Cuthbert Tunstall, who believed as they believed, dared not act as they had acted. The long debate in Parliament had left no axe for any recusant now to dread. Even the murderous Bonner had no worse fate to fear than some "room befitting his condition" in the Tower or the Marshalsea, with the garden walls the limit of his exercise

£6828. Yorkshire returned only £5000; Middlesex, £3000; Lancashire, £1000; Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and Northumberland, desolated by border wars, and charged with the constant expenses of the defence of the frontier, yielded but £24 between them. Glamorganshire was apparently a desert—it was not charged at all. Of the towns, London and Southwark paid £18,658. Norwich came next, at a vast distance, with £750. York next, with £461. Newcastle-upon-Tyne gave £5. Bath, £12; Canterbury almost as much as York; while Chichester, Bedford, Buckingham, Poole, Aldborough, Harwich, Yarmouth, and Stafford, like Glamorganshire, produced nothing."—*Subsidium a laicis*, A° 2 *Elizabeth: MS. Rolls House.*

[1] "The service in the churches is well received and done, for the most part of the shire (Devonshire). There wanted nothing but preachers."—Sir John Chichester to the Earl of Bedford: *MS.* Ibid.

—such a fate merely as for 1200 years the religious orders throughout Christendom had voluntarily chosen for themselves, in retiring from a world with which intercourse imperilled their souls.

The words of the oath were read over to them; and the Archbishop of York was first asked if he would swear. Instead of replying he addressed Elizabeth with a haughty admonition to remember her duty, to follow in the steps of her blessed sister who had brought back the country to the Holy See, and to dread the curse which would follow if she dared to be disobedient.

"I will answer you," Elizabeth replied, "in the words of Joshua. As Joshua said of himself and his—I and my realm will serve the Lord. My sister could not bind the realm, nor bind those who should come after her to submit to a usurped authority. I take those who maintain here the Bishop of Rome and his ambitious pretences to be enemies to God and to me." [1]

The archbishop and the rest were allowed time to consider their final answer. Meanwhile there were found in Heath's house a number of letters and copies of letters which had passed between himself, several of the other bishops, Reginald Pole, and Mary, in Edward's time, containing evident proofs of treason. The Bishop of Ely on the other hand, fresh from Cambray, told Bacon that if the queen listened to such advisers as him and Cecil she would bring the realm to destruction. The Bishop of Ely was suspected of being a party to the designs of the French, and his faint assurances of innocence scarcely satisfied the friends of Philip.[2] The situation became more dangerously complicated when the judges also refused the oath—which the court did not dare to resent;[3] and it was even reported that Bacon had offered to resign the custody of the Great Seal, from the animosity with which the leading lawyers regarded him.[4]

Elizabeth attempted to temporise. Heath was told that he might be spared the oath and retain the revenues of the archbishopric if he would name a vicar-general; and the same or a similar offer was made to the rest. Kitchin of Llandaff, however, "the shame of his see," was the single member of the bench with whom either entreaty or menace could prevail. Kitchin yielded in spite of the efforts of the Catholics to keep him firm.[1] Tunstall might have yielded as he yielded before had the question been merely of the supremacy; but he informed Cecil that he could not "agree to be a sacramentary, or receive or allow any doctrine in his diocese other than Catholic." [2]

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[1] STRYPE, *Annals*, vol. i. pp. 207, 208.

[2] "Soy certificado que la Reyna tenia entendido que el Rey de Francia Henrico trataba de quitarla este Reyno. Yo pensaba que el obispo de Ely tuviese parte en esto por ciertos indicios que tuve; pero el dice que no sabe nada cierto."—De Quadra to Philip II., June, 1559: *MS. Simancas*.

[3] "Los jueces que llaman de Inglaterra los quales han venido aqui á los terminos, no han querido jurar, y se han ido á sus casas sin que los hayan osado apretar en ello."—Ibid.

[4] De Quadra to Philip II., June, 1559: Ibid.

Supported as they avowedly were by the King of Spain, scarcely affecting to conceal that they looked to him to reinstate them if they were deprived, encouraged by Philip's representative to expect an immediate revolution under his master's auspices, the bishops stood their ground fiercely and doggedly, and Elizabeth for a moment hesitated. De Feria was gone, and in his place had come a bold, subtle, and dexterous Spanish ecclesiastic, Alverez de Quadra, Bishop of Aquila—sent to England with a special commission to watch over the interests of the Church of Rome, to keep the Catholics true to Philip and themselves, to prevent them from rebelling prematurely, to hold them in hand ready to rise at the fitting moment, should other means fail of bringing Elizabeth to reason. Had there been any other candidate for the throne than Mary Stuart, his task and Philip's task would have been easy: but the word had gone out that Mary Stuart was not to be thought of; and after a short uncertainty Elizabeth felt herself safe in the equilibrium of the Catholic powers. Their rivalries, if they could not protect her from invasion, saved her from the danger of mutiny among her own subjects, and she determined to dare all consequences. Among the refugees a sufficient number survived of those who under Edward had been called bishops, to maintain a semblance of the apostolic succession; and the Marian prelates one by one were brought up again for question, deprived of their sees and committed to the Tower or to private custody, there to wait till Philip either by force or by marriage could recover the erring queen to the Catholic sheepfold.

The chief hope of the King of Spain was in the Austrian prince. To provide against contingencies, however, he was manœuvring to get into his hand a second card, if the first failed him, in the person of Lady Catherine Grey, who has been seen already in correspondence with De Feria. Encouraged it seems by De Feria's fair words to her, and exasperated at the coldness with which she was treated at court, Lady Catherine had broken out at last into arrogant and unseemly words against Elizabeth. She had been banished from the royal presence, and was ready to lend herself to any desperate scheme. Philip offered to reward any one who would bring her away "with three times as much as he or she should lose in England;" and the Countess of Feria, Lady Montague, Lady John Grey, Lady Hungerford, and even Lord Arundel himself, were thought of as likely to lend their assistance—so utterly precarious appeared Elizabeth's tenure of the throne. Finally, a pretended Catholic refugee, in reality a spy of Cecil's, was selected as the fittest person. He was sent for by Alva, intrusted with the secret, and directed to manage the flight in concert with the Spanish ambassador.[1] The next post of course put Cecil on his guard, and Lady Catherine was watched too closely for the future to permit her evasion. But the spy added in a postscript to his letter the significant warning—"Be you most assured that there be at this day many eyes over England; and as her grace doth match herself in marriage, so shall she see things fall out which yet are hidden; and, to make a lewd comparison, I may liken England to a bone thrown between two dogs; for many times I do hear that I will not speak of, and suffer that my heart will not bear."[2]

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[1] "El obispo de Llandaff que es un viejo codicioso y poco letrado anda vacilando. Yo le envié á visitar y á consolar lo mejor que puede, pero no ha sido bastante esto por sostenerle."—*MS. Simancas.*

[2] Tunstall to Cecil: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth, Rolls House.*

The state of parties in England, the court intrigues, the plans and schemes of the Catholics, the political aspect of the situation, when the Acts of Parliament were passed and the queen had finally committed herself to the Reformation, will be seen most clearly in the correspondence between the Spanish ambassador in London, Philip II., De Feria, the Duke of Alva, and the Bishop of Arras.

DE QUADRA TO THE DUKE OF ALVA

LONDON, *May* 10, 1559.

"Parliament has risen, and the queen has confirmed the Acts. It is uncertain whether she will eventually be head of the Church; at present she calls herself Governor—declining the higher title, that she may give it to her husband when she marries. The difference is only in the name. The Holy Sacrament was taken away yesterday from the royal chapel, and mass was said in English. The bishops who will not swear will lose their sees; and when they have been all deprived the queen will go on progress and institute their successors. Clergy refusing the oath are to lose their benefices. Clergy and laity alike who speak against the queen's doctrines, for the first offence forfeit their properties—for the second their lives.[1] Infinite numbers would fly the realm were they permitted, and I am not sure that the queen gains much by keeping them. Lord Sussex spoke at length before the Lords on the need of enforcing the statute. In the Commons the queen was compared to Moses — sent by God to deliver his people from bondage. Neither the heretics of our time nor the persecutors of old ever ventured on so complete a piece of devilry; never I think was so monstrous an iniquity committed. To force a man to do a thing against his will may be unjust; but there may be some reason in it: but to force a man to understand a thing in the sense in which the sovereign understands it, is too absurd to be called either just or unjust." [2]

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[1] —— to Sir William Cecil: *Flanders MSS.*, 1559; endorsed in Cecil's hand, from Antwerp: *Elizabeth, Rolls House.*

[2] Ibid.

THE BISHOP OF ARRAS TO PHILIP II.

Brussels, *May* 20.

"The most pressing danger at present is that the Queen of England's obstinate blindness may provoke an insurrection there, of which the French will take advantage to invade.

"Your majesty knows better than I that if this happens it will be quite fatal to us. Should the Catholics rise, and should your majesty refuse to help them, they will unquestionably turn to the French; and the French I think would have tried a descent on the Isle of Wight before this, had you not given them to understand so clearly that you would not permit it." [3]

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[1] The bishop exaggerates and mistakes. To refuse the oath involved merely the loss of offices, of the tenure of which the oath of allegiance was and remains a condition. "To maintain by writing, printing, teaching, or preaching," that any foreign power, prelate, or person had authority or jurisdiction in the queen's dominions, was punishable for the first offence by the forfeiture of personal property; and in the case of the clergy, by the forfeiture of their benefices. A second offence incurred *Præmunire*. It was not till a man had been twice convicted, and offended again, that he was to be held to have committed treason, or deserved death.—1 Elizabeth, cap. 1.

[2] Yet De Quadra would have had no objection to sit as an inquisitor, and burn a man who would not believe what the *Church* told him to believe. Considering who the writer was, the words are so remarkable, that it is worth while to give them in the original:—"Forçar á un hombre, que quiera o no quiera, hacer una cosa tiene ya forma aunque injusta. Pero forçar le á que entienda ó no entienda una cosa como la entiende el Rey es cosa de disparate, y no tiene forma ninguna justa ni injusta."—*MS. Simancas.*

[3] Granvelle *Correspondence*, vol. v.

DE QUADRA TO THE COUNT DE FERIA

LONDON, *May* 29.

"The queen says she has vowed never to marry a man that she has not seen—that she will not trust painters—with more of the same sort. Just now they affect to be especially polite to me. They tell me that had it not been for the relationship, the king would have been the very man for them."

DE QUADRA TO PHILIP II.

LONDON, *May* 30.

"The Constable Montmorency, with a number of French noblemen, have come over to ratify the treaty. On Corpus Christi day they were all at the royal chapel. The queen placed herself close to the altar, and made Montmorency and his companions sit by her side—much to the scandal of the Catholics to see them in such a place.

"Some English prayers and psalms and I know not what, were read; after which were to have followed some chapters; but as the chaplains began one chapter after another the queen cried out—'Not that! I know that already; read something else.' Afterwards I had a conversation with Cecil and the others about the Austrian marriage. I gathered from what Cecil said—though he did not actually use the words—that the queen suspected that there was some plan in connection with it to force her back into the Church. He assured me, however, that he would much have liked her to marry your majesty. He distrusted the pope's dispensing powers.

"I answered as temperately as I could. I said that no doubt the changes which they had introduced appeared to your majesty violent and ill-timed. I trusted, however, that ere long God would give us either a general council or a good pope who would correct abuses, and then all would go well. I could not believe that he would allow so noble and Christian a realm as England to break away from Christendom and run the risk of perdition.

"There is a Swedish ambassador here who says that the queen ought to marry his master because he was her suitor in her misfortunes. The King of Sweden, he says, will meddle with no man's religion; as far as he is concerned every man may believe what he pleases. I am not so much appalled at the expression of such monstrous views as at the fact that a man could be found to hold them.[1]

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[1] Eric of Sweden was not a creditable representative of these principles. He was the greatest ruffian among the crowned heads of Europe.

"The council tell me they will not have the Archduke Ferdinand. They hear he is a bigot and a persecutor. They think best of Charles, only Cecil says he is not wise, and that he has as big a head as the Earl of Bedford.

"The emperor's ambassador has had an interview. The queen told him her fool had said that he was one of the archdukes in disguise, who had come over to see her. She spoke warmly of the emperor, calling him a good and upright man; and Maximilian,[1] she said, was a friend of the true religion. She ridiculed Ferdinand; she was told, she said, that he was a fine Catholic, and knew how to tell his beads and pray for the souls in purgatory. Of Charles she seemed to know nothing; but she declared she would never have a husband who would sit all day by the fireside. When she married it should be a man who could ride, and hunt, and fight.

"The council are in an agony to have her married to some one, and Cecil and his immediate friends wish her to choose at home; the rest are frightened at the attitude of the Catholics—they apprehend a revolt, and prefer Charles: that is, if they can be assured that he will conform to the queen's views. If a Catholic prince come here, the first mass which he attends will be the signal for a rising.

"The behaviour of the Catholics themselves is beyond praise. It can hardly be but that she will flinch before their constancy and numbers. If she does not join them she will be forced to leave them in peace unless she means to be destroyed. She will find it a hard task, for she must restore what she has robbed them of; but whoever marries her will find incomparably more difficulty in going on with heresy than in turning back to the truth."

The close of the letter anticipates the order of the story, but it must retain its place.

"Scotland is in insurrection, and the flame will soon spread here. The Protestants and Catholics hate each other more than ever; and the latter, in their exasperation with the queen, say openly that she is not their lawful sovereign.

"The King of France, it is said, will send an army to Scotland, and the worst consequences are apprehended. The leader of the insurrection is a heretic nobleman, who it is thought will be the person after all that the queen will marry.[2] They are to expel the French between them, and establish heresy all over the island. Such is the programme, which I regard myself as a chimera. But the spirit of the woman is such that I can believe anything of her. She is possessed by the Devil, who is dragging her to his own place."

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[1] King of the Romans, the emperor's eldest son.

[2] De Quadra makes a confusion between the Duke of Chatelherault and his son, the Earl of Arran, who had not yet returned to Scotland.

THE COUNT DE FERIA TO DE QUADRA

BRUSSELS, *June* 25.[1]

"I comfort myself with the certainty that the queen and her council will soon have their deserts. If God will but strike in His own cause, the Devil may fly away with me; I care for nothing else."

DE QUADRA TO PHILIP II.

LONDON, *July* —.[2]

"I am compelled to tell your majesty that the leading Catholics are amazed to see the queen permitted to go forward in this course of recklessness, careless of the interests either of England or of adjoining realms. In the six months that she has been on the throne she has brought heresy to life again, and fed it up into strength and spirit, when it was all but dead. I am well aware that your majesty does not forget these things; but it is necessary that you should know what is said here. First they looked to your majesty to help them; then they looked to France; and if France does nothing they say it will be your majesty's fault. Parties however are fast shaping themselves. There will soon be neither French, nor Spanish, nor Burgundian, but only Catholic and heretic. In spite of all, it is your majesty to whom the good look with hope and the evil with terror.

"The Irish chiefs have communicated with me. They request your majesty to receive them as your subjects. You have but to say the word and the country is yours.

"As for this woman, you must expect nothing from her. She is possessed with a false opinion of her own resources, from which she will never awake till she is ruined. Heresy has been ingrained into her from her cradle, and she so hates the truth that she thinks of nothing but how to destroy it. If your majesty were to save her life a second time she would be no more faithful to you than she is now. If she can spread the poison, and set your majesty's Low Countries on fire, she will do it without remorse."

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[1] *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Ibid.

PHILIP II. TO DE QUADRA

Brussels, *July* 9.[1]

"I have seen what you have written. It concerns me deeply to hear of the increasing injuries done to religion and of the risk to which the queen is exposing both herself and her realm.

"Seeing that neither the good offices which she dare not deny that she has received from me, nor my demonstrations of brotherly affection, nor the warnings of the Count de Feria, have availed anything, I have resolved to address her in another tone. Don John de Ayala, who is going over for the Countess of Feria, is instructed to speak roundly to her. On his arrival you shall accompany him to her presence. You shall say to her that she knows well my feelings towards her, and that my regard obliges me to warn her that she is running a perilous course, that she has put her throne in danger by the changes which she has introduced, and that I require her to look better to her ways.

"You shall tell her that by what she is doing she is disturbing my affairs as well as her own, and that if she does not alter her proceedings, I shall have to consider what it will be necessary for me to do. I cannot suffer the peace of these estates to be endangered by her caprices, as I see plainly that it now will be.

"Say this to her from me."

DE QUADRA TO PHILIP II.

London, *July* —.[2]

"Thomas Randolph has come in haste from France to say that the dauphin, after having publicly assumed the royal arms of England, is about to be proclaimed King of Scotland, England, and Ireland.

"The queen, when she heard it, said that she would take a husband who should make the King of France's head ache, and that he little knew what a buffet she could give him. The Earl of Arran is in England and near London; Cecil has gone secretly from Greenwich to see him, and we shall soon hear more. She would not have received him here with the certainty that she was giving mortal offence to the French if it were not a settled thing that the earl was to be more than a guest. I have my spies about the queen's person; I know every word that she says; I know the exact sum of money which Cecil took with him. The discontent grows and spreads. The northern counties refuse the new Prayer-book. Rebellion is not far off."

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[1] *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Ibid.

A fortnight later the Earl of Arran was to meet the queen in the garden at Hampton Court, and the interview was to decide whether in grasping at the English crown Mary Stuart had not lost her own. To explain the meaning of this sudden introduction of the name of Lord Arran, it is necessary to go back over the ground, and tell what in the last few years had been done in Scotland.

The causes which had merged into one the seven Saxon kingdoms, which had led gradually to the annexation of Wales and the absorption of the Palatinates, had been long working towards a similar effect on either side of the northern border. The wisest statesmen, both in England and Scotland, deplored the miseries which, till they ceased to be divided, the two countries would continue to inflict on each other; and the Scots, though uncertain, intractable, and passionate, jealous of their national liberties, had again and again allowed the question to approach the edge of solution. James V. was to have married the Princess Mary, Prince Edward was to have married Mary Stuart. Both schemes had fallen through at the last moment; yet except for the disastrous victory of Pinkie Cleugh, which opened the wounds of centuries and united Catholic and Protestant, Lowlander and Highlander, in defence of their common freedom, the friends of England would have continued to increase, the French alliance would have grown weaker, and the daughter of James V. at all events would have remained at home and grown to womanhood with a Scotch heart like her father.

But of all powers of evil in high places there is none equal for the mischief which it can produce to incapacity. Somerset, who disgraced the Reformation in England, flung Scotland back into the arms of France; Mary Stuart was brought up amidst the political iniquities of the court of Catherine de Medici; Mary of Guise governed as regent in the interests and under the direction of her brother; and the Catholic faction which had all but perished with Beaton recovered life and vigour.

Not indeed that the persecution of the Protestants was again ventured on to a severe extremity. The government was too weak, the temper of the public too dangerous, and the fate of the Cardinal of St. Andrew's a too recent warning. The French court too, so long as the war lasted with Spain, found its interest in toleration; seeking its allies among the Lutheran princes; courting Edward VI. while Edward lived; and during the Marian cruelties holding out its hand to Protestant conspirators. The regent ventured on an occasional edict, but was encountered by armed deputations with steel bonnets and swords; and Scotland drifted on as it were in uncertain neutrality till the queen should come of age and be married to the dauphin.

Of special instruction in the reformed doctrines there was but little. Knox remained in England till Edward's death, and retired with the exiles to the continent; the other preachers, suspected as they were of English sympathies, were obliged to hide themselves till the recollection of Pinkie Cleugh had cooled.

But though ill-informed in the new creed, the young generation grew to manhood in an inability to believe the old. The Earl of Arran, next heir after his father to the crown should the Stuart lineage fail, the young Lord of Lorn afterwards Earl of Argyle, Lord James Stuart the queen's brother, Glencairn, Maitland of Lethington, Henry Balnavis, and Kirkaldy of Grange who had assisted at the killing of the cardinal—young men all of them between nineteen and nine-and-twenty, were passing into the new era unshackled with the memories of superstition, and for the most part with a noble desire for some faith in which they could live as honest men. As time passed on the humours of the people quieted down, and in the autumn of 1555 Scotland was again open to John Knox. The Marian persecutions had just commenced south of the border; antagonism to England assumed the unusual form of toleration; and Knox, who had fled for his life from London, was able to present himself in Edinburgh.

His life in exile had been still disturbed and dangerous. The refugees had formed a community at Frankfort, where Knox's thoroughgoing honesty frightened the Anglo-Catholics. To gain favour with the emperor, and perhaps with their own queen, the respectable English "divines," Jewel, who had apostatised, Coxe, Sandys, and others, took advantage of some blunt expressions about Mary and Philip, and denounced Knox before the Frankfort magistrates. To save his life he escaped to Calvin at Geneva, and thence a few months later returned to his own country.

The congregation in his absence had fallen under worldly temptations. To avoid open quarrels they had bowed in the house of Rimmon, and humouring the unavowed toleration of the regent they had kept their opinions to themselves, and complied outwardly like the English with the Catholic forms.

But in England the Reformation was more than half-political. The hatred of priests and popes was a more predominant principle than speciality of doctrine. The movement had been under the guidance of the government, and the more violent factions had, except at intervals, been under control. What kings and Parliament had done in England, in Scotland had to be done by the people, and was accompanied therefore with the passionate features of a revolt against authority. In England the lives of the higher Catholic clergy had been outwardly decorous; in Scotland the bishops and archbishops set an example of the most enormous profligacy. Cardinal Beaton passed the night which preceded his murder with his mistress. Archbishop Hamilton succeeded to Beaton's vices with his power: he lived in notorious adultery, and at successive sessions of the Scottish Parliament obtained letters of legitimisation for his children. The mass was no longer a mode of Christianity which serious persons could defend, but a Paphian idolatry, identified with the coarsest forms of licentiousness. To plain eyes unjaundiced by theology it resembled too nearly the abomination of the Amorites or the accursed rites of Thammuz; and the northern reformers saw in their first study of the Old Testament the antitype of their own history. They construed literally the order to keep no terms with idol worship, and in toleration or conformity they found the rock on which the chosen people had made shipwreck.

Penetrated to the heart with this conviction, John Knox became thus the representative of all that was best in Scotland. He was no narrow fanatic who, in a world in which God's grace was equally visible in a thousand creeds, could see truth and goodness nowhere but in his own formula. He was a large, noble, generous man, with a shrewd perception of actual fact, who found himself face to face with a system of hideous iniquity. He believed himself a prophet, with a direct commission from heaven to overthrow it, and his return to Scotland became the signal therefore for the renewal of the struggle. He preached for some months in Edinburgh, Lothian, and Angus, where his steady will and distinct purpose carried all before them. Lord James Stuart, Argyle, and Glencairn became the most earnest of his followers; and even the brilliant William Maitland, after a long battle with him on the lawfulness of outward compliance with things established, yielded at last, saying that "such shifts would serve nothing before God, when they stood in so small stead before men."

The congregation therefore withdrew from the Church. Knox himself administered the communion in the Genevan fashion, and the bishops again prepared to interfere.

Knox was summoned to appear before them in Edinburgh, and replied with his once famous letter to the regent. Moderate if we consider his humour, generous, for, with as much sincerity as St. Paul, he said he would himself gladly be accursed from Christ if he could convince her, he implored the queen-mother—not to abolish idolatry—that, he admitted, she could not do—but to refuse to assist the bishops in their intended persecution, with the support of the secular arm.[1]

Appeals to conscience are not always comprehensible to the intellect. To the polished and acute Mary of Guise the words of Knox were but as the raving of the wind. Cultivated, as the times went, in worldly knowledge, steeped from her childhood in political intrigue, and bold as she was dexterous, the Frenchwoman regarded religious innovators with a contemptuous impatience, and tossing the letter when she had read it to the Bishop of Glasgow, said, "Please you, my lord, to read a Pasquil?"

"If," wrote Knox again to her when he heard of it—"if ye do no more esteem the admonition of God's servant than cardinals do the scoffing of Pasquils, then He shall shortly send you messengers with whom ye shall not be able to jest in that manner."[2]

But the times were not ripe for a rising. Tyranny in its most horrid form was dominant in England, and the regent had France at her back. Lord Argyle promised to protect Knox if he would stay in Scotland; but an entreaty from the refugees at Geneva came opportunely to give him an excuse for retiring. He was summoned again, and outlawed when he did not appear. The bishops burnt him in effigy at Edinburgh, and he himself withdrew once more to Calvin, with a promise to return with better days.

Four years passed. The Catholics used their triumph moderately. The Archbishop of St. Andrew's in 1558 burnt Walter Milne, an old man of eighty; but a severe persecution was still inconvenient for the policy of the French. The queen regent gave a general promise of toleration; and it was not till the Peace of Cambray and the rejection of his advances by Elizabeth, that Henry II. abandoned himself finally to an ultramontane policy. Then it was that he determined to crush his own Huguenots with fire and sword; uniting ambition with orthodoxy, to proclaim his daughter-in-law Queen of England; and with the pope's sanction as the leader of a crusade annex Great Britain and Ireland to the crown of France.

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[1] CALDERWOOD, vol. i. p. 308, etc.

[2] Ibid., p. 317.

That this, or something like this, was a design really entertained by the court of Paris, was no mere creation of Elizabeth's or Cecil's fears—no excuse invented to justify their policy. The Spanish and Flemish statesmen were as uneasy as the English. Francis and Mary openly assumed the titles of King and Queen of England, Scotland, and Ireland. They engraved the arms on their seals and plate; they adopted the style in their official documents. The army of Italy was recalled on the peace, but it was not disbanded. Troops were assembled in Normandy; Calais and Havre were crowded with transports; while the French forts on the north bank of the Tweed were not dismantled, as the treaty required. Fresh companies of French troops were sent over to the regent. Even Montmorency, the most unlikely of all the advisers of Henry II. to flatter the ambition of the Guises, declared "for the Queen Dolphin's title."[1]

With the Scotch nobles it was thought that the pride of giving a sovereign to their old rival would be motive sufficient to insure their co-operation. The only interest which would sway them in the other direction was Protestantism. The first step therefore towards the conquest of England was to destroy once for all the rising "Congregation," and for this purpose, so soon as the Peace of Cambray had been finally concluded, France prepared to place an adequate force at the disposal of the regent.

The Protestants, encouraged by the revolution in England, and perhaps at the private instigation of Cecil, had petitioned the queen for a reformation. On the occasion of the burning of Walter Milne, they protested against those "cruel oppressors and bloodthirsty tyrants the bishops," and with a meaning menace had declared that if there was a rebellion in the country for religion, the fault should not be imputed to them. It is unnecessary to suppose, with Knox, that because the regent refused to listen to demands couched in such language, she must have been possessed with the devil. She answered haughtily that if this was the style in which she was to be addressed "she would drive the ministers from Scotland, though they preached as truly as ever did St. Paul." The French reinforcements might be expected any day; the regent grew more peremptory, the Protestants more uneasy. An interview of the reforming lords with her in May ended only in an interchange of menaces. Fortunately for them the question was not one of doctrine merely: the gaunt and hungry nobles of Scotland, careless most of them of God or devil, were eyeing the sleek and well-fed clergy like a pack of famished wolves.

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[1] Throgmorton to Cecil: Forbes, vol. i. p. 136. Among the *Domestic MSS.* at the Rolls House, there is "a brief note," dated August, 1559, in Cecil's hand, "to prove the French evil meaning towards England."

"Their pretence for their false title appeareth—

1. "By their practices with the Burgundians at Cambray.

2. "By their practices at Rome for bulls; by their usurpation of the arms of England in jousts, plate, hangings, and seals.

3. "By the special speech of the Scotch queen; by the consultation for the style of the French king; by the usurpation of the style of England and Ireland, sent in a great seal to Scotland.

4. "By their practices with Ireland. George Paris passed to the old Queen of Scotland with writings from the Lords of Ireland.

"Three thousand Frenchmen in Scotland.

5. "Their preparations by sea and land. The Marquis d'Elbœuf. The Duc d'Aumale.

"In Alemannia, the Rhinegrave. The Duke of Saxe in Denmark.

"No other quarrel but England. At peace, and that by marriage, with the king Catholic.

"The old hatred of the house of Guise. Their authority at this present. Their private respects to advance their queen's title to Scotland and England."

The tinder was dry and a spark sufficed to kindle it. The citizens of Perth opened the drama by declaring for "the Gospel." They took possession of the churches, and read the service from Edward VI.'s Prayer-book.[1] Lord Ruthven as provost was required to stop the "disorder," and oblige the people to attend mass. Ruthven replied that he could not cause them to "act against their consciences." The example of Perth was followed at Montrose and Dundee; and the Protestant preachers were summoned to appear before the regent at Stirling on the 10th of May, and answer for their conduct. They prepared to go, but to go accompanied by five or six thousand armed men; and thus attended the regent refused to receive them.[2]

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[1] At a meeting of the congregation on the 3rd of December, 1557, it was agreed that "the Book of Common Prayer" should be read weekly on Sundays and festival days. Presbyterian writers have endeavoured to prove that it was not Edward's Prayer-book, but the Genevan, which was here intended. The question is set at rest by a letter of William Kirkaldy to Sir Henry Percy, written on the 1st of July, 1559—"As to parish churches, they cleanse them of images, and all other monuments of idolatry, and command that no masses be said in them. In place thereof, the book set forth by godly King Edward is read in the same churches." —*Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Protestant writers say that the regent desired them not to appear, and then outlawed them for disobedience. This is scarcely the truth. Sir James Crofts, writing from Berwick to Cecil, says—"The regent commanded the preachers to appear before her at Stirling, and they being accompanied with a train of five or six thousand persons, the regent dismissed the appearance, putting the preachers to the horn."

At this crisis, and while they were waiting for the next step, John Knox reappeared. The "better times" had come.

Immediately on the news of Elizabeth's accession, he had attempted to return to England; but unfortunately he had employed his leisure at Geneva in writing a book which Elizabeth could not forgive. The Catholic queen regent in Scotland, the Catholic Queen Mary in England, had chafed his imagination into a belief that a female sovereign was a monster, forbidden by the laws of God. He had already blown "the first blast of his trumpet," as a summons to rebellion against the unlawful authority of a woman, when Mary Tudor's death too late brought repentance and a changed opinion. Neither repentance nor change could earn his pardon from Elizabeth. The government of women had not been really odious to him, but only the government of this and that particular woman; and when times were altered he could remember Judith and Deborah. But he had allowed his argument to lead him to conclusions which he could not wholly disavow; and Elizabeth would not accept a half apology, in which she was permitted to reign as an exception to a rule. He had shot an arrow into a mark which he would most have desired to miss; and although she would admit his letters, respect his character, and accept his services, he could not be allowed to set foot in her dominions. In April he wrote an unavailing protest from Dieppe to Cecil; and on the 2nd of May he landed in Scotland. The ship in which he crossed carried a seal to the regent engraved with the arms of England, and carried with it also in himself the person who, above all others, baffled the conspiracy and saved Elizabeth and the Reformation.

Still under sentence of outlawry, he spent two nights at Edinburgh; and then, supposing that the preachers would "keep the day" at Stirling, he hastened on to Perth, "intending himself also to be present, by life, by death, or else by both, to glorify God's holy name," and desiring the prayers of his friends "that he might not shrink now when the battle approached." [2]

He arrived to find the summons withdrawn, and the "Congregation" waiting for the regent to make the next move. Within a day or two the Laird of Dun brought word that the preachers were outlawed, and that the Master of Maxwell had been arrested and imprisoned for threatening to take their part.

On Thursday the 11th of May there had been service in the church, and Knox had preached a sermon passionate as the time

[1] Knox to Mrs. Anne Locke: Calderwood, vol. i. p. 440.

invited. The congregation was still undispersed, when a priest, encouraged perhaps by the proclamation, came in, went up to the altar, opened the tabernacle, and prepared to say mass. A boy who was present said something insolent; the priest struck him; and the boy snatching up a stone, flung it at the crucifix, which fell broken to the ground. The common instinct shot through the gathered crowd; altar, ornaments, images, in a few moments lay in ruins on the chancel floor. The saints were flung from their niches; the storied windows dashed in atoms. Then the cry rose, "To the Grey Friars!" and in an hour or two, the poor monks, started from their noonday dinner, were adrift upon the world, and their homes going up in smoke and flame into the sky.

"It was the work of rascals," says Knox, "who cared nothing for religion;" and what Knox did not defend, the regent may be pardoned for having resolved to punish. With the Grey Friars had perished the Charterhouse, sacred as the burial-place of the first of the Stuart kings. The French troops were sent for from Leith; and Argyle, Chatelherault, and Lord James Stuart were called upon to save their country from anarchy.

The lords were willing to suppress a riot; they were not willing that the riot should be made an excuse to confirm the sentence against the preachers; and they suggested a conference, like that at Westminster, where the reformers and the bishops might discuss their differences. But the regent, with the instructions which she had received from France, was in no humour for conferences, and was resolute to use the opportunity which the riot had given her.

The gauntlet was thrown down. The congregation, finding that there was no escape for them, met defiance with defiance. They wrote to the regent to say that they would fight for Christ and the Gospel sword in hand. D'Oysel the French ambassador was supposed to be doubtful in religion. They implored him to prevent the outbreak of a quarrel which, if once opened, would never be healed; while to "the bishops—'the pestilent prelates'—'the generation of antichrist,' they insisted and declared, that if they proceeded in their cruelty they should be treated as open enemies to God and mankind; the lords of the congregation would begin the same war with them which God commanded Israel to execute against the Canaanites."

The word went out speeding like the fiery cross, for the friends of the Gospel to rally to Perth. In vain Lyon Herald at Glasgow bade the people "sit still." While the crowd was hesitating, young Glencairn exclaimed, "Others may do as they will, I will go to my brethren at St. Johnstone, though I go alone with a pike on my shoulder." Boyd and Ochiltree sprang to the side of Glencairn; and presently all Glasgow, Kyle, and Cunningham, were up in arms. Fife followed, and Angus and Dundee: and over all hills and all bypaths, north, south, east, and west, the steel bonnets came streaming in to the rescue of the preachers.

The French force was still small; the promised reinforcements had not yet arrived; and both the regent and d'Oysel were uneasy at the scattering of Huguenots among the troops which at present were at their disposal. On the 24th of May she sent Argyle and Lord James, who still remained with her, to arrange some sort of terms. Knox bade them return and tell her she was fighting against God; if she wished for peace she must give up persecution once and for ever, and repent of her sins.

Argyle carried back the message, and with it an account of the strength of the congregation. For himself, he said, he would support the queen if she would make certain concessions; but when he named them, they were scarcely short of what Knox would have himself demanded—indemnity for the past and toleration for the future—toleration of what would itself tolerate no rival.

The queen, fearless and resolute, at once advanced with all the force she could collect. Ten miles from Perth a deputation met her from the Protestants. She promised to forgive the riot, to allow liberty of conscience—every Scot to profess what creed he pleased. The citizens stipulated that they should not be required to receive a French garrison—and she consented to this also. Knox still distrusted her; but Argyle and Lord James became securities for her good faith, and signed a bond with the Western leaders to join them if she proved treacherous.

The terms were equitable, had there been on either side a full acceptance of them. The regent, however, was only protracting the time till the troops in Normandy could be sent over; and the Protestants understood by toleration the right to prohibit Catholics from saying mass. The bands of the West dispersed; and the regent entered Perth with d'Oysel, Chatelherault, Atholl, and the Archbishop of St Andrew's.

On May 29th a scuffle began—no one knew how—as they passed the gates; shots were fired, and a child was killed. Still it seems there was no immediate intention on the regent's part of breaking the compact. The French were taken by surprise by the fierceness of the demonstration—they had not calculated on the combination of influences which would tell against them. The Church was rich, and the Scotch lords, like the Irish—even the good Catholics among them—were anxious for plunder. D'Oysel said he could not tell friend from foe; Lord Huntly, the best Catholic in Scotland, deserted him, and Chatelherault drifted with the stream. It is incredible that in such a position the regent would have courted extremities could she avoid them; but circumstances were too strong for her. She had mass said in the church at Perth the Sunday after she entered it; it led to a fresh commotion, and when she returned to Stirling she left four hundred Scots there to keep order. There was an instant cry that she had broken faith: Argyle, Ruthven, Lord James Stuart, and Menteith, gathered their trains together and rode away with Knox to St. Andrew's, where they again sent out orders for the gathering of the congregation. The regent followed, uncertain what to do, as far as Falkland; and Archbishop Hamilton, supposing the Protestants to be as yet in small numbers, dashed on to St. Andrew's with two hundred men-at-arms—swearing that if Knox preached in his church "a dozen bullets should light upon his nose;"[1] and that he would bring him dead or alive to the queen.

But St. Andrew's was too strongly held for the archbishop to venture into it. He had to fly for his own life—leaving his pulpit to its fate; and Knox, who ten years before, hanging tired over his oar in the French galley, saw the white steeples of St. Andrew's rising out of the sea in the mist of the summer morning—and forlorn and helpless as he then seemed—prophesied that in that spot he should again preach to the glory of God—kept his word amidst the army of the Calvinists. As a fierce close to the wild service, the roods and vestments were heaped into a pile and burnt.

To sit still was now to abandon all: a lost battle could scarcely be worse than inaction; and on the 13th of June the regent pushed forward from Falkland to Cowper Muir, with d'Oysel and Chatelherault. But "the duke's men were of the same opinion with the preachers."[2] The Protestants had gathered so thick "that men seemed rained from the clouds." They had cannon with them, as well as the advantage of numbers; and d'Oysel, after a survey of their position, felt that to risk a fight would be mere waste of valuable life. He complained that "he knew not whom to trust;" "those who were with him in the morning were his enemies in the afternoon." [1] The regent was induced—perhaps compelled—to consent to an armistice; and under cover of a suspension of arms for eight days, the French withdrew to Edinburgh, and thence to Dunbar, where for a time their condition was unpromising. The army chest was empty; the queen had spent her last shilling; the wages were unpaid; and the men, unable to buy provisions, were driven to plunder to save themselves from starvation. The Huguenots mutinied and came in bodies of two and three hundred at a time, demanding food or dismissal. Unless he was immediately relieved, d'Oysel feared that he would have to return with them to France.[2]

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[1] Knox to Mrs. Anne Locke: Calderwood, vol. i. p. 464.

[2] Sir James Crofts to Sir H. Percy, June 14: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

Thus the congregation were left for the moment absolute; and they made haste with their opportunity. Perth was relieved of its garrison; Scone was sacked and burnt; Stirling threw open its gates; and the abbeys there, even to the very gardens, were destroyed in the presence and by the order of Argyle and Lord James.[3] The mass was everywhere put down. By the end of June the lords were in Edinburgh; and the entire fabric of the Catholic Church over the whole Lowlands had fallen.

"The manner of proceeding is this," wrote Kirkaldy to Sir Henry Percy; "they pull down all manner of friars' houses, and some abbeys which willingly receive not the Reformation; as to parish churches, they cleanse them of images and all other monuments of idolatry, and command that no masses be said in them; in place thereof, the book set forth by godly King Edward is read in the same churches. They have never as yet meddled with a pennyworth of that which pertains to the kirk; but presently they will take orders through all the parts where they dwell that all the fruits of the abbeys and other churches shall be kept and bestowed upon the faithful ministers, until such time as other orders be taken. Some suppose the queen, seeing no other remedy, will follow their desire; which is that a general Reformation be made throughout the realm—conform to the pure word of God, and the Frenchmen sent away. If her grace will so do, they will obey and serve her, and annex the whole revenue of the abbeys to the crown. If her grace will not be content, they will hear of no agreement." [4]

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[1] D'Oysel to Noailles: TEULET, vol. i.

[2] The Queen Regent to the King of France, July 1: TEULET, vol. i.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Kirkaldy to Sir H. Percy, July 1: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

The supposition that the regent would give up the struggle might be believed by those who considered only what was passing under the eye. To Knox, however, who knew the designs of France on England, and to every one else who was not blinded by the passion of the moment, it was plain that no such fortune could be looked for. Unencumbered with war elsewhere, and with a large army set free from work, Henry II. was not the man to sit still while his daughter's kingdom was overrun with revolution, even had he no ulterior object. Whatever might be their immediate triumph, the clear-sighted among the Protestants knew that they would have to reckon sooner or later with the whole power of France. In the flush of success therefore they turned to England, confident that for her own sake Elizabeth could not allow them to be conquered: and they caught at the occasion as an opportunity for the union of the realms in the bond of a common creed, upon terms which would at once give them the safety which they desired, and gratify their national pride.

"If their imaginations hold," Sir James Crofts wrote to Sir Henry Percy,[1] "they mean to motion a marriage you know where." The Earl of Arran had been thought of in his childhood as a fitting husband for Elizabeth, by Henry VIII. The king's desire had been to link the royal families together by as many ties as possible; and while seeking Mary Stuart for Edward he had selected the nobleman next in succession for his second daughter. Arran was now four-and-twenty, two years younger than the Queen of England. He was known to be an earnest Protestant. The character or ability which might lie behind his creed, time and opportunity were required to show. He had grown up in honourable captivity on the Chatelherault estates in France, where he had been sent as a security for his father's loyalty. On the first news of the insurrection in Scotland he was ordered to Paris; and as he did not obey, M. de Mompesat was despatched with orders to bring him "quick or dead" to the court.[2] When De Mompesat arrived at Chatelherault the bird was flown, and he returned empty-handed to Paris, to be received with a burst of passion by the dauphiness, who told him he could do her no better service than use her cousin as a traitor wherever he met with him.[3] Arran meanwhile, after hiding for a fortnight in the woods of Poitou, escaped to

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[1] June 14: *MS. Rolls House.*

[2] Throgmorton to the Council: FORBES, vol i. p. 144.

[3] Ibid. p. 148.

Geneva; and the anticipation of the world pointed instinctively to the step expected next to follow. If the Queen of Scots sent the French to conquer her subjects, she might be held to have forfeited the crown. "You," said an emissary of the congregation at Paris to Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, "have a queen, and we our prince the Earl of Arran, marriageable both, and chief upholders of God's religion. This may be a means to unite England and Scotland together, and there is no foundation nor league durable nor available but in God's cause."[1]

In the face of the known intentions of the French court, Elizabeth would have been but defending herself legitimately if she had seriously entertained a project which would cut the knot of so many difficulties. To unite England and Scotland in a common cause and a common belief was perhaps the safest as well as the boldest course before her. "It is certain," wrote the Bishop of Aquila to Philip, "that a part of the council have recommended this marriage to the queen."[2] Her own expression, that she would take a husband who would make the King of France's head ache, made De Quadra fear that she was herself deliberately contemplating it.

The difficulty was to get Arran safely to London. The French, the Austrians, the Spaniards, alike desired to prevent a catastrophe which would defeat all their schemes. The whole continent was watched for him.[3] After a short correspondence with Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, Elizabeth's dexterous ambassador at Paris, Cecil selected Henry Killigrew and one of the young Tremaynes of Cornwall "as the fittest persons to be trusted with so difficult an enterprise," and despatched them with instructions to bring the earl through Germany to Emden, and thence to cross to England.

The Scots meanwhile continued to urge their own cause; intimating, without direct mention of Arran, that it might be of importance to "both realms" "that the queen's marriage should not be hasty," and pressing to know what Elizabeth would do if a French army were landed in Scotland. "If ye suffer us to be overthrown," Kirkaldy wrote to Cecil,[1] "ye shall prepare a way for your own destruction; if you will advisably and friendly look upon us, Scotland will in turn be faithful to England to defend the liberties of the same." Knox at the same time sent a second apology for his unhappy book, saying that he had long looked "to a perpetual concord between England and Scotland as the happiest prospect for both of them; that the occasion had arrived if the queen would embrace it; and begging to be permitted to repair to her presence." [2]

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[1] Throgmorton to the Council: FORBES, vol. i. p. 147.

[2] De Quadra to Philip, August 13: *MS. Simancas.*

[3] "The safe conveying of the Earl of Arran hither seemeth here a thing profitable and needful. It must be done secretly, as well in respect of the emperor's subjects and friends, and the King of Spain's, as of the French; and herein haste, so it be with discretion, is thought most necessary; and to take shipping at Emden, in Friesland, rather than at Antwerp, is thought more safe."—Cecil to Throgmorton, June, 1559: *Conway MSS. Rolls House.*

It is impossible to believe that Cecil in so serious a matter would have ventured to act without the queen's approval. He replied to Kirkaldy through Sir Henry Percy, thanking him for his communications. He said "he had imparted the matter in such secret manner, and to such parties as thereto was behoving"—that is, unquestionably, to the queen herself—and "that they had very good liking thereof." He was requested to demand, however, some more explicit information as to their plans, their resources, and the amount of help which they would look for; and to ask further, in case England consented to assist, "what manner of amity might ensue, and how the same might be hoped to be perpetual." Answers to these questions were desired with convenient speed; meantime Sir Henry Percy might assure the congregation "that rather than that realm should be with a foreign nation and power oppressed, and the nobility and such as sought to maintain the truth of the Christian religion should be expelled, the authority of England would venture with power and force to aid that realm against any foreign invasion."[3]

Four days later Cecil wrote again to Sir James Crofts at Berwick, desiring him to let the lords know that the Earl of Arran was on his way to England; that he had certain intelligence that the French king had determined to send over an army; and repeating his assurances that England "neither might nor would see their ruin, so as the same might be assured of acquittal in some good friendship."

Nay, so resolute was Cecil,[4] that he concluded by saying to Crofts:

"In any wise endeavour to kindle the fire—for if it should quench, the opportunity thereof will not arise in our lives—

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[1] June 23: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Knox to Cecil, June 28: Ibid.

[3] Cecil to Sir Henry Percy, July 4, endorsed in Cecil's hand, "My letter to Sir H. P. returned to me": Ibid.

[4] Again, it is idle to suppose that he was acting without Elizabeth's sanction.

and that which the Protestants mean to do should be done with all speed: for it will be too late when the French power cometh."[1]

So far all was going well. Arran's name had been barely mentioned—but the allusion was none the less intelligible. The letter to Percy, and the message sent through Crofts, were communicated to the lords at Edinburgh, who replied to it by an open address to Elizabeth herself.

The union of the realms, they said, had been an object for which the wisest men in Scotland and England had long laboured ineffectually. An opportunity now offered itself such as never had occurred before. They had themselves enterprised battle against the Devil, against idolatry, against "that sort of men" who had throughout been the friends of France and the enemies of England; and their overthrow would only be the "entry of greater cruelty." For the sake of Christ, therefore, and for the sake of His glorious Gospel, they implored the queen and the English people to stand by them; "and whatever conditions her majesty or her majesty's council could reasonably require should on their part not be denied."[2] The petition was signed by Argyle, Glencairn, Ruthven, Lord James Stuart, Boyd, and Ochiltree. It was accompanied with a letter to Cecil, in which they said that their object was truly and sincerely to advance the Gospel, to put down the tyranny of the clergy, and defend the liberties of Scotland. How they should accomplish it they did not know—they trusted only that He that had begun the good work would perform it to His glory. But they asserted with the utmost emphasis that there was no fear of their again falling away to France. There was no earthly thing which they so much desired as "the joyful conjunction of the realms;" and they "prayed God" that "they might be the instruments by which the unnatural debate between them might be ended."[3]

At this crisis an accidental thrust of a Scotch lance in Paris seemed for a moment as if it had spared Elizabeth the necessity of further anxiety. The excuse for the interference on which she had resolved was the unconcealed design of the King of France against herself. On the 11th of July the news arrived in London that the King of France was dead.

In honour of the marriage of his daughter with Philip of Spain,

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[1] Cecil to Sir James Crofts, July 8. Autograph draft endorsed, "to be put in cipher."—*Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] The Lords of the Congregation to the Queen of England, July 19: Ibid.

[3] The Lords of the Congregation to Sir William Cecil: Ibid.

Henry II. held a gorgeous tournament. The insurrection of the Protestants had only precipitated a purpose in which he believed the King of Spain would now be compelled to acquiesce; and with special and ostentatious significance, the English arms were embroidered over the hangings of the throne, over the galleries, and on the breasts and sleeves of the heralds. The display was understood as the public declaration of the Queen of Scots' pretensions, and of his own determination to support them. The king himself took his place in the lists. On the last day of the festivities he was running a course with the Count Montgomery de Lorge, captain of the Scotch Guard, when De Lorge's lance striking full upon Henry's casque, tore it away from the helmet; the point broke short off, and the ragged staff pierced the king's forehead above the eyes, bearing him senseless to the ground. The surgeons at first believed that there was no danger; but a splinter had reached the brain. He lingered ten days, and died; and Francis and Mary Stuart were King and Queen of France. Whether with him had departed the vision of the conquest of England would depend on the persons on whom the administration of the kingdom devolved. Francis himself was a feeble child. If Catherine de Medici, the constable, and the King of Navarre could seize the control, the world would fall into its old grooves, and England would be safe. If Mary Stuart had influence enough to give the direction to her uncles, there was more danger than ever.

About this there soon ceased to be a doubt. Less than a week after King Henry's death Throgmorton wrote that the Guises and the Queen of Scots ruled all in Paris. The defence of Metz and the capture of Calais had made the Duke of Guise the idol of the populace. Mary Stuart herself, though but nineteen, was dexterous and energetic beyond her years. The ultra-Catholic party, of which the Guises were the especial chiefs, was for the moment in the ascendancy; and of the five brothers, three at least—the duke himself, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, and the Cardinal of Lorraine—were men of large ability and high grasping ambition. On the accession of Francis a question rose immediately whether the English quarterings were to be introduced into the great seal of France. After some discussion, and probably in some fear of Spain, it was decided that the young king himself should use only the usual arms; but Mary Stuart might keep the title which she had assumed, and in all her public acts thenceforward should style herself Queen of England.

"The present king," De Quadra wrote from England to the emperor, "will go forward with the enterprise more eagerly than his father. The army for Scotland is ready, and when Scotland is quieted will come England's turn." [1]

"England," said the Count de Feria to Sir Thomas Chaloner, "will be another Milan to set the princes by the ears. You see who rule about the young king—the greatest enemies you have—only the house of Guise." [2]

From France itself the warnings came thicker and ever thicker.[3] Could the Guises succeed in the conquest of England, they would gain a hold in France which nothing again could shake. Their passionate orthodoxy gave them a claim on the regard of Philip. If he could tolerate the enterprise at all it would be in their hands, and they would be quick about it, for the health of Francis was precarious. The queen-mother dreaded them. The King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé hated them. They would not wait for the possibilities of the future, they would make for port while the tide was at its flood.

Two courses were open to Elizabeth. Marry the Archduke Charles, said the Spanish ambassador, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord William Howard, and the English Conservatives: marry Charles, leave alone the revolutionary Scots and the new doctrines; and Spain will remain your friend, and you will have nothing to fear. Marry Arran, said the ultra-Protestants. Declare that if the French invade Scotland, the queen will forfeit her throne; accept the offers of the congregation; unite the realms in a single kingdom; and with the whole island you may defy the world. Practise with Huguenots in France; practise with the disaffected in the Low Countries; and you will find these Catholic kings work enough at home, and they will be in no hurry to meddle with you.

Such in effect were the alternatives of the situation. Elizabeth herself appeared to have small desire to choose either. The Austrian marriage was safe but inglorious; reports were unfavourable of "Charles with the large head;" and Spanish interference would come back with Spanish protection. The other plan was bold and grand, but there was many a doubt to be solved before she could venture a step so desperate; she had to be assured of the character of Arran whom she had never seen, and of the constancy of the Scots, of which, in spite of the vehemency of their asseverations, she had reason to feel uncertain. How passionately they had set their hearts upon the Arran marriage will be seen hereafter; but Elizabeth did not know it. In their present fear of conquest they were ready to throw themselves into the arms of England; but there was a French faction among them, the creation of an alliance of centuries. There was a habit of looking to France as their guardian against English intrusion, which the capricious fever of national pride might at any time warm into life again; and the queen might fly in the face of the public feeling of Europe to find herself left to bear the consequences alone. Sir N. Throgmorton himself, while advising her not to allow the French to oppress the Scots, added a warning that she must not trust them too entirely;[1] and even their present attitude and present condition were not promising. The insurrection had blazed up furiously, but it had burnt out like a fire of straw. In the beginning of July the congregation were at Edinburgh many thousands strong; and d'Oysel was cooped up with a few hungry mutinous companies at Dunbar, expecting to be driven into the sea. But the popular army scattered as swiftly as it had collected. The people had come from their homes with a few days' provisions in their wallets: when it was eaten they could but disperse or starve.

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[1] De Quadra to Ferdinand, August, 1559: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Sir T. Chaloner to Elizabeth, August 13: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House*

[3] Letters of Sir N. Throgmorton to Elizabeth, July and August, 1559 Forbes, vol. i.

"If these proceedings go forward," wrote Sir James Crofts to Cecil, "the principal doers must have relief. They be all poor, and necessity will force them to leave off when all they have is spent."[2]

Nor was this the worst. Grand as was the cause, the hearts of many engaged in it were lukewarm, and French crowns had weight with too many an empty purse.[3] Even Kirkaldy hesitated to declare himself openly. He was owed money by the regent, which he feared to lose.

In the midst of such symptoms Knox did not improve Elizabeth's humour. As she had not replied to his message through Cecil, he wrote to herself. She was angry with him, he said, for his book; but his book did not touch her unless she deserved it. If she would continue to defend God's truth God would defend her, and he and God's friends would pray for her.

"But consider deeply," he rashly went on, "how, for fear of your life, ye did decline from God and bow to idolatry. Let it not appear a small offence in your eyes that ye have declined from Christ Jesus in the day of His battle. God hath preserved you when ye were most unthankful, and hath raised you from the ports of death to rule above His people, for the comfort of His kirk. It appertaineth to you to ground the justice of your authority, not upon that law which from year to year doth change, but on the eternal providence of Him who, contrary to nature, and without your deserving, hath thus exalted your head. But if you begin to brag of your birth, and to build your authority upon your own law, flatter you whoso list, your felicity shall be short.

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[1] FORBES, vol. i. p. 181, etc.

[2] Crofts to Cecil, July 20: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] "Some of our number are poor, and we fear corruption by money."—Kirkaldy to Cecil, July 17: *MS.* Ibid.

"Interpret my rude words as written by him who is no enemy to your grace. By divers letters I have required licence to visit your realm—not to seek myself, neither yet my own ease or commodity—which if you now refuse or deny, I must remit myself unto God, adding this for conclusion: that such as refuse the counsel of the faithful, appear it never so sharp, are compelled to follow the deceit of flatterers to their own perdition."[1]

Prophetic rebuke was not calculated to work favourably on Elizabeth; nor was it recommended by the proceedings with which it was accompanied. Kirkaldy, inviting Cecil to the proposed alliance, said that "all Europe should know that a league formed in the name of God had another foundation than factions made by man for worldly commodity."[2] Elizabeth would have been contented to have heard fewer words about God could she have found more genuine fear of God, or even more human firmness and resolution. The lords and commons of Scotland all united in arms, might have disposed of a few hundred half-starved, mutinous Frenchmen, with no particular difficulty; yet not only were they unable to drive them from Dunbar, but after three weeks' respite, and after the first fierce heat had passed off, d'Oysel contrived to pacify his own troops, to win back Huntly and Chatelherault, and though without a single crown or an additional man, to make himself strong enough to take the field again. On the 23rd of July he occupied Leith. Erskine, the governor of the castle of Edinburgh, declared for the queen, and threatened to fire on the congregation if they refused to make terms; and Logan of Restalrig went over from them to the French. So swiftly the fire had burnt down. The next day the Protestants accepted conditions which they did not even profess to expect that the queen would observe. Under pretence that the coin was debased, they had taken possession of the mint stamps. These they were made to return. They bound themselves to disturb no more monasteries and to alter the services in no more churches till the next Parliament; they would evacuate Edinburgh, and leave Holyrood for the queen to reoccupy. On the other side, the citizens of Edinburgh stipulated for liberty of conscience; and the government gave a general promise that no one should be troubled or prosecuted for the part which he had taken in the insurrection.

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[1] John Knox to Queen Elizabeth, July 20: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Kirkaldy to Cecil: *MSS.* Ibid.

A clause was added by the congregation in the first draft of the engagement, that the French troops should be sent out of the country, and that no more should be introduced without the consent of the Scotch Parliament. Kirkaldy even represented to Cecil that it was one of the conditions to which the queen regent had agreed.[1]

But the Protestants had been too divided and too weak to insist upon the single point which would have guaranteed their safety. In vain the more determined among them pleaded that "their cause was not yet so desperate, that they need grant things unreasonable and ungodly." Intrigue, distrust, and lavish promises of money had done their work. The agreement was signed, Huntly and Chatelherault making themselves securities for the queen;[2] and the few in the congregation who were really in earnest, withdrew beyond reach of danger. The lords who had written to Elizabeth, signed a bond to stand by each other through good fortune or evil; and they then dispersed, some to the Western Highlands, some into Fife.

It is no matter of surprise that a change so sudden should have increased Elizabeth's perplexity. She had distrusted their ultimate resources, but she had not looked for so complete and so immediate a breakdown. She had allowed Cecil to commit himself to a correspondence with unsuccessful rebels, and furnished the French with a pretext for declaring war against her, which the Spaniards would be forced to recognise. Argyle and Lord James sent explanations and apologies. They had been outnumbered at Edinburgh, three times over, they said; the Castle was against them; and a multitude was always hard to persuade into a revolt.[1] If this were so, it was the less safe to entangle herself with so fickle a people. John Knox went in secret to Berwick to talk to Sir James Crofts. The English commander told him he did not see how Elizabeth could interfere, while the Protestants were thus disorganised, and had no recognised authority among them. Knox said that "they would elect from among themselves whatever leader her highness thought meet;" when Arran came to England she could see what he was made of; if Arran was not man enough, there was Lord James Stuart.[2] Crofts gave him still but a cold answer; and so little confidence had Knox in the stability of the cause, when left only in Scottish hands, that he wrote after leaving Berwick, that unless "the English council were more forward," they would utterly discourage the hearts of all their friends. "If the Protestants could not have present support, they would not trifle, they would seek the next remedy to preserve their own bodies. He did not mean that they would return to France; but they would give up the struggle, leave the country to the enemy, and the English might make their account of what would ensue towards themselves."[3]

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[1] Kirkaldy to Cecil, July 24: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House. Cotton. MSS.* CALIG. B. 10.

[2] D'Oysel to Noailles: TEULET, vol. i.

Here was but a frail foundation on which to defy the Catholic world. Cecil wrote an enigmatic letter to Knox, expressing a wish, if possible, to see him. A few days earlier he had written to the lords, recommending the course which had saved the Reformation in England, and had proved a better security for men's consistency than exaggerated and inflated phrases.

"Ye know," he said, "your chief adversaries the popish kirkmen be noted wise in their generation, and they be rich also, whereby they make many friends; by their wit, with false persuasions; by their riches, with corruption. As long as they feel no sharpness nor offence, they be cold; but if they be once touched with fear, they be the greatest cowards. In our first Reformation here in King Henry VIII.'s time, if the prelatry had been left in their pomp and power, the victory had been theirs. I like no spoil, but I allow to have good things put to a good use; as to the enriching of the crown, to the help of the youth of the nobility, to the maintenance of ministry in the Church, and of learning in the schools."

Cecil added that three thousand French were on the point of sailing from Havre; and he could not but wonder that the

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[1] Argyle and Lord James Stuart to Sir James Crofts, August 6: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Crofts to Cecil, August 3: Ibid.

[3] Knox to Sir James Crofts, August 6: *MS.* Ibid.

Scotch should seek for help from England, while they took so little pains themselves to secure their harbours, and prevent the invaders from landing. England would do what it could to save them, but the difficulties of the times were great, and it was a serious thing to begin a new war with France.[1]

So far Cecil, not unreasonably. But it was necessary to determine promptly what should be done; and according to his usual habit, he drew a sketch of the situation, with the arguments for and against an active interference in Scotland—arguments which had either been urged between himself and the queen, or between himself and other members of the council, or as an account merely of what had passed in his own mind.[2]

The greatest happiness for Scotland, he said, on August 5th, was either to be "at perpetual peace with England," "or to be made one monarchy with England, as they two should make but one isle." So long as Scotland was under the influence of the French, they would use it as an instrument of their designs on England; and therefore, as far as possible, it ought to be governed by the Scots themselves. The queen being childless, the Hamiltons as next in succession had a right, with the consent of the nobility, to keep watch over the liberties of the country. If they pleased they might insist on a Reformation both in the Church and in the administration; and if the queen refused to consent, or if it were likely that she would refuse, then "was it apparent that Almighty God was pleased to transfer from her the rule of the kingdom," and Scotland once free, "might consider what means could be devised to accord the two realms."

Such being in Cecil's opinion the general bearings of the case, the question was, whether England should assist the congregation to expel the French troops.

Against it was the natural impropriety of assisting subjects in a revolt against their sovereign; the danger and expense of war; the possibility that after the Queen of England had fatally committed herself, the French and Scots might make up their quarrel, and combine to support Mary Stuart's pretensions to her crown; with the further possibility that Spain might make common cause with France to prevent Scotland and England from forming a united Protestant power.

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[1] Cecil to the Lords of the Congregation, July 28: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "A memorial of certain points meet for the restoring of the realm of Scotland to its ancient state, written by my Lord Treasurer's own hand, August 5, 1559": *Cotton. MSS.* CALIG. B. 10. *Sadler Papers*, vol. ii. p. 375, etc.

On the other hand, self-defence was the first law to nature. All persons, public and private, " might use the same manner of defence as the adversary used in offence; " and there was sufficient justification for interference on these grounds, if Elizabeth chose to venture it.

It was not a simple case of helping insurgents—for the queen claimed feudal sovereignty over the Scots, and was legally entitled to protect them. The intentions of the French were notorious to all the world. They had challenged the English crown at Cambray; they had applied to the pope to pronounce for their right; and the Queen of France had assumed the English arms. The Guises aspired to immortal honour by annexing England as well as Scotland to France, " through the same woman, their cousin: " and they were only waiting for their opportunity. If the Scots could have kept the field there would have been no danger; but without money they could not hold together for more than a few days. They would be conquered in detail; and England would then have to contend with the power of both countries. It might be thought more prudent to wait to be attacked, but a large costly army would have to be maintained on the borders, and how unequal England was to such a burden " was pitiful to understand." The old generals Norfolk, Suffolk, and Northumberland, were dead; the people were decimated by famine and pestilence, and their temper was uncertain; the French had the trained armies of Italy; the Rhinegrave had raised 5000 Germans for them; the King of Denmark had sent transports: and should they sit still at home, " that would soon happen which would move and stir all good English bloods —some to fear, some to anger, some to be at their wits' end."

Cecil's conclusion therefore was in favour of immediate action; and to this for a time he brought Elizabeth to consent. If possible, he would limit himself however to sending money, which it would be easy to deny. The necessary help might be given, and yet formal offence be avoided. Elizabeth, though in broad questions she desired to act uprightly, was without the minor scruples which embarrass timid consciences. The correspondence of the lords with Cecil had been suspected, though not absolutely discovered, by the queen regent. The French ambassador Noailles laid a complaint before Elizabeth; and putting a bold face upon the matter, she replied herself to Mary of Guise, in a letter of August the 7th which, after the part which she had played and was prepared to play, it must have required some courage to write.

ELIZABETH TO THE QUEEN REGENT OF SCOTLAND

"Right high and right excellent princess, our dear sister and ally, we commend ourselves to you most cordially. We understand from the ambassador of our good brother the King of France, that certain of our officers on the frontiers have held intelligence with the rebels late in arms against your authority. We cannot but find it very strange that any of our subjects, and much more that persons in positions of public trust, should of their own accord, and regardless of our displeasure, have sought means to meddle with any such people. Forasmuch, however, as at present we know no particulars of these things—but, on being well informed, will proceed to punish the offenders—we must entreat you to specify more exactly what you complain of, and let us know the entire truth, to the end that after examination and proof, we may give orders for the chastisement of such as shall be found to have offended—which you may assure yourself we will not fail to do; being as we are most desirous to show you that goodwill and friendship which we owe you as our neighbour, and to maintain those good relations which at present exist between us."[1]

The day after the date of this letter, August the 8th, Sir Ralph Sadler, whose experience in Scottish diplomacy had been long and tried, was sent down to the northern border. He carried with him £3000, to be distributed among "the rebels" at his discretion; Elizabeth herself giving him his commission "to treat in all secrecy with any manner of persons in Scotland for the union of the realms," and referring him for special instructions to a memoir which he would receive from Cecil.[1] The memoir directed Sadler, "as his principal scope," to nourish the factions between the Scots and the French, "so as the French might be the better occupied with them, and the less with England." The King of Spain did not govern Brabant and Flanders by Spaniards, nor had he thrust Spaniards into government in England. Chatelherault, in like manner, should insist that Scotland should be governed by Scots. It would be well also, if possible, to have d'Oysel arrested as a hostage for Arran.[2] And finally, Sadler was instructed to find out whether "Lord James Stuart did mean any enterprise towards the crown of Scotland for himself;" and if he did mean anything—and "if the duke were found cold in his own cause"—"whether it would be amiss to let Lord James follow his own device, without dissuading or persuading him anything therein." [3]

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[1] "Très haute et très puissante Princesse, nostre chère sœur et alliée, nous nous recommandons très cordiallement à vous. Nous estant donné entendre par l'Ambassadeur de nostre bon frère le Roy de France ici résidant que puis naguères aucuns de noz ministres des frontières auroient eu intelligence de vostre dernier troublement avec les rebelles et autres parties à vous désobéissans, ce que nous ne pouvons trouver que fort estrange que aulcun de nos sugès et plus noz officiers et ministres publiques ayantz charge des places deusent de leur teste cognoissant quel desplaisir nous est et doibt estre, aller chercher tels moyens de se mesler avec telle sorte du peuple! Pour aultant que à présent nous n'avons encore entendu les particularités d'iceux nous avons pencé estre bon de vous prier de nous faire apparoistre les causes plus amplement, et nous donner entendre la vraye vérité et les particularités sertaines autant que en ce se peult cognoistre, et véritablement prover que enfin nous pouvons donner telle hordre pour le punissement de ceux qui seront trouvez coupables et fauteurs.

"Ce que pouvés bien estre assurée nous ne ferons faute de faire pour le désir que avons de monstrer extérieurement le zelle et bonne amitié que portons à la bonne voysinance et maintenir l'amytié présente qui est entre nous. Donné soubz nostre signet, etc., le vii. de Aoust, le 1er an de nostre regne."—TEULET, vol. i. p. 341.

Meanwhile, what had become of the Earl of Arran? He came to England at the end of July—within a day or two of the despatch of Sir Ralph Sadler. He was concealed in Cecil's house in London, where the Spanish ambassador discovered that Elizabeth saw him.[4] The first impression was said to have been favourable. De Quadra feared from what he heard that the marriage would go forward; and in that case, he said, "that the queen would pursue her heretical intrigues in France as she had done in Scotland—neither fear nor conscience would stop her; when France was in flames, the turn of the Low Countries would come next; at that moment she was welcoming every heretic that came over to her." [5]

"Her position," De Quadra wrote at the same time to the emperor, "is so perilous that one would have thought she would have caught at the marriage with the archduke to save herself;

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[1] Elizabeth to Sir Ralph Sadler, August 8, 1559: *Sadler Papers*, vol. i. p. 391.

[2] And yet, unless De Quadra was wrongly informed, Arran had been at this very time several days in England, and Cecil had seen him. It is difficult to follow the intricacies of diplomatic by-play.

[3] Instructions to Sir Ralph Sadler, August 8: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[4] De Quadra to Philip, August 13: *MS. Simancas.* Cecil, writing to Throgmorton on the 29th of August, mentions the fact of Arran having been in his house, and of the queen's interview with him, but does not mention the day: *Conway MSS. Rolls House.* Jewel tells Peter Martyr in the following February, that "Crito" (the name by which Arran was known) had been to Athens, and won the good graces of Glycerium: ZURICH *Letters*, p. 68. Cecil's letter fixes the date to August, De Quadra's letter to the beginning of August.

[5] De Quadra to Philip, August 13: *MSS. Simancas.*

but she is so passionate in these matters of religion, she has so preposterous a notion of her own strength—of which it is impossible to disenchant her—that I have little hope that she will do anything good."[1]

The interview with Arran however had not produced the effect which De Quadra feared. The queen saw him again for some hours at Hampton Court; but although she was forced to conceal what she thought of him—to conceal, so far as possible, the fact of his having been in England at all—it seems that she discovered him at once to be the half-crazy fool which he proved to be, and resolved irrevocably that, whatever else she might do, in that direction there was no road open to her.

Nor was the state of Scotland becoming more satisfactory. There were fewer signs than ever of self-reliance among the Protestants, or of steadiness of purpose. Before Sadler arrived they were growing more and more impatient of Elizabeth's slowness to help them. Chatelherault wavered. Argyle and Lord James wrote to Cecil to demand proofs of goodwill more tangible than words. Mary Stuart had written privately to each particular nobleman to bribe, to flatter, or menace them back to their allegiance. Throgmorton reported from Paris that a correspondence of some kind was passing between Lord James and his sister, that the French intended to promise the Scots toleration in religion, if the Scots would support their designs against Elizabeth.[2] It was understood that the Queen of Scots and her husband "would spend the crown of France" rather than yield; and John Knox again gave Cecil distinct notice that he would not answer for the consequences, unless the congregation "saw greater forwardness to their support" in the English government.[3]

There was this strange feature in the attitude of the Scots, that if not the hearty allies of England, they would be the equally hearty enemies of England. If the new passion of religion could not be gratified, the passion of nationality, and the bitter memories of Flodden and Pinkie Cleugh would be revived. They were capricious friends and dangerous foes. The long-delayed French reinforcements were beginning to arrive. Two thousand men were landed at Leith at the end of August—the advanced guard of the Marquis d'Elbœuf, who was to follow with the main army. De Feria, who seemed to

[1] *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Sir N. Throgmorton to Elizabeth, September 10: FORBES, vol. i. p. 226.

[3] Knox to Cecil, August 15: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

know all that passed in England, even to the whispers in the queen's closet, warned Chaloner of the close approach of the catastrophe, and more than hinted that Philip would interfere to protect Elizabeth only as the wife of the Archduke Charles.[1]

While Sir Ralph Sadler on the border therefore was secretly encouraging the congregation, Elizabeth at home maintained more than ever an appearance of indifference to them. The Earl of Arran, after a last interview with her, went north on the 1st of September, in the company of Thomas Randolph.[2] Their passports were made out in the names of De Beaufort and Barnabee; and Sadler's instructions were to see the earl safe over the border; yet in such a manner that his own hand should be undiscovered, and that the fact of Arran having been in England, though it might be suspected, should be incapable of proof.[3]

On the same 1st of September, the French ambassador again spoke to Elizabeth of the correspondence between the congregation and the governor of Berwick. Elizabeth ventured to reply that although she could not answer for her ministers, some of whom might have been foolish enough to exchange letters with the insurgent Scots, yet that the congregation deceived themselves if they expected assistance from her in their foolish enterprise. She had written nothing and had promised nothing. Her handwriting was well known. If the queen regent could find it, she might produce it.[4]

On the 5th, Noailles assured the King of France on Elizabeth's word that she would take no part in Scotland.[5] On the 6th, little knowing the nerve which he was touching, he spoke to her of Arran's escape from France, and required her, if the earl came to England, to arrest him and send him to Paris—as by the Treaty of Cambray she was bound to do. Elizabeth gravely avowed that she had heard nothing of Arran. Should it be in her power, however, she would not fail to do what her good brother desired.[1] Again Noailles spoke of the communications with Berwick. Again she protested that she was not a person to say one thing and do another. If bad stories were blown over the border, she could not help it.

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[1] Chaloner to Queen Elizabeth, August 13: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Cecil to Sadler, August 31: *Sadler Papers*, vol. i. pp. 417, 418.

[3] The secret had been so well kept from the French, that although known to De Quadra, it was only discovered by the French ambassador, Noailles, at the beginning of October.—Noailles to d'Oysel, October 12: TEULET, vol. i. p. 361.

[4] "Neantmoints que ceulx de la dicte Congrégation se trouveroient grandement déceuz s'ilz espéroient aucune faveur d'elle en leurs folles entreprinses, et qu'elle ne leur avoit rien escript ny promis. Estant son signet bien aysé a congnoistre pour estre monstré s'il s'en trouvoit."—Noailles to the Queen Regent of Scotland, September 1: TEULET, vol. i. p. 342.

[5] Sadler's instructions were "to lend the Protestants money as of himself, taking secretly their bonds of them to render the same, so as the queen should not be a party thereto."—Cecil to Sadler, September 12: *Sadler Papers*, vol. i. pp. 438, 439.

The coolness of her self-command only half deceived Noailles. She laughed too much. "There is more dissimulation in her," he said, "than honesty or goodwill; and few people living can play that game as well as she." [2] Yet so cautious had she been that even members of her own council knew but half the truth. Lord William Howard swore that he would lose honour and life if the queen in any way whatever was a party to the Scotch rebellion.[3]

Count Cavour in 1860 encouraged Garibaldi's expedition to Sicily, while in public he denied all knowledge of it. The political exigencies of Cavour's position were but slight compared to those which drove Elizabeth into falsehood. Even among the Scots themselves the more cautious preferred secret help to an avowed alliance, which would give the French an excuse for sending troops among them; while the Spaniards, dreading in all its forms Elizabeth's advocacy of the Protestants, yet dreaded more a conquest of England by France; and their chief fear was of some open breach of treaty which would enable the French to require them to stand neutral.

"If we would escape our own ruin," the Bishop of Arras wrote to Philip, "we must do as much to defend England as we should do for Brussels. The queen will be our destruction if she openly assist the Scots [4] in favour of the Earl of Arran. The French will then have good ground to tell us that we are bound by the treaties not to assist her, seeing that she herself will be the attacking party." [5]

Meanwhile Lord Howard's words and the decisiveness of the queen's own denials succeeded in perplexing Noailles, if not in wholly deceiving him.

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[1] "Le Roy désiroit qu'en vertue des traictez elle le luy voulust rendre comme son rebelle. A quoy la dicte Dame après plusieurs propos de ce fait m'asseura ne scavoir aulcunes nouvelles de luy, et quand il seroit en son pouvoir elle en contenteroit le Roy et satisferoit en cela à son désir."—Noailles to d'Oysel, September 6: Teulet, vol. i. p. 347.

[2] "En tous ses propos je cuyde y avoir plus de dissimulation que de certitude et bonne volunté, estant, ce que dict chacun, mieulx née pour jouer ce personage que mil autres."—Noailles to d'Oysel: Ibid. p. 357.

[3] "Il repondit avec grand serment qu'il vouloit pendre la vie at l'honneur, si elle y entendoit jamais."—Noailles to the Cardinal of Lorraine: Ibid. p. 557.

[4] "Si a la descubierta ayuda à los Escoceses."

[5] The Bishop of Arras to Philip II., December 5: *MS. Simancas.*

"The truth," he wrote, "will appear at last; and we shall know one day whether she has meddled in these affairs or not. If the war go on we shall take prisoners; and they, if there be a secret, will let it out."[1]

Elizabeth was but defending herself with the weapons with which she was attacked—and so far she had scarcely exceeded the permitted bounds of diplomatic concealment. Her next step was more audacious. It was necessary to humour the hopes of the Spaniards, and to play with the Austrian marriage. It is just possible that after the sight of Arran she may have for a time seriously turned her thoughts toward it.

On the 7th of September—six days after Arran's departure—Lady Sidney,[2] who was in attendance on the queen at Hampton Court, sent a message to De Quadra to say that if the archduke's suit was pressed it would be listened to favourably. The bishop, who had ceased to hope, contrived to see Lady Sidney to inquire the meaning of so sudden a change. Lady Sidney told him a very strange story. She said that there had been a plot to murder the queen and Lord Robert at a banquet which was to be given at Lord Arundel's. The frightfulness of the danger, coupled with the disturbances in Scotland, had so alarmed Elizabeth that she had positively determined to marry. Sir Thomas Parry and Lord Robert were the only persons as yet aware of her intention; but it was with the queen's knowledge that she was now speaking to him. He might assure himself she would not risk her life in such a matter by telling an untruth; and De Quadra had but to take the first opportunity of speaking to the queen himself, to be satisfied of the sincerity of her intentions.

Lord Robert Dudley confirmed his sister's story, and offered the ambassador his good offices. Parry told him that the queen found the peril of her position too heavy to endure; and that only the evening preceding she had called Lady Sidney and himself into her closet, and after a long conversation had ended with saying that there was no alternative, and that by this marriage alone could she save either herself or the realm.

The very wildness of the story seemed a guarantee for its truth; no one would have invented anything so mprobable.

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[1] Noailles to the Cardinal of Lorraine, October 28: TEULET, vol. i. p. 363, etc.

[2] Lord Robert Dudley's sister, wife of Sir Henry Sidney, and mother of Sir Philip.

But the bishop, perplexed and suspicious, knew not what to think. He could discover nothing about the conspiracy beyond a whisper that Lord Robert was to have been killed and the queen poisoned. Strange tales were flying about Montague, Dacre, and the Catholic bishops, as being concerned in it; and De Quadra feared some contrivance of the French. He sent a detail however of what had passed to the Duchess of Parma, De Feria, and Arras;[1] and a few days later wrote at length to Ferdinand, telling him of Elizabeth's attempt to revolutionise Scotland with her scheme of marrying Arran and uniting the realms; but saying that he believed really she had lost confidence in the Scots. She knew that the French had but to send over an army for the Catholics to rise, and that her only resource was to do as Lady Sidney had said. "She did not wish to marry; she would escape it if she could, or if she dared; but circumstances were too strong for her, and she would make the venture." So at least he thought.[2]

"You ask me to be frank with you," said Elizabeth herself, when De Quadra spoke to her, as Lady Sidney bade him do. "If the emperor would have me for a daughter-in-law, let him send over his son to see me. I am a queen and a lady. I cannot ask a man to come to England and marry me. I would die a thousand deaths first. Others marry for interest; I if possible would marry for affection."

"His highness cannot come," replied De Quadra, "without some assurance that it will not displease your majesty."

Elizabeth smiled.

"England," she said, "is free to all the world to come and go. If he has no fear but that, he may come when he will; but I am afraid he may not be contented with me."

"A person so gifted by nature as your majesty," said the smooth bishop, "need have no alarm on that score."

"I mean," replied the queen, with some embarrassment—"I mean, he may hear things said of me which may not please him."

"Let not your majesty trouble yourself about that," said De Quadra. "We know too well what really passes in this court to be moved by idle rumours. Had we given credit to the talk of the world, we should not have desired to see the archduke here."

Elizabeth affected to be pleased. She was afraid, it appeared, that the archduke might take advantage of the scandal which could not fail to reach his ears on his arrival in England, and should he not marry her after all, her honour might suffer. De Quadra regretted that she should have allowed her peace to be disturbed by so unworthy a suspicion. Married or unmarried, he assured her that the archduke would never behave otherwise than as a courteous gentleman.[1]

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[1] *MS. Simancas.*

[2] De Quadra to the Emperor Ferdinand, September 12: *MS. Simancas.*

Immediately on this conversation Elizabeth wrote to Philip, saying that it would give her pleasure if his cousin would come to England. She had always shrunk from marriage, as he was well aware; and she could not say that her aversion was diminished. The archduke nevertheless would be welcome to the court; and she herself would be glad to see and know him.[2]

The words were cautious, yet in connection with her language to De Quadra could be interpreted favourably; while mutual assurances passed between the ambassador and Cecil—Cecil expressing his own earnest hope that the affair might go forward, his conviction that nothing else could save the queen, and his confidence that the King of Spain would not forsake her in her necessities; De Quadra undertaking that when the marriage was once concluded the king his master would do more for her than she could ask.[3]

Nor was this all. The queen seemed to accept the conditions which the marriage would imply and oblige; and as if to separate herself distinctly from the Protestant party, she gave orders for the restoration of the crucifix in the chapel royal. Angry words were exchanged between the council and the chaplains; Bedford spoke with bitter surprise to Cecil, and the order was suspended for a day or two; but on the Sunday following service was performed with the altar in full costume, and the priest in orthodox vestments.[4]

If she failed in persuading the Catholics that she was likely to return to them, she succeeded in exasperating the Protestants to the furthest extent which the bishop could desire. The preachers raved at her from the pulpits; the people were distracted. She herself, if she was acting a part, was doing it so well that she deceived her own party; and De Quadra congratulated himself on seeing the difficulties of her position growing deeper every day.

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[1] De Quadra to the Emperor, October 3: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Elizabeth to Philip II., October 5: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] De Quadra to Philip II., October 5: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] "La Reyna mandó que se pusiese en el altar un crucifijo y unas velas por lo cual hubó tanto ruido entre sus capellanos y los del consejo que dejó de hacerse lo que la Reyna mandaba aquella tarde. El Sabado a vesperas fué hecho, y el Domingo hubó vestimientos y clerigos en vestidos como nosotros usamos."—De Quadra to the Bishop of Arras, October 9. "Bedford deshonró estos dias á Cecil sobre lo del crucifijo."—De Quadra to De Feria, October 27: *MS. Simancas.*

After this last step it was thought that the archduke had only to appear, and the queen would find herself unable to escape. The Duke of Norfolk, Lord William Howard, the whole peerage, with but a few exceptions, were in favour of the marriage; while scarcely a man of note or interest would oppose it. And beyond the public and political reasons which made the connection desirable, her best and truest friends on other grounds were anxious to see her under the shelter of a husband.

With or without cause, her relations with Lord Robert Dudley were attracting increasing remark. Norfolk, who detested and despised the whole Dudley clan, commented in public on the favour which was shown to Lord Robert; and Lady Sidney's strange story of the conspiracy was perhaps but a distorted and exaggerated account of some real menace expressed against a man who was putting in peril the queen's honour.[1]

More at his ease than with his royal correspondent, De Quadra wrote freely all his thoughts to De Feria.

"It is the devil's own business here. But the Catholics grow stronger daily, and the heretics are quarrelling with one another so bitterly that they have forgotten their other enemies.

"Bedford has insulted Cecil about the crucifix; the queen has quarrelled with him—for what cause God knows; and the heretic bishops preach against her, and scream about the revenue of their sees. The harvest is ready if there were a hand to grasp the sickle; but I know not where the reapers are to come from unless from heaven.

"If the queen were a woman with either sense or conscience, something might be done about the marriage. But she is so reckless, I know not what to think. Her embarrassments are all that we could wish. They could not be greater than they are. One step more and swords will be drawn. But this I conclude his majesty wishes to prevent. The chief advantage of the match, could we bring it about, would be that the French would at once give up their enterprise. It would also tend to quiet the minds both of Catholics and heretics; each of whom believes that the archduke will be on their side. The heretics however will let him be a Catholic if he will leave them alone; and so will the queen, who is already tired of the fine doings in which she was tempted at the beginning.

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[1] "No hay hombre que no habla dello y le amenaza. Esta motin tiene por caudillos al Duque de Norfolk y al Conde de Sussex; y á todos los principales que favorecen al Archiduque; y el de Norfolk ha dado mucho que pensar estos dias á la Reyna y á Roberto, hablando en sus liviandades y mal gobierno publicamente."—De Quadra to the Duchess of Parma, October 29: *MS. Simancas.*

"She talks to me in a marvellous manner; but I give her as good as she brings; and I can do much more with her than I could at first. She has discovered that all clergy are not such sheep as her own.[1] There are ten or twelve ambassadors of us, all competing for her majesty's hand; and they say the Duke of Holstein is coming next, as a suitor for the King of Denmark. The Duke of Finland, who is here for his brother the King of Sweden, threatens to kill the emperor's man; and the queen fears they will cut each other's throat in her presence."[2]

The letter to Philip might have served as a sufficient invitation for the archduke; yet before the queen had ascertained whether he was coming or not, she was playing with another suitor. The King of Sweden was the next favourite. Lord Robert, who had been so fervently Imperialist, deserted his colours, and went over with the change of wind; and De Quadra, who had but half believed in the sincerity of the first advances, resolved to cross-question her.

"Two causes influenced me," he wrote to Philip. "Lady Sidney finds her brother so changed that she has quarrelled with him. She remains true to us. He has passed over to the Swede. But this is not all. I have learnt from a person who usually gives me true information, that Lord Robert has sent instructions to have his wife poisoned; and that all the dallying with us, all the dallying with the Swede, all the dallying which there will be with the rest, one after the other, is merely to keep Lord Robert's enemies in play till his villainy about his wife can be executed. I have learnt also certain other things as to the terms on which the queen and Lord Robert stand towards each other, which I could not have believed.

"From this, and from Lady Sidney's uneasiness, I resolved to come to an understanding with her. I told her that the archduke was already perhaps on his way to England, and I desired to know how he was to be received.

"She evaded my question, and said something vague and general; but seeing this would not satisfy me, she said that although at present she did not wish to marry, she might perhaps change her mind when she saw him.

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[1] "La Reyna anda muy mas á mi voluntad de lo que soliamos despues que ha visto que los clerigos no son todos ovejas como los de su tierra."

[2] De Quadra to De Feria, October 29: *MS. Simancas.*

"I reminded her of what Lady Sidney and Sir Thomas Parry had said to me at her desire, and I told her that I could not have recommended the emperor to send his son over unless with some tolerable expectation that good would come of it.

"She said that no doubt Lady Sidney had intended well; but she had spoken without any commission from her.

"I burst out at this. It was perfectly certain that she, and no one else, had been at the bottom of it. I told her that I should let the emperor know what she had said, and it would be for him to decide whether on such conditions the archduke should visit England.

She was very ill pleased at being forced so far to declare herself. Lord Paget tells me that there is no escape for her, and that she must accept this marriage. And yet, considering what Lady Sidney said to me, I think I did right in pressing her to say something definite.

"The Duke of Norfolk is the leader of Lord Robert's enemies, who are in fact all the greatest persons in the realm; and the duke says Lord Robert shall never die in his bed unless he gives over his preposterous pretensions. I let him know what had passed between myself and the queen. He sent me word in answer that if the archduke was to come he would find the weight of the country on his side, and that for himself he would forfeit his rank if he did not secure him the votes of every man of influence or birth. For myself, I do not believe she will ever take the archduke, whether he come or not; but her disorderly ways may bring some disaster upon her; and in that case the lords might perhaps offer the archduke the crown, and marry him to Lady Catherine Grey."[1]

To attempt to discover Elizabeth's intentions from her language is wasted labour. Deliberately, or in spite of herself, she was doing what she was compelled to deny; and she was either playing with the Spaniards, or else humouring her own subjects, or else providing herself with a reserved scheme on which she could retire in extremity, or else—but it is idle to speculate. It is certain only that on the one hand she was distinctly doing what as distinctly she said she was not doing; and on the other, that she was holding out hopes which, if she could help it, she never meant to fulfil.

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[1] De Quadra to Philip, November 15: *MS. Simancas.*

Her assertions of innocence with respect to Scotland, Sir William Cecil found it necessary to endorse. He even took the initiative in complaining to the French ambassador of the charges against her. He assured Noailles that, so far from helping or encouraging the rebels, she had refused them assistance when they applied for it; and he insisted with an oath that nothing should be done on her part to endanger the friendship between the King of France and herself.[1] Each day made assertions like these more difficult; but each day they were repeated with louder emphasis.

The Earl of Arran was met at Berwick by an emissary from the congregation; he was carried over the border into Teviotdale by Sir James Crofts and Sadler; but the intended secrecy could not be maintained. Spies informed the queen regent, the queen regent wrote to Noailles, and Noailles spoke to Elizabeth. Elizabeth, in full possession of the circumstances—having herself given the order for Arran's reception by the English commander, and having received from him a detailed account of what had been done—replied at first by saying that it was impossible; and next, by assuring the French ambassador that she had required Sadler to confess on his alliegance whether he had or had not assisted the Earl of Arran, and that she had been informed that the story was untrue. Her confidence in the honour and good faith both of Sadler and Sir James Crofts was unbounded; and she was therefore satisfied that the queen regent had been deceived.[2]

Meanwhile, the money which she had sent down, the personal exertions of Sadler, and the non-arrival of the French reinforcements, had again rallied the congregation. The prospect of Church plunder counterbalanced among the hungry noblemen the promises of the Queen of Scots. Even Lord Erskine in Edinburgh, although he had threatened to fire on the Protestants, refused to admit d'Oysel's troops; and Arran on his arrival found the reforming leaders in eager consultation at Stirling.

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[1] "Voulant asseurer et jurer pour elle qu'elle ne produysoit jamais occasion à son escient qui peult seullement altérer les amitiez du Roy et d'elle."—Noailles to d'Oysel, October 12: TEULET, vol. i. p. 362.

[2] "Les quelz luy avoient respondu par lettres signées de leurs mains, qu'il n'estoit rien du tout de ce que la Reyne Regente luy en avoit fait dire et remonstrer, dont elle vouloit bien adjouster tant de foy à ces personnes qu'elle m'osoit asseurer que ladicte dame avoit esté mal advertie."—Noailles to the King of France, November 9: TEULET, vol. i. p. 369, etc. Cecil sent to Throgmorton an account in cipher of Arran's return to Scotland, and as a blind in case his letter miscarried, he added conjectures in his ordinary hand as to whether the Earl of Arran was still on the Continent or not.—Cecil to Throgmorton, October 1: *Conway MSS. Rolls House.*

He had brought with him from London a fresh supply of money, which assisted in deciding the waverers. The whole body adjourned the next day to Hamilton Castle, where Arran's father signed their bonds; and as heir-presumptive and guardian of Scottish liberty, he headed with his name the subscription to a petition to the regent, requiring that the fortifications which the French had commenced at Leith should be discontinued.[1]

Mary of Lorraine replied that she had as much right to build at Leith as the duke at his house at Hamilton. The lords, quickened into courage again by the support which Elizabeth denied so emphatically that she was giving, agreed to meet at Edinburgh on the 15th of October, when, if the regent persisted in her present attitude, she was to be pronounced deposed.

The day came. Chatelherault, Arran, Argyle, Glencairn, Ruthven, Lord James Stuart, Boyd, Ochiltree—all those who had originally assembled at St. Andrew's, with the greedy crowd which flocked where there was a chance of plunder—were again together. Erskine would not come down from his crag, but his guns were silent. The regent fled from Holyrood into the lines of Leith, and the action commenced. Elizabeth had declared that she could not make open cause with them so long as they had no settled organisation. After a brief discussion, Mary of Lorraine, having conspired against the liberties of Scotland by the introduction of foreign troops, was declared to have forfeited the regency; and the government, till further orders, was vested in a council composed of Chatelherault and the young Protestant leaders.

The next step was to get possession of Leith, and to do it promptly—for d'Elbœuf's army might arrive any day, and they themselves would scatter as they were scattered before. For the moment they had 15,000 men, all more or less armed, and all accustomed to hand-to-hand fights: but the Scots, like the old Spartans, "could scale no walls;" of war as a science they were absolutely ignorant; while they had neither money to pay trained troops with, nor provisions to feed them. Conscious of their deficiency, the Scottish leaders had applied for a thousand men from the garrison at Berwick. "It is free for your subjects," wrote the Master of St. Clair to Crofts, "to serve in war any prince or nation for their wages; and if ye fear that such excuses shall not prevail, ye may declare them rebels to your realm, when ye shall be assured that they be in our company."[1]

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[1] Knox; Calderwood.—Arran to Cecil, September 25: *MS. Cotton*, Calig. B. 10; Balnavis to Cecil, *MS.* Ibid.

Something of the same kind was suggested by Knox. But the defences of Leith could not, it was thought, have been carried far in so short a time. To send troops—under whatever pretext they might seem to go—was an open act, on which it was perilous to venture. So far Elizabeth was proceeding without the support—perhaps without the knowledge—of the majority of the council. Cecil himself ciphered and deciphered all despatches; and Sadler and Crofts at Berwick, and Throgmorton at Paris, seem alone to have been admitted into full possession of the secret. Money, Cecil wrote in reply, they should have; for want of money they should not "quail." Powder too might be conveyed to them from Berwick; and if the French sent more troops than the Scots could deal with, "they should be impeached." The rest the Scots must do themselves.[2]

Yet Elizabeth was at times restive under the false part which she had to play; and she was bringing herself to face the necessity of more decisive action. On the 3rd of November, the date of Cecil's last letter, a tournament was held at Greenwich, in which Lord Robert and Lord Hunsdon held the lists against all comers. The French ambassador was in Elizabeth's box. She asked him if there were news from Scotland. Noailles said his master was about to send an army thither to suppress the rebellion.

"You do well," she replied with sudden sharpness—the truth bursting out. "Look you to your affairs, and I shall look to mine. Those armies and fleets of yours in Normandy are not meant for Scotland only; your troops already at Leith are a match for the Scots."

"Your majesty's mistrust is without cause," Noailles replied; "the king my master means only well. I will take my oath upon it he will observe the treaties."

"It may be so," she said; "but I find it well to be prepared. In times of danger it is the custom of England to arm. If we are well prepared you will be the less tempted to meddle with us."[3]

She had acted before she spoke. Silently and swiftly she had refilled the empty treasury; the second payment of the subsidy had been anticipated. The revenues of the vacant bishoprics had been appropriated, the Protestants nominated to the sees being left to whine in expectation. The first-fruits had been demanded again; the lands given by Mary to the new abbeys were disposed of, or made otherwise available. Sir Thomas Gresham had emptied the shops of the Antwerp armourers, and sent over ship-loads of guns, corslets, and saltpetre. Twenty ships were lying in Gillingham Harbour, manned for sea, and ready to sail at a moment's notice. The Isle of Wight was garrisoned under the command of Edward Horley the conspirator of Arundel's; and the young band of adventurers who had risked life and limb for Elizabeth in the bad times, were now, one way and another, engaged all in the public service—effective, brave, unscrupulous, ready by land and sea; ready to fight for England on shore, if needed there; ready to rove the seas at their own cost, and sack the towns and plunder the gold ships of the enemies of the truth.

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[1] St. Clair to Sir James Crofts: *Cotton. MSS.*, CALIG. B. 10.

[2] Cecil to Sadler, November 3: *Sadler Papers*, vol. ii.

[3] Noailles to the King of France, November 9: TEULET. vol. i.

Lord Grey went down to the border with 2000 men nominally to reinforce the Berwick garrison; but at first with large latitude of action, and an opportunity of recovering the laurels which he had lost at Guisnes. Amidst her "practices" and diplomatic subtleties, the queen had steadily prepared for the time when it might be necessary to cross the border.

Unhappily, every post brought increasing evidence of the feebleness of the Scots, a feebleness too marked and extraordinary to be explained by mere incapacity. They had professed to expect that on the first menace the regent would fly to Dunbar, and that the French would withdraw to their ships or to Inchkeith. But the regent stayed quietly in Leith, and the French showed no signs of moving. An attempt scarcely deserving the name was tried with scaling-ladders. The Edinburgh churches had been used as workshops to make them, and the Calvinists, shocked and disheartened by the sacrilege, were already beaten before the attack.

For a few days they waited in helpless expectation of impossibilities, and then another disaster happened — and a very serious one. An additional £3000 which Elizabeth had sent down, had been committed to the charge of the Master of Ormeston to convey to Edinburgh. Intelligence of the treasure was carried to the Earl of Bothwell, who had a private feud with Ormeston; and snatching at the opportunity of doing service both to himself and to the queen regent, the young earl lay in wait in a wood, intercepted the convoy, cut Ormeston down, and carried off the booty to Crichton Castle.

Arran and Lord James went from Edinburgh at daybreak the next morning with 400 horse, to recover it; but when they reached Crichton they found Bothwell had gone a quarter of an hour before, taking the money with him; while during their absence 1500 French made a sudden sally from Leith, carried off two cannon—all which the Scots had that was serviceable, cut their way into the Canongate, penetrated almost through the whole length of Edinburgh, and retired only when Erskine began to fire on them from the Castle.

The regent followed up the success by a renewed offer to observe the conditions agreed on in the summer. The lords believing that she was temporising only till d'Elbœuf's arrival, replied "that they had found her so false and unnatural, that they would never trust her nor have to do with her nor France but by the sword."[1] The sword however served them ill. Five days later a number of provision carts were going into Edinburgh. The French again sallied out from Leith to cut them off. A sharp action followed, in which the Scots were again defeated. Three hundred were killed, two hundred were taken prisoners, and the rest escaped destruction only through the devotion of Alexander Halyburton, who sacrificed himself and a few gallant men who stood by him to cover their retreat within the walls.

A force held together by so loose a bond could not survive misfortune. In the universal panic every one cared only to shift for his own safety. The scene of the summer was re-enacted. One day the whole force of Scotland appeared united against a mere handful of foreigners; the next they were a rabble of fugitives. The Protestant leaders found themselves deserted as before, and almost alone. In a hurried council on the 7th of November, it was decided that they must again leave Edinburgh. William Maitland of Lethington—the younger Maitland as he was called, to distinguish him from the old laird—undertook to go to London to beg for larger assistance. The rest dispersed into their own countries, and the regent returned to Holyrood once more absolutely victorious.

Notwithstanding all their talk about God, it had come to this. God had as much interest in them as they had themselves courage, energy, capacity, understanding, and preseverance—so much precisely, and not more. That either through want of will or through want of ability the Scots were unequal to what they had undertaken was now certain. If defeated in the open field by 3000 French, they would be absolutely powerless before 20,000.

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[1] Intelligence from Scotland, November 10: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

The commission of the Marquis d'Elbœuf was already made out as lieutenant-general of Scotland and England. His arrival was daily looked for, "to strike while the iron was hot;"[1] and when Scotland was settled, an account could be demanded of Elizabeth. The money taken by Bothwell was damning proof against her. In vain Sadler and Crofts bade Randolph "colour the matter," telling him to say that the money was Ormeston's or their own.[2] In vain, afterwards, Sadler and Cecil took the guilt and the responsibility upon themselves. "You will tell the queen what we have discovered," wrote d'Oysel to Noailles: "she will disavow it all, I suppose; but you will not on that account believe what she may say to you. Look her well in the face and she will blush however great be her assurance."[3]

Randolph, who had remained in Scotland with Arran, brought news to London of these combined disasters. A decisive resolution was now necessary; and at once Elizabeth submitted her position to the assembled council. Opinions were widely divided. Day after day they sat through the second week in November, and "could not come to any perfect resolution."[4] Randolph indeed was sent back to the border with money to replace what Bothwell had taken. The Protestants were urged not to shrink from their enterprise, and were "animated with assurances" of assistance in case of extremity; and there was a talk of sending the fleet into the North Sea, and of offering the command of the border to the Duke of Norfolk—on the principle on which his grandfather had been sent by Henry to Yorkshire, in the Pilgrimage of Grace. The Catholics would be paralysed, or at least embarrassed, by the presence of their own natural leader at the head of the royal army.[5]

Norfolk, however, it was feared, would refuse to go. He spoke openly against interference. To him the marriage with the archduke was the natural remedy. Lord Robert Dudley dared to tell him that whoever advised the queen to marry a stranger was no good Englishman; high words passed; and

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[1] D'Oysel to Noailles, November 12: Teulet, vol. i.

[2] Sadler and Crofts to Randolph, November 5: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] D'Oysel to Noailles, November 12: Teulet, vol. i.

[4] The Council to Sadler and Crofts, November 14: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[5] Ibid.

Norfolk threatened to leave the court and withdraw to Framlingham.[1]

In the midst of these discussions arrived Maitland and Henry Balnavis. They brought with them a brief letter from Arran, excusing the disaster at Edinburgh, and accrediting Maitland both as the representative of his party and of Arran's own private interest. Knox also had used the opportunity to send these few striking words to Cecil—" If you mind to join with us in the common cause, let not your support be so long delayed, as the enemy may plant himself among us; that, after his having opposed such as would here resist him, he may attempt greater things. To drive time with France may appear to some to be profitable unto you; but as before I have written, so yet I fear not again to affirm, that nothing hath been, is, nor shall be more hurtful to both, than that ye dissemble your favour towards us. The godly here are and shall be so oppressed, that after they cannot be able to serve. Friends do fail and fall back from the enterprise. The whole multitude—a few excepted—stand in such doubt they cannot tell to which party they shall incline." [2]

The congregation proposed formally through Maitland the union of the two crowns. Sacrificing independence, throwing over once and for all Mary Stuart, France, and all their national traditions, they desired that Scotland and England should be merged in a common country, to be called henceforward " by the ancient name of Great Britain." Inviting Elizabeth to be their sovereign,[3] they had not even stipulated for her marriage with the Earl of Arran; although on both sides it must have been understood as a condition, when the terms of union should come to be arranged.

To accept such an offer or anything like it, would of course involve an immediate, open, and desperate war with France. Was England equal, single-handed, to such an encounter? what part would be taken by the Spaniards?

From Brussels Sir Thomas Chaloner had reported an ever-increasing ill-feeling towards Elizabeth. After a conversation with De Feria in August, Chaloner had written to warn her that next to God she had only her right hand to depend on. On the 10th of November, he bade Cecil tell her "so only to trust the Spaniards as first and best to trust herself." "He meant that she should arm and exercise her subjects."[1]

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[1] " Lo que contienen tres cartas del Obispo de Aquila, November 13, 18, 27."—*MS. Simancas.*

[2] Knox to Cecil, November 18: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] " Ils ont pensé au différent qui pourroit sourdre sur la préférence des deux coronnes, et que, pour l'éviter on pourroit supprimer le titre de l'une et de l'aultre pour redonner à toutes deux ensemble le nom ancien de la Grande Bretaigne."—Mémoire baillé à M. de la Mothe, December 20: TEULET, vol. i.

On Maitland's arrival, it became necessary to learn distinctly what the Spaniards were prepared to do. Elizabeth told De Quadra formally that she had been driven to take arms in self-defence. She instructed Chaloner to ask the Bishop of Arras whether in event of war she might look to Spain for assistance.

The Bishop of Arras admitted at once without reserve or hesitation[2] the designs of Mary Stuart on Elizabeth's crown. "The Cardinal of Lorraine had claimed it in her name in a conversation with himself at Cambray:" and "the preparations in France were all made with a view to this one object."

"The King of Spain," he said, "had done his best in Elizabeth's interests. He had saved her life when her sister would have destroyed her; he had offered her his own hand in marriage; he had continued to advise her when he found himself rejected; but she had paid no attention to his opinions. She had done everything which he had most advised that she should not do; and now he had only to provide for his own safety as best he could.

"Is it not strange," Arras continued, "that ye believe the world knoweth not your weakness? I demand what present store either of expert captains or good men of war ye have; what treasures; what other furniture of defence? Is there one fortress or hold in all England that is able one day to endure the breath of a cannon? Your men are hardy and valiant; but what discipline have they had these many years? and the art of war is now such that men be fain to learn anew at every two years' end. And if you had discipline, what should it avail when one draweth one way, another, another? Suppose you we know not? The most part of the counties removed from London are not of the queen's religion. Are there not of your nobles, trow ye, that repine at her proceedings? We are not ignorant how certain of them conspired of late, misliking the too much favour borne to some one.[1] Your weakness is well known; and when division reigneth, each will kill and betray others, to the ruin of the whole. The decree of the sequel pertaineth not to me."

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[1] "So," he added, "I shall trust, in mine old days, to toast a crab by the fire."—Chaloner to Cecil, November 10: *Flanders MSS. Rolls House.* Sir Thomas Chaloner was an old friend of Charles V. He was with him in his disastrous expedition to Algiers. In the storm which shattered the Spanish fleet he was knocked overboard, disabled, and was saved by a rope which he seized in his teeth.

[2] A letter from Arras himself to De Quadra, which is among the *Simancas MSS.*, confirms word for word the report of Sir T. Chaloner.

To the words of Arras, De Feria, with whom Chaloner afterwards dined, added a message to Elizabeth:—

"Commend me to your queen," the count said; "and bid her look to herself, and remember the Spanish proverb—'The cock may scrape in the dunghill till he uncovers the knife to cut his own throat.' I mean not religion, or other such perilous attempts—but your wilful provoking of the war with France, to whom by sending money to Arran and the rebels you have given so just a colour and excuse to the world to break with you; as otherwise ye might well know they looked but for an opportunity."

Chaloner, in obedience to orders from home, attempted feebly to lay the blame on Cecil.

"Tush!" De Feria said with a contemptuous laugh; "we know the truth as well as you. What means your queen? Is this a time to move war? Is Arran's persuasion worth such adventures? You will be torn in pieces, and other princes will fall out about your garments."[2]

Words like these, though no answer to Elizabeth's questions, were of evil augury. The real opinion of the Spanish ministers on the situation will appear from a letter of Arras to Philip, written apparently on the day of his conversation with Chaloner:—

THE BISHOP OF ARRAS TO PHILIP II.

"If the French see signs of hesitation in us, they will at once set upon the English, and for our own sake we must take as much care of England as of the Low Countries. If therefore for their sakes we have to go to war again with France, we shall engage in the struggle on more favourable conditions if we first occupy England and restore religion there, than if we wait till this woman have destroyed herself and the French are in possession of the realm. While therefore I would let France understand plainly that we mean to protect England, we must put a bit in the queen's mouth; we must make her fear that she will find us on the side of her enemies; we must tell her in clear terms that we do not mean to run into trouble ourselves merely that she may play her vile tricks at her leisure; leaning, as she supposes, on the shoulders of your majesty." [1]

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[1] Lord Robert Dudley.

[2] Chaloner to Cecil, December 6.—*Flanders MSS. Rolls House.* The Bishop of Arras to the Bishop of Aquila, December 15.—*MS. Simancas.*

With the storm thus gathering around them on all sides, the English council was called on to decide what the queen should do. The situation in Scotland remained unaltered. On the 10th of December, fifteen French vessels passed Berwick on their way to Leith, where they landed stores and troops—raising the force there to four thousand. On the other hand, an attempt made by them on Edinburgh Castle failed. Erskine intimated to Lord James Stuart that with £2000 to feed and pay the garrison, he could hold out till the spring. The £2000 was provided by Sadler, and Erskine's charge was preserved. But the real difficulty was the evident lukewarmness of the Scots themselves. Much might be done short of accepting the full offer of Maitland. Money might be privately sent; even troops might go as volunteers; but so long as Elizabeth hesitated to take some open step, the mass of the Scottish nobles refused to commit themselves. To do a little was as dangerous as to do all, while it failed to attach the nation to an English policy—and might lead in the end to a hostile union of Scotland and France, with the consummation of the dreaded invasion. Thus the council sat from day to day and week to week, and could arrive at no conclusion. Two incidents of the discussion alone remain—one, a speech of the lord keeper, the other, a remonstrance of the Duke of Norfolk.

Cecil, the great adviser of the war, had failed to persuade into the approval of it even his own brother-in-law.

"With the country so poor," "the nobility exhausted," "the middle classes discontented," "the spiritualty beggared," Bacon on December 15 argued that a war with France was too dangerous to be risked. Plague and famine, he said, had so reduced the population in the few last years, that there were scarcely men enough left to till the ground; while to employ foreign mercenaries, as the protector had done, was pernicious in itself, and impossible without more money than the queen possessed. Allies in such a quarrel they could have none except the Scots, who were so feeble that they could not even encounter three thousand French. At home the people were unsettled, divided, and dangerous. Some were disaffected on account of the change of religion; some because they had lost the influence in the state which they had enjoyed under the late queen; while every man, whatever his party, class, or creed, was opposed to war.

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[1] The Bishop of Arras to Philip II., December 5: *MS. Simancas.*

War turned industrious labourers into idle vagabonds; war crippled farmers, embarrassed landlords, ruined merchants; while in this particular instance, the cause was so doubtful and so peculiar, that the soldiers would never understand it, and never fight for it heartily.

To join the Scots against the French was to help subjects in rebellion against their sovereign. To break the public peace without provocation was a crime.

True, there were good answers to these objections—but they were not of a kind which soldiers could comprehend; they were not of a kind which the world would comprehend; while France was larger, more populous, and better prepared than England; the pope would be at its back; and assistance from Spain was evidently not to be looked for.

All this might be granted—and yet it might be said there was no alternative. France was determined to insist on the pretensions of her queen, and England must make a virtue of necessity. At present the French in Scotland were but few; if attacked at once by sea and land they could be expelled; if they were left to be reinforced, the Scots would forsake England, believing that England had forsaken them.

Bacon admitted the argument, but he preferred notwithstanding to trust to time. He would continue to send money; and with money the Scots could keep the field. England would not be meddled with till Scotland was first conquered—and how effectually Scotland could resist invasion had been proved by the experience of Edward I. Edward struggled for thirty-four years, and failed at last. Flodden and Pinkie Cleugh had been great victories, but they had not advanced the conquest. Wales had resisted for generations. Ireland was still unsubdued. The inhabitants of an invaded country fought for freedom, life, family—all that men held dear—and were unconquerable. At all events time would be gained. Money could be raised, factions quieted, the people made to understand the question. The French queen might die; the house of Guise might be overthrown. The Queen of England might "match herself in marriage," and end the controversy so. Bacon therefore urged delay—delay for a year at least—unless opportunity should offer meanwhile for any notable success "by wind or wave, or chance of war, or otherwise."[1]

The same day, before or after Bacon's speech, the Duke of Norfolk was offered the command of the army on the border. De Quadra had foretold that he would refuse. He said shortly that he thought the war would be gratuitous, and declined to meddle with it. "The council"—Bedford, probably, and Cecil—said that if peace could be had otherwise, they would sue for it on their knees; but they saw no second road open to them. The duke replied that he was sorry, but he must adhere to his own opinion. The queen then sent for him. He supped with De Quadra in the evening, and gave him an account of the interview. The queen, he said, had entreated him not to desert her in her danger. He had told her that he neither doubted that danger nor the French designs; but there was a safer and surer course both for her own interests and those of the realm: let her marry the archduke Charles; and the King of Spain, who had befriended her before, would not fail her in her present difficulties.[2]

The Duke of Norfolk had but expressed what many others were feeling. The timidity of Bacon on one side, and Norfolk's refusal of the command on the other, gave an impulse to the reactionary party; and in the end a majority of the council advised the queen to leave the Scots to their fate. The language in which they expressed themselves is as remarkable as the substance of their opinions; and other changes which they pressed upon Elizabeth implied that the Protestants were for the moment silenced and driven from the field.

The lords said that the assumption of the English arms by the French queen, the preparations for war in Normandy, with the undoubted information which had reached them from many quarters, permitted them to feel no uncertainty of the intentions of their enemies. "The French queen, as long as she lived, would pretermit no occasion to advance her pretended title;" and when Scotland was subdued—which in their opinions would be easily done—the invasion of England would follow. France being "established with a state military," and England "being ordered for peace," the queen could resist only with a chance of success on her own soil. If she met the enemy elsewhere, and failed to gain a victory, her danger "would be too dreadful to think upon."

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[1] Speech of Sir Nicholas Bacon before the Council, December 15, 1559.—*Harleian MSS.*, p. 398.

[2] De Quadra to the Duchess of Parma, December 18: *MS. Simancas.*

The council on December 20 therefore advised—

First, that the queen should before all things "seek the honour of Almighty God," and seek it not by encouraging the reforming preachers, not by establishing "the Gospel," but by "seeing the state ecclesiastical duly placed, and the care of all things thereto belonging remitted to the clergy, as in all her progenitors' time had been."

Secondly, that the queen should make an honourable marriage. The archduke obviously being the person whom she was desired to choose.

Thirdly, that her majesty should send an ambassador to King Philip, not only to procure his friendship, but to understand what she might trust to.

A single trace of the influence of the Reformers appears in a clause recommending her to seek the alliance of the Protestant princes of Germany, to prevent the French from recruiting their armies there.

The last article, "the foundation of all the rest," was that she should raise £100,000 by loan at Antwerp without delay.[1]

Though the hand in which these advices are written is Cecil's, they did not express Cecil's opinions. Cecil would pluck safety only from among the nettles of danger. The times were critical, and it was dangerous to speak the truth before the world; but in private at Sir Thomas Parry's house, in the presence only of Sir Abraham Cave and Sir Richard Sackville, Cecil "durst say what was fearful to be thought of, and what he would not speak commonly." If the queen waited to be attacked in the northern counties of England, and if she were to lose a battle there, as she might lose it, "there were there hollow and discontented hearts which would find their time to break out, and yield to the title of France."[2]

Steadily Cecil clung to this conclusion, and true to the oath which he swore when admitted her secretary, steadily urged it on Elizabeth, whose constitutional irresolution shifted to and fro under the alternate pressure. Her convictions went with Cecil, but the weight of advice on the other side far preponderated, and the responsibility of choice was terrible.

Once, if not more than once, she gave way in earnest, determining to yield to the stream which she could no longer resist. And it was probably at the present crisis that Cecil, finding his influence gone, declined to act further in the matter, or to be the instrument of any policy but his own.[1]

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[1] The paper is written throughout in Cecil's hand, and is endorsed by him "Opinion of the Council, not allowed by the Queen's Majesty."—*Domestic MSS. Elizabeth, Rolls House.*

[2] Memoranda of words spoken in Sir Thomas Parry's house, December 28, 1559. In Cecil's hand.—*MSS. Domestic, Elizabeth, Rolls House.*

But Elizabeth's braver nature rallied again. Her own nobler qualities, which danger raised to their due pre-eminence—perhaps, too, the dread of her marriage, which was to be the condition of the King of Spain's assistance—brought her back to Cecil's views. The advice of the council was "not allowed." And once more she determined to go forward—forward, though still in the tortuous course in which alone it seemed as if she could move with comfort to herself.

Orders went to Gresham to borrow, not £100,000, but £200,000. Guns, pistols, and powder-barrels were sent over faster than ever. In a fatal confidence that the defeat at Edinburgh would keep Scotland quiet till the spring, d'Elbœuf had lingered in France. If he crossed now it should be only over the wreck of the English fleet. Sir William Winter, the young admiral, sailed from Gillingham with fourteen well-appointed vessels. He was charged with a trifling convoy to Berwick, and his orders were to proceed thence into the Frith of Forth, and watch for the coming of the French squadron. If they attacked him he was to sink and destroy them. If they attempted to pass him, he was "to understand that the principal point of his service was to impeach the access of any more succour from France into Scotland, and to frustrate any departure thence towards France." "If therefore he found himself strong enough, and if there was a convenient opportunity, war or no war, attacked or not attacked, he might destroy any armed French vessels that he should fall in with." "He might provoke a quarrel if he did not find one. He might challenge the right of the French commanders to carry the English arms, and tell them that as an Englishman he would not endure it. The French were a brave people, and he could not well fail of opportunity." He was to allow no French vessel whatever to pass in or out of the Forth; and if on board any that he might arrest he found powder or guns, he should seize them for his own use. One only condition he was strictly to observe—he was not to profess that he bore the queen's commission. If challenged, "he was to say that he was acting on his own responsibility." [1]

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[1] "With a sorrowful heart and watery eyes, I, your poor servant and most lowly subject, and unworthy secretary, beseech your majesty to pardon this my lowly suit: That considering the proceeding in this matter for removing the French out of Scotland doth not content your majesty, and that I cannot with my conscience give any contrary advice, I may, with your majesty's favour and clemency, be spared to intermeddle therein."—Cecil to Queen Elizabeth (without date): *Lansdowne MSS.* Printed by Wright; vol. i. p. 24.

Were the admiral to lose an action, and be taken prisoner under such instructions, he would make himself liable to be hanged as a pirate. But Elizabeth expected these minor sacrifices from her subjects.

The moderate party, finding their opinion unaccepted, behaved like loyal subjects; and still hoping that the worst might be avoided, threw no difficulties in the queen's way. The Bishop of Aquila learnt, to his mortification and surprise, that Norfolk consented after all, against his judgment, to command the army; while Elizabeth, though aware that she was committing herself to the course which the King of Spain most deprecated, seemed to face the consequences with much equanimity. Religious persecutions had commenced in the Netherlands; and Flemish Protestants with their families were taking refuge in multitudes in England. When De Quadra remonstrated, she said they were all welcome—as many as chose to come to her; "if the Spanish troops in Flanders could be sent to toast themselves in their own Indies or Castile, religion would flourish there as well as in England; and the sooner they were gone the better."

"At this rate," De Quadra wrote, "she will revolutionise all the world. She is already practising in France, and her "Gospel" is making too much progress there." [2]

Hints were given through the western counties that privateers who would "adventure" at their own cost would not be closely inquired after; and thirty piratical vessels, heavily manned, were swiftly hovering about the Channel. That the sea and all that floated on it was English patrimony was the tacit belief of half the people who lived within sight of the salt water.

Two letters of De Quadra, written on the 27th of December, will add as much as can be known of Elizabeth's humour, and of the views of the different parties, in England and out of it, on the approaching struggle.

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[1] Commission to Sir William Winter, Master of the Ordnance, sent with fourteen ships, armed, to Scotland.—*Domestic MSS., Rolls House.* The commission was drawn on the 16th of December; but owing to the hesitation of the council, Winter did not sail till the end of the month.

[2] De Quadra to de Feria, December: *MS. Simancas.*

DE QUADRA TO THE BISHOP OF ARRAS[1]

London, *December 27.*

"The queen said to me that she understood the King of Spain refused to take arms in her defence.

"I replied that his majesty looked on the reopening of the war as a European calamity, which if possible he was bound to avoid. He trusted that her difficulties might be remedied more easily by her marriage with the Archduke Charles.

"Chaloner's account of his conversation with you troubled her so much that she was ill for two days with it. The Duke of Norfolk begged me to harp incessantly on the marriage string. He said that Cecil had placed her in a position from which he feared it would be impossible to extricate her; and so he said that he had himself told Cecil. Since the war has been determined on, the duke has been pointedly attentive to me. I tell him that the king my master will watch over the true interests of the queen; but it will be with a strong hand, and in a fashion which she will not like. They think of sending Lord Paget to Spain. He will not go unless he take with him a commission to conclude the marriage—so at least he has assured me. Words are no longer of any use with the queen—we must act. Preservative medicines are too late when the patient is down with the plague. The king our master cannot say that he has been left in ignorance of the state of things here. If he hesitate now it will cost him dear; and he will find himself compelled to protect a wicked woman in an unjust and ungodly cause. I do not mean that we may not interfere for her if she will consent to the marriage—we could then care effectively for the spiritual interests of the realm. But if she go on in her present career she deserves nothing at our hands. You would be astonished to know the things which take place here; but the less they are spoken of the better: I will not write of them."

DE QUADRA TO THE COUNT DE FERIA

London, *December 27.*

"This woman is possessed with 100,000 devils; and yet she pretends to me that she would like to be a nun, and live in a cell, and tell her beads from morning till night. If we do not determine what to do swiftly we shall repent of it. A certain person has informed me that if troops cross from the Netherlands to England, the most convenient place for them to land is Lynn, in Norfolk; there is a good harbour there, which can be easily fortified. Let his majesty do what he will, he cannot save this true daughter of a wicked mother. And on my honour I believe those of her own religion will rise against her even sooner than the Catholics. For the love of God do not forget things here! never was there a fairer opportunity to set them straight."[1]

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[1] *MS. Simancas.*

The King of Spain, during the war with France, had concentrated a large Spanish force in the Low Countries. On the return of peace the estates, afraid of their liberties, had insisted that it should be withdrawn; and Philip, who had intended to maintain a standing army there for the preservation of "order," had been compelled after an angry altercation to give way.

Philip himself had sailed for Spain at the end of August, and was keeping his Christmas with the heretics at Seville and Valladolid. He had promised that the troops should follow as soon as means could be provided for transporting them; and since they could not remain in Flanders, what better destination could be found for them than England? Six thousand Spaniards thrown upon the Norfolk coast; all Catholic England rising to welcome them; and Elizabeth obliged to retrace her steps, restore the Catholic bishops, marry Carlos, and live as a satellite of Philip—this was the scheme which filled the imagination of the Spanish ministers, and which faded away only when the queen surprised friend and foe by rising triumphant over her difficulties by her own energy and skill.

In the midst of these grave matters, a little scene had taken place in Lambeth Chapel, which must not be entirely forgotten. To some persons it has appeared an event of great, and even transcendent moment—the readjustment of the ladder between earth and heaven by which alone Divine grace could descend on the inhabitants of these islands. To more secular minds it has seemed altogether secondary—a thing merely of this world—a convenient political arrangement.

A Catholic bishop holds his office by a tenure untouched by the accidents of time. Dynasties may change—nations may lose their liberties—the firm fabric of society itself may be swept away in the torrent of revolution—the Catholic prelate remains at his post; when he dies, another takes his place; and when the waters sink again into their beds, the quiet figure is seen standing where it stood before—the person perhaps changed—the thing itself rooted like a rock on the adamantine basements of the world. The Anglican hierarchy, far unlike its rival, was a child of convulsion and compromise: it drew its life from Elizabeth's throne, and had Elizabeth fallen, it would have crumbled into sand. The Church of England was as a limb lopped off from the Catholic trunk; it was cut away from the stream by which its vascular system had been fed; and the life of it, as an independent and corporate existence, was gone for ever. But it had been taken up and grafted upon the state. If not what it had been, it could retain the form of what it had been—the form which made it respectable, without the power which made it dangerous. The image, in its outward aspect, could be made to correspond with the parent tree; and to sustain the illusion, it was necessary to provide bishops who could appear to have inherited their powers by the approved method, as successors of the apostles.

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[1] *MS. Simancas.*

Three pairs of episcopal hands at least were required to communicate the stream. Five of Edward's hierarchy, English and Irish, had survived the Marian persecutions. The Bishop of Llandaff had apostatised. Out of these six, four were selected to supply in numbers the uncertainty of their qualifications; and, omitting Kitchen, whose character did not bear inspection, and Bale, who was a foul-mouthed ruffian; the others—Barlow, who had been Bishop of Bath; Scory, who had been Bishop of Chichester; the venerable Miles Coverdale; and Hodgekins, late suffragan Bishop of Bedford—were summoned by royal letter to Lambeth, on the 17th of December, to consecrate Mathew Parker Archbishop of Canterbury.

The choice of Parker was in every way a fortunate one—unless indeed to the archbishop himself, who accepted the charge with the utmost unwillingness, and in allowing it to be forced upon him felt that he was sacrificing his peace. It was not easy however—perhaps it was impossible—to find another man in England with at once character and ability for so dangerous a post. Parker's name alone redeems the first list of Elizabeth's bishops from insignificance. He had borne himself through the changes of the preceding years with consistent probity and moderation. When first ordained, he had been one of Anne Boleyn's chaplains; afterwards he was Master of Corpus at Cambridge, and Dean of Lincoln. On Edward's death he lost his preferments; and Mary, could she have discovered where he was, would have sent him to the stake. But he lived concealed with his wife, and his hiding-place was not betrayed till times had changed; and then Cecil laid hands on him as the one sensible man within his reach who was religious without being a fanatic, and a Christian without being a dogmatist.

The consecration was duly accomplished; the installation followed; there was an Archbishop of Canterbury once more. Rapidly one after the other the remaining sees were filled up; and the new order of English bishops settled down to their work, shorn of much of their wealth, shorn of their privileges, but still peers of the realm, and with sufficient provision for the appearance which they were expected to maintain. The estates restored by Mary were reappropriated; their judicial powers were transferred to the courts of law; their first-fruits were converted into harquebusses and powder, but if their courts had continued to sit, and if the queen's armouries had been left unprovided, their tenure of office would have been brief.

CHAPTER III

THE TREATY OF LEITH

IN January 1560, the English fleet had sailed for the Forth; the first step was taken; but the irresolution was not ended, nor the distrust which the hesitation of the last fortnight had created in the Scots. They had been encouraged to rebel: English agents, under the special direction of Elizabeth, had "kindled the fire;" yet the English council could gravely propose to leave them to their fate, and Elizabeth herself had scarcely resisted the temptation. In Edinburgh and London, in Brussels, Paris, Madrid, there was nothing but uncertainty, anxiety, and fear.

"The Queen of England," the Duchess of Parma wrote to Philip, "is compromising all of us. She herself is nothing. If she be destroyed, she will but reap the fruit of her own rashness. But if the French once establish themselves in Scotland, England is theirs; and with England they will have the Low Countries. In possession of both shores of the narrow seas, they will isolate us, and cut us off from support; and when we are overrun you must judge yourself how it will fare with Spain and the Indies.

"And yet, if it be our political ruin to allow France to conquer England, it will be our spiritual ruin to allow that woman to go her own way. If she annex Scotland and establish the Protestant religion throughout the island, you know the humour of the Netherlands—you know the peril of the example." [1]

Whether policy or orthodoxy would prove the stronger motive, neither England nor France could tell; and as little was Elizabeth able to comprehend the Scots. Maitland told her that they were unanimous; but how different a unanimity was it from the fierce enthusiasm with which, age after age, they had combined against the invasion of the Southrons! When an Edward or a Henry sent their armies over the border—the whole nation sprung to arms at the call of the fiery cross. Douglas and Gordon,

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[1] The text is an epitome of three letters from Margaret of Parma to Philip, written on the 7th and 21st of December, 1559, and the 6th of January, 1560.—*MS. Simancas.*

Hamilton and Stuart, Highland chief and Lowland laird, buried their feuds in a greater hatred, and crowded to the field. Defeat could not break their spirit; bribes could not soil their patriotism; and had Flodden been followed by an attempt at conquest, it would have been soon avenged in a second Bannockburn.

How different was it now! Three thousand men had chased the congregation from the field. They had scattered to their homes, earl, lord, and chieftain, threatening to make terms with the regent unless an English army would enter Scotland to rescue them. The English were their "auld enemies;" the French were their traditional allies. What security had Elizabeth for their truth, except the assurance of a few inexperienced youths? How lightly might the temptation of giving a sovereign to England win back the rest to the schemes of the Guises and Mary Stuart!

Thus from hour to hour the queen's humour shifted. She told Noailles she would not begin; but whoever would might fling the first stone.[1] Throgmorton came over from Paris to hasten her decision; he was at first directed to return with a message to the king that England could not regard the Scottish nobility as rebels; and that for her own sake the queen could not allow France to conquer them.[2] Sadler and Randolph received what they understood to be final instructions from London; and made arrangements with the congregation to meet the English army in Cockburn Path, between Dunbar and Berwick, on the 10th of January.

But the orders were no sooner sent than they were repented of. Throgmorton was detained in London. The Duke of Norfolk, who, having consented to command, was disposed to act with vigour, was forbidden to advance. The queen wrote to him on the day on which Throgmorton's commission—which amounted to a declaration of war—was dated, that certain respects obliged her to forbear for one or two months from moving further; the matter might be otherwise arranged; she was unwilling to spend money needlessly; and the levies might be suspended till further orders: the duke and Sadler could ascertain from the Scots whether the assistance of the fleet would not be sufficient; whether, if supplied with English engineers, cannon, and powder, they could not do the rest of the work themselves;[3] while Winter, she insisted again and again, whatever he did, must do it as of his own accord, pleading no directions from herself.

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[1] Noailles to D'Oysel, December 22: FORBES, vol. i.

[2] Commission to Sir N. Throgmorton, December 30: *Conway MSS.*

[3] The Queen to the Duke of Norfolk, December 30, 1559: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

Meanwhile the French—afraid of Spain, and alarmed for the troops in Scotland, should the English army cross the border—had affected a desire to negotiate. M. de la Marque was sent over to assure Elizabeth of the innocency of the intentions of the king and queen; to insist that they had no object beyond the pacification of Scotland, and by every artifice of diplomacy to gain time.

Elizabeth received their advances with courtesy and almost cordiality. She expressed the greatest desire for a peaceful termination of the crisis; she declared distinctly to De la Marque, and she declared to Noailles—who watched her face while she spoke—that she did not mean to break the peace, and had no intention of interfering.[1] "Her acts are of one kind, her words are of another," said Noailles. He knew not what to think of her; yet, unable to disbelieve so positive an assurance, he wrote to the queen regent, to tell her that he believed she had nothing to fear from England;[2] and with this letter, and with the promise to himself, De la Marque set out on the 2nd of January for Scotland.

The fair weather did not continue. As soon as he was gone an altercation rose between Cecil and Noailles. The French ambassador accused Cecil of lighting a fire which would never be extinguished. Cecil answered that "the French had lighted it, and were every day heaping it with fresh fuel to make the blaze the hotter."[3]

De la Marque was scarcely over the Tweed, than he and his despatches fell into the hands of the insurgent Scots. In all likelihood his capture was his own work, for he was able to inform the congregation of the words in which Elizabeth had disclaimed them. The letter of Noailles confirmed his story. Sadler at the same time was obliged to announce to them that the advance of the army was postponed indefinitely; there were still no signs of the fleet, and after so many changes they ceased to expect it; they believed themselves deliberately betrayed; and in a passion of fear and disappointment, Chatelherault wrote to Francis and Mary—to make his submission, to implore their pardon, and to offer to send Arran and his other children to France as hostages for his future behaviour.[1]

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[1] "La Marque museth not a little what moveth the Lords of the Congregation to hope for succour out of England, and reporteth that the Queen of England promised the contrary by her own mouth unto Noailles and him."—Randolph to Sadler, January 21; *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Noailles to the Queen Dowager, January 2: *Scotch MSS.*

[3] Noailles to the King of France, January 4: TEULET, vol. i.

Taking courage from Elizabeth's uncertainty, d'Oysel had resumed the offensive. After another ineffectual attempt on Edinburgh Castle,[2] he had ventured to divide his force; and leaving Leith garrisoned, had marched on Christmas eve leisurely to Stirling, scattering the lords who were assembled there. Thence gathering increasing confidence, he passed down into Fife, the stronghold of the Protestants, intending to occupy St. Andrew's and fortify it into a second Leith.

D'Elbœuf was daily and even hourly expected. He was to sail at latest at the end of December, and at any moment his transports might be looked for. Maitland wrote to Cecil, that "delay was most dangerous;" he could not believe, he said, that the queen, after what she had said to him, could have altered her mind.[3]

Norfolk, who had protested against the enterprise till Winter sailed, protested equally now against the weakness of affecting to withdraw from it. In reply to the queen's order to delay the invasion, he said that the Protestants were powerless without the neutrals, and the neutrals would not move till they were assured of England. The Scots, he said, could not expel the French unassisted: if the queen tried their patience too far, she would make the Scots her enemies also. She had gone too far to recede, and it would be impolitic, dishonourable, and dangerous to disappoint now the hopes which she had raised.[4] Concealed assistance was impossible. If Winter lay in the Forth and prevented French vessels from going in or out, the world would never believe he was acting without instructions. For himself he thought it would be better if the court would "no more seek to hide that which on the border was so manifest;" Leith, in the absence of the French, was unguarded and might easily be surprised; the only safety was in boldness.

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[1] "Sire,—La fiance qu'il a pleu à la Royne Regente me donner de vostre bonté et clemence m'a faict prendre la hardiesse de vous escripre pour vous supplier très humblement de me recepvoir et les myens en vostre bonne grace, et vouloir oublier et pardonner les choses passées avec quelques articles dont je vous faiz requête. Apres avoir eu vostre response si me le voulez mander j'envoyerai mes enfans en France. De Glasgow, le 25 jour de Janvier, 1560. Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur, James."—Teulet, vol. i. p. 206.

[2] Lord Erskine refused to recognise any authority but Parliament. He would not admit within the walls either the Congregation or the French, and threatened to fire on Holyrood if he was attacked.—Randolph to Crofts and Sadler, December: *Scotch MSS.*

[3] Maitland to Cecil, January 10: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[4] Norfolk to Cecil, January 24: *Burghley Papers.*

Arran and Lord James Stuart had meanwhile made a stand at Kinghorn; but d'Oysel had defeated them with loss. Each day the little band of the congregation grew thinner by desertion; and though they continued to hover in the field, the number of men with them diminished in a week from 800 to 200. The French commander pressed steadily forward along the shores of the Forth, with provision vessels and store ships attending his march; and Arran wrote piteously that although the Protestants would hold out as long as twenty horse could keep together, yet that the whole country was weary, discouraged, and desperate of help.

And yet Elizabeth never really meditated forsaking the Scots; she disliked only parting with money; she tried to persuade herself that the difficulty might be escaped in a less violent manner; and she was one of those people who insist on quarrelling with the course which notwithstanding they have resolved to follow, and who therefore halt and hesitate over each successive step which they are compelled to take.

"The queen," wrote De Quadra on the 15th of January, "is the same as ever. Cecil, who is the heart of the business, alone possesses her confidence, and Cecil is obstinately bent on going forward with his Evangel till he destroy both it and himself. I have tried hard to gain him over, for we are the best of friends; but he is possessed with the chimerical notion of uniting Scotland and England under one creed and government; and I might as well talk to a deaf adder as try to move him.

"If there be any other who knows the queen's purpose, it is my Lord Robert, in whom it is easy to recognise the king that is to be; and either I am deceived and know nothing of the English people, or they will do something to set this crooked business straight. There is not a man who does not cry out on him and her with indignation.

"She tells me that the Scots expect her to marry the Earl of Arran as a condition of the union. She will as little marry Arran as she will marry the archduke; she will marry none but the favoured Robert."[1]

Left to her own self-guidance, Elizabeth would scarcely have worked the ship out of the breakers. But Cecil was ever at her ear, and the invisible powers were on her side.

A few days before Winter sailed d'Elbœuf had started from

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[1] De Quadra to De Feria, and to the Bishop of Arras, January 15, 1560: *MS. Simancas.*

Dieppe. Had the weather been fair he would have been in Leith before the English fleet had cleared the Thames, and would have thrown a force into Scotland which would have changed the course of history.

Northerly winds however delayed his heavy-laden transports, and with the new year they blew wilder and more wild. The English admiral was scarcely in the Channel than he was driven by a gale into Lowestoft Roads and was kept there for a fortnight motionless. D'Elbœuf less fortunate was caught at sea by the tempest. In all directions the storm must have blown: half the fleet was dashed in pieces on the Holland flats—sailors, troops, horses, all perishing. Some vessels foundered at sea and the drowned bodies were washed up upon the Norfolk coast. De Martigues, d'Elbœuf's colleague, after beating for days in the North Sea, found his way at last into Leith with 100 men; d'Elbœuf's own vessel recovered Dieppe; but out of the entire fleet those two ships alone seemed to have survived.[1] In one fatal day and night the laborious preparations of the autumn were annihilated; and with France growing every day more agitated with religious passions, with the Prince of Condé and the Huguenots avowedly sympathising with the Scotch reformers—months must now elapse before d'Oysel could hope to be relieved.

"The Spaniards at Brussels," wrote Sir Thomas Chaloner, "be sorry for the news. The loss is esteemed of no less moment than an overthrow by land. If hope might allow men to sit idle, we might suppose the French undertake this enterprise *diis malis*. Nevertheless let us provide as if every Frenchman were two; so the best will save itself: and trust we none but God and ourselves." "For if I were God," Chaloner continued in his peculiar way—"I would swear by myself that I believe our trust is in God's defence only, and by Him, in our foresight; so our professed enemies and faint friends instead of cartels of defiance will send us solemn letters of congratulation. —Otherwise *væ victis!*"[2]

All this while Winter had been riding out the gale. He had suffered little loss, save that most of his ships' boats were washed away; and when the weather moderated he pursued his way to the north. On Monday the 15th he was off Flamborough Head. The wind rose again and drove him back into the Humber; but ignorant of d'Elbœuf's fate and impatient of delay he again put to sea the following day. On Saturday morning he was off Berwick, where Norfolk sent out to him a few hundred "hackbutters;" and after waiting two days there for the slow sailers in the fleet to rejoin him he passed on to the Frith of Forth.

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[1] "La perdida de los naos del Marquis d'Elbœuf se entiende que ha sido muy grande por el gran numero de muertos que ha echado la mar á la costa de Norfolk."—De Quadra to the Duchess of Parma, January 21: *MS. Simancas*. Compare Chaloner to Cecil, January 13 and January 15: *Flanders MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Chaloner to Cecil, January 15: *Flanders MSS. Rolls House.*

And now let the reader imagine the storm over—a cloudless January morning, and the grey calm of the Forth lined at intervals with the faint ripple of an air just sufficient to give the vessels steering way. The young English admiral was drifting slowly with the tide along the coast of Fife, just outside Kinghorn. Beyond the point in front of him lay Burnt Island where the French had mounted a few guns. In the middle of the channel was Inchkeith which they occupied in force. Close in under the Fife shore were two large armed vessels with a number of lighters, hoys, and barges. A boat with two men in it pushed out from a cove, and presently Robert Kirkaldy, Sir William's younger brother, with one of the Hamiltons, climbed up the side of Winter's ship and told him that d'Oysel with three thousand men had slept the night before in Dyssart. That morning they had burnt his brother's house; and having seen the ships in the offing, and supposing them to be d'Elbœuf's transports, they were then in full march towards St Andrew's. The vessels under the shore contained their military stores and provisions. The country people had carried off their corn and cattle, and d'Oysel drew his whole supplies from the sea. If the barges could be destroyed he would have to subsist his troops on water; while the two large ships contained a rich prize of cannon, powder, and pioneers' tools for the intended works at St. Andrew's.

The admiral's resolution was immediately taken; he continued his languid advance till he had brought his ships under the guns at Burnt Island. He showed no colours. The French flag was flying on the fort; but he did not condescend to salute it. The French commander sent off to know who he was; he gave no answer. A shot was sent across his bows; he paid no attention to it. His quiet insolence produced the effect which he desired. The next shot was fired into him: the French had commenced the attack and he was at liberty to defend himself.

In an instant every vessel which could be brought to bear replied with a broadside. The few guns on the island were silenced and dismounted; the fort was blown up; the two ships were seized and carried off; the transports and provision boats were driven ashore, where they were sacked and burnt by the people: and d'Oysel discovered his mistake only to find the English admiral in command of the Forth, his communications cut off, his troops without food in the one county in Scotland where he was without a friend, and with no retreat open to him save by the tedious circuit over Stirling Bridge.

If the Scots had had a force in the field, if Elizabeth's changes had not disheartened and distracted them, d'Oysel at this time could have been destroyed or compelled to surrender. Not more than six hundred men remained in Leith; and Winter sent an express to Norfolk to say that if he and Grey would advance at once from Berwick with the troops already collected there, the work would be done.[1]

The advance of Norfolk however would have committed Elizabeth to the sanction of what she had resolved beforehand to disavow. In the face of her instructions the duke could not move; and indeed he might reasonably have expected that the Scots could now dispose of the business for themselves. Queen's Ferry was commanded by Winter. There was a bridge at Alloa, but William Kirkaldy promptly broke it: and so satisfied were the congregation that d'Oysel could not escape, that they left him as they believed to starve, and proceeded at their utmost leisure to call their men about them to receive his surrender.[2]

The French had now an opportunity of showing what disciplined troops could do in the face of tremendous difficulties. They were beyond the Leven when they discovered their situation. In their first consternation they rested for a night in the field.[3] In the morning, wet, chilled, and hungry, they commenced their rapid retreat. Not a loaf of bread could they hope to touch till they had crossed the water. The tempest broke again, and the western gale drove the rain into their faces as they struggled across those melancholy moors. On the evening of the third day they reached Alloa to find the bridge gone, and the river it is likely pouring down in a winter flood.

D'Oysel was a man of prompt expedients. In an instant the nearest parish church was unroofed; the timbers were dragged to the water-side, and laid across the piers of the broken arches. The army itself brought the news of its escape to Stirling—and once there, they were safe. The congregation were loitering at Glasgow, congratulating themselves over a victory which they had allowed to slip through their hands. D'Oysel refreshed his famished but gallant little force, and fell back at his leisure into Leith.

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[1] Winter to Norfolk, January 25: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Arran and Lord James to Sadler, January 26: *Sadler Papers*, vol. ii.

[3] "Suddenly comes Master Alexander Wood, and assured M. d'Osel that thai were Inglissmen who were send for the support of the Congregation. Thain mycht have bein seine the ryveing of a baird, and mycht have been hard suche dispyte as cruell men use to spew forth, quhile as God brydellis thair furie."—KNOX, *History of the Reformation*, LAING'S Edition, vol. ii. p. 13.

Well might Elizabeth distrust the allies whose cause she had undertaken. Had an English army been so cut off, not a man of it would have come back to tell the tale.

Meanwhile the queen regent had sent a herald to Winter to know for what purpose or by whose order he was levying war in the dominions of the Queen of Scots.

"My answer was," wrote Winter—false to truth, and true to his mistress—"that I was sent to conduct divers ships loaded with ordnance and cannon to her majesty's fort of Berwick; and there being no sure anchorage there, I determined to seek the Forth, knowing no other but good peace between my said sovereign and all other princes: and as I was running into Leith Roads, the French forts at Inchkeith and Burnt Island shot at me; and I being therewith moved, and hearing the great cruelty which the French used against the congregation of Scotland, I determined with myself to give all the aid I might to the congregation, and to let the French from their wicked practices as far as I might; and that hereof the queen's highness my mistress was nothing privy."[1]

The Duke of Norfolk supported this mendacious story. A despatch from Berwick was written to the queen, accepting and repeating the written report, for the benefit of foreign ambassadors. Lord Dacre and Lord Westmoreland, who had not been admitted to the secret, gave their unsuspecting signatures—being even allowed to add conjectures of their own that the two ships taken had been intended to act against Ayemouth.[2] It pleased Elizabeth to seat herself in the midst of a web of illusions, and to expect her subjects to have as little scruple as herself in disavowing what it was inconvenient to confess. It may be doubted however whether falsehood so extremely transparent was of real service to her.

"Such a mask," the queen regent wrote to Noailles, "is too easy to strip off. As if it were likely or credible that a subject and an officer should have had the will, far less the power, of making war without the consent and against the orders of his sovereign. Speak openly to the queen. Bid her remember how God avenges unjust dealings. If she persist in her disavowal, tell her to write me a letter which I can show. Let her prove plainly that she means to punish these breaches of the peace—if indeed they have been ventured on without her knowledge." [1]

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[1] Winter to Norfolk: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "The which I was well contented withal for their better contentation; wishing, indeed, that the matter should rather burst out by little and little than to make all here, with the suddenness of the things, in a hurly-burly." —Norfolk to Cecil, January 29: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i. pp. 232, 233.

It is hard to think that honesty would not have been as much more beneficial at the time, as it would have looked fairer on the page of history. Yet it must be remembered that France too all this time was affecting the most profound sincerity; that the King of Spain had said that he would take part against that power—whichever it was—that first openly broke the peace. If Philip dreaded the ascendancy of Protestantism, he dreaded equally a French conquest of Great Britain; and as long as war was not actually declared in the name of the English government, he might perhaps regard Winter's indirect hostility as no more than a legitimate act of defence, which tended to prolong the situation, and left the field open to mediation, or perhaps to armed interference. There are "practices" in the game of politics which the historian in the name of morality is bound to condemn, which nevertheless in this false and confused world statesmen till the end of time will continue to repeat.

At all events there was now breathing time. The English fleet lay in Leith Roads. The ships' boats watched the mouth of the harbour day and night.[2] The weather continued foul; the sailors were ill supplied with winter clothes; the service was "cruel;" but the admiral was able to say that the Frenchmen, if asked their opinions, "would not deny but he had kept them waking." Could the Scots have been as diligent on land, the garrison must have been soon straitened and eventually starved. They had before declared that they would not act without English assistance: the assistance had come; yet they seemed as unwilling or as helpless as before: a blockade by land was not so much as attempted. Recovering from his first alarm, d'Oysel reoccupied Edinburgh, the Castle only excepted; while Erskine gave the protection of its walls to the regent and her train. Knox on the 6th of February flung in the teeth of Chatelherault that the English had been fifteen days in the

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[1] The Queen Regent to Noailles, January 28: Teulet, vol. i.

[2] Winter to Norfolk, February 12, 1560: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

Forth, "and had never received comfort of any man, Lord James Stuart only excepted, more than they had lyen upon the coast of their mortal enemy."[1] A little after, d'Oysel and de Martigues took the field again, wasted the country to the gates of Glasgow, and swept the corn and cattle which they could seize inside the walls of Leith.

Both France and England now turned to Spain. On the part of Elizabeth, Sir Thomas Chamberlain and Lord Montague were despatched on a special embassy to Madrid. Montague was selected as the one Catholic nobleman who had opposed every one of Elizabeth's reforming measures, and who therefore would be the most welcome to Philip; Chamberlain went as a check upon his companion, and—in Montague's own opinion—as a spy upon him. There was perhaps a secret reason for a choice from which so much danger was to be feared; the queen may have desired that in the event of a rising of the Catholics their principal leader should be out of the way. He went unwillingly. Before his departure he attempted secretly to communicate with De Quadra, but sent a message to say that it was made impossible for him. De Quadra wrote to Philip that Montague would have something to tell him in secret which it would be to his advantage to hear.

The terms of the message with which the ambassadors were charged had been long discussed and often changed. The first drafts of it contained a list of complaints against the French, with a request for help under the treaties should England be invaded. In its ultimate form Elizabeth apologised for having despatched the fleet without Philip's consent. She undertook to "reserve to her good brother's wisdom her further proceedings;" she promised "to remit to him any advantage which God might give her to the detriment of France;" and was "content to accept his majesty as a judge in the quarrel;" "trusting that his majesty for honour, and zeal to common peace, would not refuse to take that office on him."[2]

The French were scarcely less submissive. In the general uncertainty the Guises had taken alarm at trifles. The Princess Elizabeth had gone to Spain to join her husband. So slight a matter as the inscription over the door of the house in which she was received at Guadalajara sufficed to rouse suspicion.[1] The Bishop of Limoges hastened to represent to the most Catholic king that the Queen of England was the enemy of the faith; that she had encouraged the Scotch rebellion only for the overthrow of the Church; that she was pursuing the same insidious policy in France with no less fatal success; and that his interest as a European sovereign and his obligations as a Christian prince alike forbade him to assist her.[2]

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[1] *History of the Reformation*, vol. ii. p. 41. This was an exaggeration, however. Winter said that he was well supplied by the Scots with wine, barrelled salmon, cod, and herring.—Winter to Norfolk, February 12: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "Notes of matter to be reported to the King of Spain, from Sir Thomas Chamberlain and Lord Montague, January, 1560:" *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

The dilemma was pressed home; but Philip imagined that he had discovered a possible escape from it. Alva replied to the representations of the Bishop of Limoges, that the Queen of England could not tolerate the presence of a large French force in Scotland. When the bishop asked if a sovereign was not to put down an insurrection of her subjects—Alva said that the French king and queen had given Elizabeth just cause of suspicion; she could not be expected to hold her crown at their will and pleasure, nor could the King of Spain look on passively at an aggression which might next endanger himself. But Alva was ready with an alternative. A heretic rebellion was not to be passed over with impunity; and what neither England nor Spain could allow the French to do, his master, in his high generosity, and in his zeal for God's honour, would do himself. The transports were lying ready in the Zealand harbours for the removal of the Spanish troops. If the King of France had really no ulterior object, his master's army would co-operate with d'Oysel. Elizabeth would have then no excuse for alarm. Her fleet she would be compelled to withdraw; and, safe under the Spanish flag, the French government might send their reinforcements and supplies to Leith.[3]

Most ingenious offer! which would give the Spaniards the footing on British soil which they so coveted, as a prelude to a Catholic rising. The jealousy of the French happily served to shield Elizabeth from Philip—as Philip's anxieties protected her from the Guises. The presence of the Spaniards, if fatal to the English Reformers, would have been no less disastrous to the pretensions of Mary Stuart. But the probability of such a movement had been considered in Elizabeth's cabinet. De Feria had distinctly told Sir Thomas Gresham that Philip would not allow her to separate Scotland from France.[1] She was securing herself in the only way in which security was to be found; and was arming to the teeth. Guns and powder were shipped in such quantities from the Low Countries, that the Zealand custom-house officers at length refused to let them pass, "marvelling what the queen's majesty meant to arm herself in such sort." But the embargo could not be sustained; and Gresham on his own responsibility shipped a hundred thousand weight of copper—"wishing he was able to persuade the queen to make out of hand thirty or forty cannon." "What a terror that would be to the enemy to see them in good order, he referred to Cecil's judgment."[2]

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[1] "Audi filia et vide et inclina aurem tuum, et obliviscere populum tuum et domum Patris tui, et concupiscet Rex decorem tuum."—Hearken, oh daughter, and consider; incline thine ear, forget also thine own people and thy father's house, so shall the king have pleasure in thy beauty.

[2] Intervention de l'Espagne. Negociation de l'Evesque de Lymoges: TEULET, vol. ii.

[3] TEULET, vol. ii.

In England all the world was mustering, drilling, and practising. Elizabeth herself, on a Neapolitan courser, exercised every day with the train bands in St. James's Park; and even De Quadra could not withhold his sarcastic admiration from her.[3]

A sharp watch was kept upon the Catholic embassies. English subjects found attending mass at the Spanish or French chapels were threatened with arrest; and the menace was more than once carried into execution—not without disturbances at the doors. The queen, while she was severe, would have attempted to conciliate; and could she have had her own way, she would have restored the crucifixes in the parish churches, as she had already done in the royal chapel. She was encountered by an opposition too strong for her. Cecil's policy was in the ascendant; yet there were signs of weakness in the ground under his feet: at any moment it might split open and swallow him in the same destruction which had ingulfed Cromwell before him. Arundel reproached Clinton in the queen's presence for the arrest of the Catholics; and Elizabeth herself could scarcely prevent them from coming to blows. "Those,"

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[1] "I do well remember the communication that the Count de Feria had with me long past, and that was—Doth the Queen of England think the king my master would suffer her to win Scotland from his brother, the French king? No, no, said he, they be abused."—Sir T. Gresham to Cecil, February 28, 1560: *Flanders MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Sir T. Gresham to Cecil, January 27, 1560: Ibid.

[3] "Su Majestad sale cada dia al campo en un coursier de Napoli o un ginete à exercitarse por esta guerra, sentada en un sillon destos que aqui se usan; que es muy buena cosa de ver. En fin aqui todo es armas y recogitos de guerra ahora."—De Quadra to the Count de Feria, February 11: *MS. Simancas.*

Arundel exclaimed, " who had advised the war with Scotland were traitors to their country! "[1]

So the world drove forward—the horizon growing every moment darker. Yet the form in which the storm would break was still uncertain. After the news of d'Elbœuf's disaster, and the arrival of Winter in the Forth, the French offered to withdraw all their troops except 400, if Elizabeth would cease to interfere. In the middle of February, M. de Sêvre came over to supersede Noailles, to amuse Elizabeth with a repetition of De la Marque's assurances, and to pretend that the assumption of the English arms and style by the Queen of Scots had been forced upon her by her father-in-law. But Throgmorton warned Cecil to agree to nothing short of complete evacuation. If 400 men were left in Scotland they would be a nucleus which could be increased again at a more convenient time; and the French faction would be kept alive. The Guises—let them say what they pleased—had relinquished no iota of their purposes; and if the present opportunity was passed over it might never return.[2]

Elizabeth replied to De Sêvre that she could not believe in his explanation. The Queen of Scots, in her public deeds and private letters, still styled herself Queen of England. " She would not suffer her estate to be thus neglected in the open sight of the world; " and as to the Scots whom the French called rebels, they seemed to her to be wise and natural subjects of their own crown. If in the absence of their sovereign they allowed the kingdom to be " evicted out of the hands of their own nation," and to be sacrificed to the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Duke of Guise, all Europe would cry shame on them. Even the Queen of Scots herself, if she outlived her husband, " would have occasion to condemn them as cowards and unnatural subjects." [3]

Meanwhile the English troops lay idle at Berwick, while Leith grew stronger and the Protestants weaker and more dispirited. If assistance was to be granted at all, prudence required a decisive step to be taken before it was prohibited by Spain. A conference therefore was arranged between Scotch and English commissioners to fix the terms on which the queen would allow her troops to march; and on the 25th of February,

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[1] De Quadra to Philip, February 19: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Throgmorton to Cecil, February 4 and February 16: FORBES, vol. i.

[3] " Words to be said to the French ambassador in the name of the Queen, February 17: " *Cotton. MSS.* CALIG. B. 10.

Lord James Stuart, Lord Maxwell, Lord Ruthven, Young Maitland, and Henry Balnavis came to Berwick.

Elizabeth required to be satisfied how, if she expelled the French garrison from Leith, the Scots proposed to prevent them from returning at a future time. She could not be expected to keep a fleet in the Forth in perpetuity; and as France would probably declare war against her, she must know how far she might depend upon them if she was invaded. Further, she had to inquire whether they had any project for a durable alliance between the two realms of such a kind as would promise a final peace and dispense with the irritating necessity of the border garrisons.

The last question, involving the delicate and doubtful arrangement of the Arran marriage, was allowed to stand over. After two days' discussion a formal agreement was concluded—signed on one side by the Scotch lords, on the other by the Duke of Norfolk.

Elizabeth, in consideration of the attempt to annex Scotland to the French crown, for the preservation of its ancient liberties [*"as a Christian realm in the profession of Christ's true religion"* [1]], took that realm under her protection, together with the again penitent Duke of Chatelherault, and promised to assist the duke and the nobility in driving out the foreign invaders.

The Scots on their side, and Elizabeth on hers, bound themselves to agree to no peace till both were satisfied. The Scots—and this was one of the most serious features in the treaty—being the subjects of the French queen, offered hostages for their fidelity to another sovereign. The English undertook to build no fortresses in Scotland unless the lords desired them to do so. The Scots engaged to provide an army at their own expense to assist Elizabeth if the French retaliated by invading England.

The agreement concluded with a declaration that nothing was intended by it in prejudice of the lawful authority of the Scottish queen. The object was the defence of the constitutional and hereditary liberties of Scotland, and that only.

Another step, it might have been thought a final one, had thus been taken. The 25th of March was fixed as the day on which the English army would cross the border; the lords returned to make their preparations to meet it; and Maitland went on to London to communicate in private with Elizabeth and Cecil.

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[1] The words in italics appear in the draft of the agreement, which is found among Cecil's *Papers*, vol. i. p. 253. They are absent from the version of it given by Knox, and also from that in Rymer's *Fœdera*. It is almost certain that the paragraph was struck through, to enable Elizabeth to rest her interference on political grounds only.

The arrangement was satisfactory on all points except the one which was of most grave moment. The congregation confessed that the force which they could bring into the field would be but small. The people generally, if not hostile, were not with them; and the work, if done at all, would have to be done by the English alone—an intimation certain to strengthen the hands of the opponents of the war, who were still urging on Elizabeth the alternative of the marriage with the archduke, and who dreaded the complications in which her connection with the French and Scotch revolutionists threatened to involve her. The conditions of the Austrian alliance were still being canvassed. Elizabeth still from time to time professed a desire to see her suitor. Count Helfesteyn had come from Vienna with formal proposals from Ferdinand, and as yet had received no answer.

The position of this, with the other great questions of the hour, can be seen again with the help of De Quadra:—

DE QUADRA TO PHILIP II.

LONDON, *March 7.*

"The French have offered to recall all their men from Scotland, except 300 or 400, on condition that England withdraws her fleet, and the insurgents submit and disperse. The arms and style question they will refer to a mixed commission of French and English; and if the decision is unfavourable they will abandon them. The queen however says she will not compromise her right by referring it to any one; and Throgmorton tells her to believe nothing that they say. They are only watching their time to take her at a disadvantage, and she, I am confident, is determined to drive them from Scotland.

"The French are working hard to make a party here as well among the Catholics as the heretics; and the weakness of the Scotch insurgents disturbs the queen; but she says she can take care of herself, and she is scraping up money, fitting out ships, and fortifying the coasts in all directions.

"The French king professed surprise to Throgmorton that the queen should be trying to make a religious revolution in France; and their ambassador here said the same to herself. It is reported that there are five or six gentlemen of note who can produce proofs against her. The expectation in London is that the pope will declare her illegitimate, and will lay the kingdom under an interdict. She is afraid that your majesty will then separate yourself from her; and therefore to me she has been affecting a desire to have a general council. She pretends that she is not the friend of the new theology which I suppose her to be, with much more that would impose upon a person who did not know her. But it is all words.

"Should any disaster befall her, I am told that the Catholics would choose for their king the son of the Countess of Lennox;[1] my informant is ——,[2] so that the story has foundation. Both the boy and his parents are good Christians. The queen professes to intend to nominate Hastings;[3] but Hastings himself thinks the Tower his more likely destination. The queen's proceedings provoke so much complaint that I am only surprised she has kept her place so long. It will not be the fault of the French if something does not happen soon.

"The French ambassador says that all this trouble has arisen in Scotland because his master and mistress refuse to consent to the change of religion there. The queen declares that as far as she is concerned religion has nothing to do with it. Not a word has passed between herself and the Scots on the subject.

"The Scotch party are making great efforts here. The obstacle is the natural enmity between the two nations. On the other hand, your majesty's name is held in general veneration. The queen and the heretics about the court are exceptions; but the people generally look to you as the first object of their desire. I think it right that your majesty should know this.

"The French ambassador tells me that if she will not come to terms with them, he believes that the pope will be brought to declare against her; and he wishes to know what your majesty will do in that event. I have evaded the question, saying merely that in just causes the princes of Spain have been never wanting in devotion to the Apostolic See. The queen herself believes you will forsake her if the pope venture such a step. It was but yesterday that she was talking over her situation with me; and coming to this point, she said that however things went on, though she might break, she would never bend.[4] She is straining every nerve; she has eight or ten additional ships ready for sea; and ——[1] thinks that the game is up here for the present; and if it were not for leaving his family he would be glad to go and serve your majesty in Spain.[2] Count Helfesteyn is in good spirits about the prospect of his affair, and is all for the Archduke Charles coming over. Once here, he thinks the archduke will find so many friends that she will be obliged to consent whether she like it or not.[3] Nothing can be worse than to let her go on as she is going. The present difficulties are wholly due to the practices of the heretics. They have ruined religion in Scotland, and they will do yet worse in France, unless they are checked. Two thousand families of Flemish Protestants are established in England, and every renegade Spaniard is received with open arms. There will be small difficulty in remedying all this: the state of feeling here is so generally Catholic, and the queen has so small a force at her command. Lord Montague and his companion are gone to your majesty to invite you to renew the treaties, and to blind your eyes about religion and the archduke. The real meaning is this: if the queen and Cecil can expel the French from the island, and either by marriage or religion make a union of the realms, they think they can do without your majesty. If they fail they would have a resource on which to fall back.

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[1] Lord Darnley, now just fourteen.

[2] The name is in cipher—perhaps Lord Paget

[3] Afterwards Earl of Huntingdon.

[4] "Me dixó que como quiera que fuese ella queria ser victa sed non supplex."

"The Catholics cannot believe that you will make any fresh treaty without stipulating for the restoration of religion; and Lord Montague, in secret, hopes the same. Doctor Cole sent two days ago to tell me in the name of his party that if your majesty deserts them they will apply to the French—they will apply to the Turks if necessary—sooner than not get the better of the heretics. Montague was not allowed to speak with me alone. He said that if it were not to kiss your majesty's hands, and to give you information about England, he would have lost his head before he would have gone on a service for the queen.

"The Catholics are jealously watched. The court are uneasy about Shrewsbury and Northumberland.

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[1] Name again in cipher.

[2] . . . "Me ha dicho que esto esta perdido á su parecer y que si no fuese por no dexar su casa quisiera irse a servir á V. Md. en España."

[3] Sir Thomas Gresham was most anxious for this marriage. "For my part," he wrote to Cecil, on the 27th of January, "I pray God to bless her majesty, and to strengthen her hands to it, for that all nations like and hold with that marriage—both Protestant and Papist as they term them. They say that marriage will both augment her majesty's estate, and keep her majesty and her realm in peace for ever."—*Flanders MSS. Rolls House.*

"A few days ago the queen despatched a noted heretic named Tremayne into Brittany, with a message to the Huguenots. I have just learnt that there is something going on there of extreme importance."[1]

DE QUADRA TO THE COUNT DE FERIA

London, *March 7.*

"I have just been with the queen. She has treated me like a dog.[2] The youth[3] must have been complaining to her of a message which I sent him three days ago. I laughed it off, and asked her why she was so melancholy. She knows I suppose that her case is desperate unless she makes terms with the French; and even if she does, I do not see that there is much hope for her.

"You will see what I have written to the king; I have sent a copy of it to the Duchess of Parma. The Scotch rebels distract the queen. Instead of growing stronger their numbers diminish daily, and the people here neither like to help such a set of wretches, nor can venture to desert them—knowing that they are lost if the French become masters of Scotland. They would make peace if they could tell how to make it with safety or with honour. And all this time the garrison at Leith are taking in the stores which they so much needed, and the neutrals are only waiting to see them fully provisioned to declare for France. Every rebel will then submit, the French king will offer a general pardon, and the queen will have to shift for herself.

"God knows how it will end—we shall soon see. The French ambassador seems to wish it to be understood that the Guises will not let themselves be deterred by fear of any one from insisting on their right, and carrying out their enterprise. He came one night to talk to me. He found the council, he said, more reasonable than they had been of late—probably for the same reason that the queen was so sad. He said he would lose his head if she did not marry the archduke—necessity would compel her to it. The French king, he said, would be well enough satisfied, provided it is understood that if the queen die without children the right goes to the Queen of Scots.

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[1] *MS. Simancas.*—Endorsed in Philip's hand—"Mirad en lo descifrado una palabra que no esta descifrada y monstrad luego á la mañana al Duque de Alva, que conviene le vea luego por lo que ha de hablar al Embajador de Francia si no lo ya ha hecho hoy."

[2] "La qual me ha tratado como á un perro."

[3] Dudley.

"The sum of it all is, that if the king our master neglects to interfere here much longer, England will be as completely French as Scotland is, and we shall then be driven to do what now we will not do. If his majesty will act now, he will not only do God service, gain honour for himself and save everything, but he can have a king here of his own nomination—English or foreign as he pleases. It will cost him no more effort than it costs him now to keep this woman here—far less indeed—for he cannot trust her; and she sits so insecurely on her throne that any day may witness her fall; while he may bind to him by obligations another person whom the English people may like better than they like this one.

"I say nothing of religion, nothing of honour, nothing of the injuries which she has done to us. I leave out of sight the danger which the neighbourhood of these heretics causes in the Low Countries; that is too notorious to require mention. What I mean is that, unless his majesty resolves quickly, there will come a day of convulsion and revolution; and either the kingdom will fall to the French, or we shall have to take up arms in the most ignominious and shameful cause which Christian prince ever sustained. That, and nothing else, it will be to maintain this woman against God, against right, against the wishes of all her subjects, Catholics and Protestants, and against the commonwealth of the whole Christian world.

"Now is our time to do what we ought to do. If we are to throw our shield over such a business as this is—God have mercy on us!—such an opportunity as we have now will never return; we have the good will of all parties—even of the heretics themselves.

"Lord Robert is the worst young fellow I ever encountered. He is heartless, spiritless, treacherous, and false. There is not a man in England who does not cry out upon him as the queen's ruin."[1]

Happily for Elizabeth, England was not the only country in Europe which was troubled with religious differences, and the game of revolutionary intrigue was one which all parties could play, and which she could play unusually well. At the moment when in De Quadra's eyes she was tottering to her fall, the conspiracy of Amboise broke over the heads of the Guises. How far Elizabeth had encouraged it was a question which she would have answered with proud facility. Throgmorton had been the very focus of the plot; and the queen herself had been in close correspondence with Condé and the Colignys. It failed—as is well known—failed in its immediate object of destroying the Duke of Guise; and the scaffold, the rack, and the wheel were the rewards of the Huguenots' forlorn hope. But as the threads of the conspiracy were followed up, it was found to be no mere outbreak, as it was first supposed to be, of a few unsupported fanatics, but the first scud before a storm which was about to deluge France with blood. Whichever side they looked the Catholic leaders saw black gulfs of uncertainty and suspicion opening round them; and brave as he was, Guise was appalled at the sudden peril in which he was standing.

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[1] *MS. Simancas.*

"They know not where to turn," wrote Throgmorton. "He that all trust to-day, to-morrow is least trusted. You can imagine your advantage. Spend your money now, and never in England was money better spent than this will be. Use the time while you have it."[1]

A war with England in the face of internal dangers, it was for the present essential to avoid. Monluc, Bishop of Valence—the same person who nine years before had been in difficulties in the castle of the Irish chieftain—hurried over to London, affecting a readiness to agree to anything which could be demanded. Elizabeth sent orders to Winter to suspend the blockade, and to Norfolk to postpone for three days longer the entrance of the army—to give the French an opportunity of proving their sincerity by commencing the evacuation.

Monluc caught of course at the opportunity to sow distrust again among the Scots. To the Scots he contrived to intimate that the queen was aiming at a separate peace. To her he represented the inaction of the Scots as deliberate treachery; and De Sêvre produced the letter in which the unlucky Chatelherault had made his submission to Francis and Mary.

Chatelherault however, putting a bold face upon his cowardice, denied his handwriting. He offered to prove his innocence on the body of De Sêvre, either in his own person or with the sword of any one of a hundred Hamiltons.[2] He sent Randolph to assure Norfolk, "upon his honour and faith to God, that there was no such thought in his head." If the queen still doubted him, "he would put his eldest son in state of his lands, and yield himself into her grace's hands to live and end his life where it should please her highness to assign." [1]

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[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, March 15: Throgmorton to the Queen, March 21: FORBES, vol. i.

[2] Chatelherault to De Sêvre, March 21: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

Stuart, Arran, and Balnavis, while they admitted the alarm which had been created by the first postponement of the invasion, protested that they were never more resolute than at that moment. Norfolk himself thought it would be dangerous to delay beyond the time when the French promised to commence the evacuation of Leith; and Elizabeth told De Quadra that the Scots were so anxious for the union of the crowns and for her own marriage with the Earl of Arran, that she had ceased to dread a change of purpose in them.

Every post brought some new communication more or less disturbing. While feeling his way towards more decisive action, Philip wrote a hurried letter to Elizabeth, entreating and almost commanding her to take no further step. The Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland were believed to be disloyal. Norfolk doubted Lord Dacre, and requested Cecil to have him removed from his office of warden of the marches; while it was uncertain how far Norfolk could be depended on himself, against the declared wishes of the King of Spain. A letter from the Cardinal of Lorraine to the queen dowager fell into the hands of the Scots—which again raised doubts among them of Elizabeth's firmness.[2] And Elizabeth herself was as uneasy as ever at the prospect of war.

"She has but 8000 men," wrote De Quadra; "she cannot depend on the musters of the northern counties, where they are all Catholics; and the transport of troops from the south and west of England is difficult and expensive.

"Randolph thinks so ill of the Scots themselves that he fears the English enterprise will fail, and regrets that it has been undertaken. The queen suspects Norfolk, and repents of having given him the command of the expedition. Too many of the nobles look to him as their leader, and he is popular with the army.

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[1] Credit committed to Sir Randolph by the Duke of Chatelherault, March 15: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "The King of Spain will help us against the Scots with as many vessels, men, and victuals as we will, and so hath written to the said queen; so that it seemeth she repenteth to have gone so far in the matter. We think that your rebels will be far from their reckoning if they make their account of the said lady's protection, or else there is much dissimulation."

The closing sentences of this letter mention the conspiracy of Amboise—"Within these twelve or fifteen days there has been a conspiracy to kill us both, and take the king, and give him masters and governors to bring him up in those wretched doctrines. Great numbers of persons assembled, not without the favour and comfort of some great ones. Except for the help of God, and intelligence which we have had from all parts of Christendom, and also of some of the conspirators that have disclosed it, the matter should have taken effect."—Translation of an intercepted letter of the Cardinal of Lorraine to the Queen Dowager, March: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

"Cecil says that the differences of religion forbid her marriage with the archduke; and Paget tells me that so obstinate are both she and those about her in their heresy, that to save the realm she will not consent to it.

"The general desire here is to have the son of Lady Margaret Lennox for king. Not only would all sides agree to choose him were the queen to die without children, but the Catholic lords, if an opportunity offers, may declare for him at once; and at all events they will never again endure a female sovereign.

"Things are in a strange state. The Catholics look only to your majesty. Lord Robert says that if he lives a year he will be in another position from that which he now holds. Every day he presumes more and more; and it is now said that he means to divorce his wife.

"Your majesty may rely upon it they will make religion a pretext to keep the world in hot water. The heretic ministers cry from their pulpits that, having now a sovereign on their side, they will leave preaching, and take the sword as a more effective weapon with which to smite Antichrist."[1]

There was heavy risk any way; yet on the whole it seemed less dangerous to advance than to retreat. The council, after the arrival of Philip's letter, reconsidered the whole question, and concluded in an opinion which professed to be unanimous, that they had, as Norfolk said, gone too far to recede, and that they must now go forward at all hazards. "The Queen of Scots, her husband, and the house of Guise, were the mortal enemies of the queen's person;" "so long as her majesty and the Queen of Scots were alive, they would never permit her majesty to live in assured peace;" and unless the French were driven wholly out of Scotland, she "and all those who defended her title would be in continual danger." The excuses, explanations, and promises which the French had offered, the council "disallowed, as false, foolish, and absurd, and not worth the hearing;" while the Guises' present difficulties were England's opportunity. The Scots if they were deserted after the engagement at Berwick would never more trust English promises. A

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[1] De Quadra to the Duchess of Parma, March 15; De Quadra to Philip, March 27: *MS. Simancas*.

French army would soon be reassembled; and when a general invasion was attempted on the northern border—as without question it would be attempted—Elizabeth's advisers were obliged to say plainly " they knew not how it should be repelled." There was no real ground for suspecting the Scots of bad faith; they were ready to give hostages; and England could now obtain the object of its long desire in " the assured and enduring alliance of the whole Scottish people."[1]

Once more for a time indecision was at an end. A paper of measures was sketched by Cecil for the national defences, the first of which—characteristic of his simple piety—was " to see the realm set in order with a clergy that the ire of God light not upon the people."[2] Final orders to march were sent down to Berwick. The queen in a brief proclamation explained the motives which had caused the step which she was about to take. She was still at peace and still intended to remain at peace, both with France and Scotland; she desired her subjects to commit no act of hostility against the French nation by land or sea; her quarrel was with the house of Guise, who in the minority of the king had persuaded their niece to usurp her title, and intended to crush the liberties of Scotland as a prelude to an attack upon herself. She had demanded redress, but she was unable to obtain it; and she was now driven to use force to compel the withdrawal of the French troops from Scottish ground.[3]

Monluc, should he be unable to prevent this decisive step from being taken, was instructed to go down to Scotland, and there, with bribes, entreaties, and threats of Spanish occupation, to work division among the Protestants; to gain time by an affectation of a wish to negotiate, and to direct d'Oysel to hold out till relief could reach him. As soon as he knew that the last orders were gone, Monluc hurried to Elizabeth to assure her that his government would make larger concessions than any which had been yet proposed; if but a handful of troops might remain to save their honour, it would be enough: he said that he was empowered to arrange terms with the regent, and he begged for a passport to go to her.

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[1] The Council to the Queen, March 23: *Cotton. MSS.* CALIG. B. 10. It is noticeable that a passage in the Address, describing the Scots as " professing the same religion " with the English, is struck through with a pen as before. The handwriting is Cecil's.

[2] Memorial of matters to be considered, March 25: *Domestic MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] Royal Proclamation March 24: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

Catching at the thread of hope, Elizabeth sent him forward to the border. She wrote again to Norfolk to settle the matter if possible without bloodshed—"being content, if the bishop spoke truly, to qualify her demand for an absolute evacuation." The army should advance; and if force had to be used there should be no delay about it; but all other means should be tried first; and she added—not meaning it perhaps but only being in an ill-humour—that Winter's fleet had remained long enough in the Forth; and that she was about to recall him.[1]

The queen could scarcely have been unaware that the siege of a fortified seaport town by a land army unsupported by a fleet was the most unpromising of all undertakings.

Meantime the English had entered Scotland. Norfolk and Sadler remained with the reserve at Newcastle; on Thursday the 28th of March, Lord Grey, accompanied by Sir James Crofts, Lord Scrope, Sir Henry Percy, and Maitland, crossed the Tweed with 6000 foot and 2000 horse. Keeping the old sea road which eleven years before he had travelled with Somerset, Grey moved on by easy marches. The country people received him with seeming welcome. "Victuals" were brought into the camp "as good and cheap as at Berwick." There was a slight skirmish on Sunday with a party of French who were at Dunbar, but no one was killed; and the general reported that night "that he had brought the army so far without loss of man, woman, child, horse, bag, or baggage."

On the 4th of April the congregation joined him at Preston Pans. He was more annoyed than surprised to find that they had engaged their men for but twenty days' service; that of these twenty days, dating from the day originally fixed for the English to enter, twelve had already expired; and that in a week the Scottish contingent would be reduced to a few noblemen and their household servants.

His heavy guns which were coming round by sea had not yet arrived, and while waiting for them he proposed to utilise the Scotch force by seizing Edinburgh Castle, where the queen regent had taken refuge with Erskine. She was not expecting to be attacked; he believed the enterprise an easy one; and he sent back to Norfolk for advice. As to Leith, it was a large place, he said, elaborately fortified, with a garrison of 4000 men in it. As he had nothing to depend upon except his own troops, he found that he would require a stronger force, and he must have money also; he had hardly enough for himself, and "all the lords wanted to borrow."[1]

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[1] The Queen to Norfolk, March 29: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

The short supplies of money had been already made matter of remonstrance by Norfolk and Sadler. "What," wrote Sadler, "is £20,000, more or less, in comparison with the enterprise in hand, and the union of the realms? What dishonour if the army return *re infectâ!*" "Send money," Norfolk wrote; "English troops will not fight if they are not fed; if they are not paid their wages they must live by plunder and make enemies of the country people."[2]

Far different had been the humour of the Scots when Grey last stood on the slopes of Preston Pans. There was no haggling then over terms of service when 30,000 men had sprung to arms to drive back the Saxon invader. The Saxon had come now as an invited friend, and they stood by—cold, doubting, and suspicious—ready to accept the service which England might do for them, and that was all.

Norfolk durst not sanction the scheme for taking the castle without the knowledge of Elizabeth. Elizabeth, to the disgust of Norfolk, who believed that Mary of Guise "did more hurt than five hundred French," forbade Grey to think of it.[3] The English commander was painfully contemplating Leith, and comparing it with the force which he had brought with him, when to increase his perplexity the order reached him which Elizabeth had sent with Monluc—either to compose matters without force or bloodshed, or else to finish the work at once, "for the navy could not be suffered to remain." He had come as a soldier to recover the honour which he had lost at Guisnes. It seemed likely that he would fail a second time, and more fatally than the first.

"The matter is confused," he said, "to proceed in this manner with force and treaty, and if the navy go, it had been better the army had never come to Scotland."[4]

His spirits revived slightly the next day. He had sent a herald from Preston Pans with a demand in form for the dismissal of the French garrison. He had received no answer, and he moved forward to Restalrig, a mile from Leith. The French horse came out and a skirmish had begun, when a tardy message came from the castle intimating a desire to treat. Sir

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[1] Grey to Norfolk, April 4: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Sadler to Cecil, March 31: *Sadler Papers*, vol. ii. Norfolk to Cecil, March 31: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

[3] Norfolk to Cecil, April 19: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[4] Grey to Norfolk, April 6: *MS.* Ibid.

James Crofts and Sir George Howard went with a safe-conduct to the regent, and Grey rode forward to stop the fighting; he was received however with a volley of musket balls: there was a cry of treachery; the English cavalry charged led by young Tremayne, who had come back from France for the campaign; and after a brilliant hand-to-hand fight the French were driven into Leith leaving a hundred of their number dead on the field.

Grey perhaps never prayed more heartily for any gift or grace than he prayed now that the blood drawn might end the talk of treaties. But his evil genius would not have it so. Sir George Howard had been a page of the old Duke of Guise and a playfellow in childhood of Mary of Lorraine; Crofts was secretly opposed to the war and half disloyal; the regent, understanding perfectly that her business was to gain time, persuaded them that terms could be arranged; and Elizabeth's last orders seeming imperative, an armistice was agreed upon till Howard could go to London for instructions and return. The English army lay on their arms at Restalrig, and the question which had appeared at last to be coming to a clear issue was resumed into the dreary atmosphere of diplomacy.

The eight days of the Scots' services were wasted in absolute inaction; the English troops lying idle became dissolute and careless; the French court was notoriously straining every nerve to equip a second expedition; while alarming reports were circulated among the Scots, that Philip's menaces had proved too strong for Elizabeth's courage. No sooner was Howard gone than Maitland—by far the most clear-sighted man in Scotland—thought it necessary to warn Cecil of the danger of an uncertain policy.

"The mark I do always shoot at," Maitland wrote, "is the union of these two kingdoms in perpetual friendship. There is no good in mine appearance to be wrought in this cause that doth not tend to that end. If we for fear of being destituted of your aid be enforced to any other appointment than this, in my opinion we be undone. Her majesty hath proceeded too far if now anything make her highness leave off. The treating doth stay a number of noblemen who were determined to join with us. I dare not write nor speak all I think in this case; but if the army should fail in the purpose they came for, or you should drive us to a doubtful appointment, I would wish her majesty had not so far proceeded in it."[1]

In the same spirit and with equal vexation Norfolk wrote that "for every pound her majesty saved by her present proceedings she would by and by have to spend ten." The work having been once undertaken must be gone through with, "or the lords of Scotland would be left as a prey to the enemy;" they would make the best peace they could for themselves, and "in such sort as they with the French would needs become both enemies to England."[1]

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[1] Maitland to Cecil, April 9 and April 10: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

On arriving in London Sir George Howard found Elizabeth's humour changed again. The wish for a peaceful settlement had passed away, and she was ready to fight all Europe in the cause which she had undertaken.

Following up his letter Philip II. detained the English ambassadors in Spain, while he despatched to London the Seigneur de Glasion, a Flemish nobleman and one of the Duchess of Parma's council, to communicate his final pleasure. De Glasion was instructed to inform Elizabeth that the King of Spain was astonished and pained at her proceedings; that if her troops had crossed the border she must immediately recall them, and she must abstain for the future from any kind of intervention in Scotland; while he himself would send an army there to restore order and deprive her of all excuse for uneasiness. If she refused she would be left to her fate. If the French declared war against her, she must expect no support from him. He would perhaps feel it rather his duty to give open assistance to the Queen of Scots.[2]

Philip had contrived ingeniously to touch the chord which was certain to rouse Elizabeth to fury. To argument she was ready, often too ready, to listen; menace drove her at once into the course from which it was intended to deter her; while on the other hand, if Philip's language was peremptory, the hand with which it was written was far from firm, and the ambassador who brought if far from acquiescent in its import. The Flemish ministers cared much for England and little for orthodoxy; and jealous of their own liberties, they were scarcely more anxious to see England occupied by Spanish troops than to let it become a prey of French ambition.

"M. de Glasion," writes Cecil in his diary, "came and joined with the Bishop of Aquila to move a revocation of the army out of Scotland, but Glasion privately to my lord admiral and me the secretary counselled us to the contrary."

Glasion's private advice was but an illustration of the uncertainty, distrust, and treachery which was under-running European diplomacy. To the old worldly-wise practitioner Doctor Wotton, Philip's conduct appeared "very strange." The greatness of the house of Burgundy he thought had risen from the steady preference of its princes for the English alliance, and if the King of Spain now intended to surrender England to France, he "showed marvellous want of wisdom and he bore England no goodwill."[1] Philip's object, however, was not to help France, but to outwit both France and England; and France saw through his schemes, and on his own terms had no intention of accepting his assistance. Philip himself was haunted with the dread that when he had struck in and declared himself, the old Liberal party in France would recover their power and join England and the Reformation; while De Glasion warned De Quadra in secret "that the Low Countries would in no wise endure a quarrel with England."

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[1] Norfolk to Cecil, April 10: *MS.* Ibid.

[2] Instructions to the Seigneur de Glasion, March 27: Teulet, vol. ii.

"M. de Glasion is so suspicious of the French," the bishop said, "that any excuse from these people seems to satisfy him, although he knows their bad hearts and corrupt intentions, and understands the dangers to which those provinces are exposed so long as this woman remains queen."[2]

De Sêvre, in a conversation with De Glasion and De Quadra, admitted that the French king and queen had really intended to strike for the English crown, that a plan had been formed to throw 12,000 men on the coast or across the border; and although he pretended that the scheme had been abandoned, Philip's ministers concluded that it was only postponed, that the French would not listen to Spanish mediation, and that the presence of a Spanish force in Scotland would be utterly unwelcome.[3]

Elizabeth knew what the French felt, and gathered confidence from their embarrassment. She told De Glasion in his first interview that she "regarded the Scotch insurgents as the best friends to their country. She was convinced that whatever might be Philip's wishes he would be forced to leave his menaces unexecuted, that he was not the man to venture on those bold strokes of policy which are either ruinous or splendid successes.

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[1] "By likelihood, King Philip would be ready enough to maintain a good cause against us, that is so ready to pick this quarrel with us."—Wotton to Cecil, April, 1560: *MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] De Quadra to the Bishop of Arras, April 13: *MS. Simancas.*

[3] "Ce qui nous fait ainsy juger, veu qu'ilz ne nous monstrent avoir volunté d'eulx ayder de l'assistance et faveur que sa Majesté leur a presenté, ny de nostre offre plusieurs fois à eulx fait, d'estre moyenneurs pour les accorder; demonstrant assez le dict de Sêvre qu'il n'estime guères nostre intervention et qu'elle luy est peu agréable; de sorte que ny l'ung ny l'autre des dictes parties ne feront rien par nostre moyen; dont il fait a douter que les affaires se conduiront de sorte que sa Majesté se pourroit cy après trouver bien empeschée pour les remedier; ou du moings qu'ils s'accorderont sans nous."—M. de Glasion et l'Evesque de Aquila à la Duchesse de Parma, April 27: Teulet, vol. ii. p. 113, etc.

It was still possible however that Alva and De Feria might overbear their master's timidity. The attempt might be made though it seemed unlikely; and it was necessary to resolve what to do. If a Spanish fleet should appear after all in the Forth, were the English to oppose the landing of Philip's troops? Cecil consulted Wotton, and Wotton showed by his reply that he felt the reality of the peril.

"If the Spaniards were once on shore in Scotland," he said, "the neutral Scots, already cold, would forsake England wholly," and the cause of the Reformers would be lost.

If they came at all they would come 5000 or 6000 strong. If the English fleet attacked them it would probably be defeated; the army without the fleet would be lost, "and what would ensue from that was easy to be considered." Supposing the fleet victorious, "it would not be without great bloodshed on both sides, the Spaniard being a brave and superb soldier." "King Philip in anger and despite would declare open war, whereunto he would lack no council in Spain;" and with England already inclined to mutiny, "the danger seemed so great that it was little wisdom to counsel the queen's highness to attempt it if by any other tolerable means it might be avoided."[1]

Yet from private conversations and public discussions the improbability of any such step being taken by Philip became more and more apparent. Cecil threw in the "Calais question," which was certain to divide further the Flemings from the Spaniards. He suggested next that a joint commission of the three nations should be chosen to treat with the Scots. Forty days at least would be required to obtain the necessary powers for the commissioners; and in the meantime the siege of Leith could be continued and probably finished. De Glasion played up into the hands of the English ministers, and De Quadra poured himself out in distraction to Arras.

"Be assured that the one object of these people—I have always warned you of it—is to embroil us with the French.

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[1] Minute endorsed by Cecil to Doctor Wotton, touching the Scots, April, 1560: *MS. Rolls House.*

I pray God that they may not succeed, and that their plot may not cause the destruction of the little that remains of Christendom. The French are growing angry and desperate. It is unlikely that they can come to terms with England; yet I do my best to avoid irritating them. This queen has forty ships at sea well armed. The French fleet is getting ready, and should it unite with the English, Flanders is poorly defended. The farther this business goes the more difficulties multiply." [1]

With the assistance of these glimpses into the inner minds of men, the formal answer of the English government to De Glasion becomes intelligible. Elizabeth's ministers had made up their minds to dare Philip to do his worst—being satisfied that the worst would be nothing very terrible—and the ambassador was invited to receive their final resolution.

Refusing to perceive the hostile tone of Philip's message, the council said they were satisfied that he had been actuated by the kindest intentions, but that he was misinformed on the facts of the case. The French were aiming at England more than at Scotland, and at Elizabeth's crown rather than at the maintenance of the Queen of Scots' authority in her own country. England could not wish that Spanish troops should interfere; the Queen of Scots required no foreign assistance to make her people loyal and obedient; they desired nothing beyond the mere observance of the laws of their country. King Philip's army, if transported thither, could not always remain. When it was withdrawn, the French would come back, and the difficulties would recommence. If England was to be secure, England must expel them; and the King of Spain's desire for the recall of Winter and Lord Grey could not and might not be complied with." [2]

Glasion accepted the reply which he had possibly assisted to frame; and De Quadra—distrusting both England and France and in turn by both distrusted, distrusting his colleague to whom he dared not communicate the views which he had urged on his master—was compelled to content himself with verbal protests. Monluc, who had been detained at Berwick out of respect to the remonstrances of the Scots, was allowed to go forward to the queen regent and do what he could to make peace; but meanwhile orders went down to press the siege.

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[1] De Quadra to the Bishop of Arras, April 13: *MS. Simancas.*
[2] Reply to M. de Glasion: FORBES, vol. i.

De Sêvre had no commission to declare war; the French government durst not venture it. He was instructed only if nothing could be done to protest to the queen against the injustice of her proceedings; and he desired De Quadra and De Glasion to accompany him to her presence and witness the delivery of the message. The ministers of Philip might not countenance France without their master's leave—De Sêvre went alone—and Elizabeth, who was in one of her violent humours, threw off the last affectation of concealment. Once more the weary ground of the Queen of Scots' misdoings was trodden over; then bursting out, she said:—

"You complain of the fleet and army which we have sent to Scotland. What were we to do? Have we forgotten, think you, your treachery at Ambletue, when our brother was king? You challenge our crown; you deny our right to be queen. You snatch the pretext of a rebellion to collect your armies on our border; and you expect us to sit still like children. You complain that we sent our fleet to intercept your reinforcements. It is true we did so; and the fleet has done its work; and what then?

"Those cannon, those arms, those stores, which you sent to Leith were not meant only or chiefly for Scotland; they were meant for us. You tell us we are maintaining your rebels—we hate rebels; but the Scots are none. These men whom you call rebels are the same who fought against England at Pinkie Cleugh. It is you who are in fault—you who stole the rule of their country from them, overthrew their laws, and sought to govern them with foreign garrisons. You have seized their fortresses, you have corrupted their money, you have filled their offices of trust with greedy Frenchmen, to rob and pillage them: and they endured all this till they saw their sovereign the childless queen of a foreign prince—herself an absentee—and their country, should she die, about to become a province of France.

"With these facts before us we are not to be blinded with specious words. We know what was intended for ourselves—some of your own statesmen have given us warning of it. Your queen claims our crown; and you think that we shall be satisfied with words. You say you recalled d'Elbœuf. The winds and the waves recalled him; and our fleet in the Forth frightened him from a second trial. You have given us promises upon promises; yet our style is still filched from us and your garrisons are still in Leith. We have forborne long enough. We mean nothing against your mistress's lawful rights: but events must now take their course."[1]

Brave words, could they have been resolutely acted out; but it was a hard matter to carry on a war without declaring war, and to step out boldly in so dense a diplomatic mist.

Still however Spanish interference was declined, menace or no menace; and Philip was left to seek his remedy where he could find it.[2]

The siege of Leith was immediately to be pressed; and the complete departure of the French was again demanded, with the deposition of Mary of Lorraine from the government, and the transfer of the regency to Chatelherault and a council of the lords. Cecil warned Lord Grey to beware of "French enchantments," and commended him to his work. Elizabeth desired Norfolk to pacify the Scots and assure them that she had never thought of making separate terms for herself.

Unfortunately the contradictions in the queen's language—her deliberate deceptions at one time—her indeliberate changes of purpose at another—had produced so deep a distrust in the Scots that until they saw Leith actually attacked they would not believe her. They were afraid—and perhaps justly—that if she could wrest from Mary Stuart a recognition of her own rights, she would not insist on the points which to them were of vital moment; and the permission to Monluc to go to Edinburgh neutralised the effect of the seeming firmness of her resolution. Maitland wrote to Cecil that the "very talk" of a treaty paralysed the energy of the people. He "feared more deceit by treaty than the worst that could otherwise fall out;" and, so long as peace continued to be spoken of, the Scotch nobles would continue to believe that the queen intended to betray them.[1] Even in the English army itself, there were men who considered they could best please Elizabeth by inaction—who were jealous of the Scots, or opposed to the policy of supporting them. Sir James Crofts, who was afterwards found "to have gone as near the edge of treason as a man might do without falling into it," wrote that the congregation were careless of England; that they would play Elizabeth false unless she would promise to marry the Earl of Arran; and that if she was prudent she would shift for herself.[2] The Duke of Norfolk forwarded Crofts' letter to London, with a copy of his own answer;[3] and entreated Cecil to procure a direct "forbidding of the treaty," and an immediate order to assault Leith. It was not so hard to win: "Winter's sailors had said that if they might have the spoil, they would enter it or die there for."[4]

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[1] "Responsum ad Protestationem quam Orator Regis Galliarum, nomine sui Principis Serenissimæ Angliæ Reginæ obtulit, April 15, 1560."—Teulet, vol. ii. p. 21, etc. The reply is very long, and I have condensed it much in the translation.

[2] To the delight of the English Protestants, who could not praise Cecil's firmness sufficiently. The most influential advocates of a Spanish policy were Lord Paget and Sir John Mason. "The object of this letter," wrote Lord John Grey to Cecil, "is to make you understand the good opinions which godly Protestants have conceived of you in your stout and wise standing for the maintenance of God's cause, the defence of your country, and the surety of your sovereign. God confound all Pagetyan devices with Mason and all his fellows. Such arch-practicians against God and their country were never bred in any country; and be you well assured, cousin Cecil, that neither the queen's majesty, you, nor never an honest-minded man in England shall have his head on his shoulders if these practices may take place."—Lord John Grey to Cecil, April, 1560: *Domestic MSS. Rolls House.*

It was time for something to be done. The inactivity among the leaders had already produced dangerous carelessness among the English troops. The French force was divided. A hundred and sixty men with seventy women and boys were in Inchkeith, cut off by Winter's fleet from the mainland. They had nothing to eat but the fish which they could catch from the rocks, and the oysters and periwinkles which they gathered at low water; and as famine would soon compel them to surrender, the admiral would not squander valuable life in assaulting them. Another detached company in Blackness capitulated on Easter Sunday the 14th of April. A few hundreds were isolated in Dunbar. The main body, French and French Scots, amounting together to 4000 men, with d'Oysel himself, Labross, and de Martigues, were shut up within the lines of Leith. Though blockaded effectually by sea, they had gathered provisions which were calculated variously as likely to last till June, July, or August, and by July at latest Monluc had promised them relief.

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[1] Maitland to Cecil, April 17: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Crofts to Norfolk, April 26: Ibid.

[3] "As you, Mr. Crofts, have written unto me your mind concerning your treaty, so will I requite you with the like, being of a quite contrary opinion unto you; for whereas by your letter it doth appear that you think the treaty most convenable to us, for my part I think it most to be eschewed; for we may hope for no long amity if either the Scots suffer the queen dowager to be Regent, or else to have any number of French in any one fort there. I cannot induce myself to think but that the French, if they have once footing in Scotland, will soon have out of France as many as they list, when we neither shall nor dare help. The matter with delaying cannot amend. We shall never have the French at such advantage again.

"Therefore, good Mr. Crofts, hasten your business, which shall be far more honourable and surer for the queen's majesty and both the realms, and banish yourselves out of that cursed deanery of Restalrig, which keeps you so long from coming into the camp. Let not Martigues brag and say the queen's army is come to besiege Restalrig."—Norfolk to Crofts, April, 1560: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] Norfolk to Cecil, *MS.* Ibid.

The fortifications were a mile in extent, and were drawn according to the best engineering science of the day. There was an ample supply of heavy guns, collected gradually with a view to the campaign in England, and there were other military stores in abundance, intended for the army which d'Elbœuf had failed to bring over. The French part of the garrison were choice troops who had been seasoned in the Italian wars.

The English army lay in what Norfolk called "the accursed deanery of Restalrig," under Arthur's Seat, and with Leith at a mile's distance immediately below them. The siege guns were mounted as they arrived; and shots at long range were exchanged from day to day. But in general, a spirit of languor had taken possession of the scene. The English soldiers believed that they had been sent to Scotland rather as a menace than for work. There was little discipline among them; they lounged about unarmed in the streets of Edinburgh; they passed their time over dice and cards, "calling upon God with nothing but swearing."[1] The very neighbourhood of an enemy seemed to have been forgotten—so entirely were the commonest precautions neglected. A rough lesson brought them to a recollection of their position. On the 14th of April a party of French disguised as women entered the English works, and walked over them and round them; they killed a sentinel who had perhaps discovered them, and carried off his head as an ornament to a pinnacle of Leith church. The next day the garrison poured out in a swarm, cut up the pioneers in the trenches, spiked the cannon, and took Sir Maurice Berkeley—who was the first to come to the rescue—prisoner. Arthur Grey, Captain Vaughan, and others, each as they could collect their companies, rushed to the front in time to save the guns; but the French would not retreat till half the English army was brought into the field. "It was one of the hottest skirmishes ever seen." Arthur Grey, who in his haste had not taken time to put on his corselet, was shot through the shoulder; Sir Bryan Fitzwilliam was badly wounded; and the English themselves admitted a loss of 160 men.

"I hope," wrote Norfolk, in his report of the affair, "that this will be a lesson to them that have the charge there to keep their men out of Edinburgh."

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[1] Norfolk to Cecil, May 15: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

Close on this surprise followed letters from Elizabeth, ordering the more active prosecution of the siege; the discovery of Monluc's double-dealing had brought the talk of negotiation at last to an end. Monluc had told Elizabeth that it was England which he desired to satisfy. In Scotland, his only effort had been to work on the distrust of the Scots. The queen regent in concert with him offered the lords all that they could desire; she promised to send away the French; she would guarantee them liberty of conscience; she herself would soon cease to be an obstacle—confinement and anxiety had done their work upon her—she was sickening of the dropsy, and her days in this world she well knew were numbered; the regency therefore would present no difficulty; but she insisted that they should abandon the English alliance; the Queen of Scots could not suffer her subjects to be in league with a foreign power.

It was to the credit of the Scots that they refused these overtures. Chatelherault, Maitland, and Lord James Stuart, at the close of a long conference, consented only to refer the alliance to the Parliament. The bishop's temptation failed. He withdrew to Berwick; and the knot was then so hard drawn that it could be cut only by the sword.[1]

At last therefore Lord Grey was free to exert himself. The treaty which had lain upon his energies like lead was at an end.

On Tuesday the 16th of April 3000 additional troops under Sir Ralph Sadler arrived from Berwick; a second siege train was landed from the ships; the lines were pushed forward "on the east side of the town;" and notwithstanding incessant sallies of the French, a battery was placed within six hundred yards of the wall.

St. Anthony's steeple on which guns had been mounted was brought rapidly to the ground. Unable from want of numbers to enclose the whole French lines, Grey threw up works at intervals along the south and south-west. The main body of the army moved from Restalrig to the southern angle—virtually completing the blockade. Boats could still creep into the harbour on dark or stormy nights; but the supplies which could be thrown in thus were inconsiderable. When the stores within the walls were exhausted, d'Oysel if unrelieved must surrender.

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[1] "The bishop is gone. The parley broke up on the Article of the League with England, for that they would not revoke their hostages. They would have put the matter to the Parliament. They are gone so far they cannot go out of it; whereof I will make my profit and will not fail to publish it. I am still lame, and have a leg that assuageth not from swelling. If any lay his finger upon it, it goeth in as into butter; you know there are but three days for the dropsy in this country."—Intercepted letter from the Queen Dowager to d'Oysel, April, 1560: *MS. Rolls House.*

Skirmishes went on daily, in which the English were generally successful, penetrating occasionally into the French defences. Grey's spirits rose with success. He complained that with the exception of half a dozen Protestant noblemen, he could find no Scot to serve with him even for wages; but the fall of the town he considered certain and not distant.

Elizabeth after Monluc's departure changed her mind about Edinburgh Castle, and sent word that if Grey still wished it, he might attempt its capture; but the opportunity was passed. The siege of Leith having now been begun in form, must be finished before anything else was undertaken.[1]

Day and night the English batteries flashed and roared. On the evening of the 30th the town was observed to be on fire. Fanned by a fresh breeze, the blaze rose into the sky, lighting up the masts and spars of Winter's fleet, and throwing its red glare on the walls and chimneys of Edinburgh. The English skirmishers, to assist the confusion, attacked the enemy's lines; and amidst the shouts of action and the roar of the artillery, Grey sat in his tent writing an exulting despatch to Norfolk. A third part of Leith was in ashes ere he closed his letter. The flames shot up again as he was writing the last words, and an eager postscript added—"Yet it burns—yet—yet."[2]

The French however rose above their difficulties with a spirit which was beyond praise. When day broke the next morning, as if to mock the hopes of the besiegers, there were Maypoles standing on the walls, and May garlands festooned above the trenches. The English guns tore open breaches; but the defences rose again as if by magic. Elizabeth, impatient of the expense, believed that the soldiers were intentionally dilatory, and wrote in anger and impatience; yet the longer Grey looked at the French works, the less he liked the prospect of assaulting them. He preferred to trust "to spade and mattock:" "his powers were far too weak;" should he attempt to storm and fail, he "saw not that he should be able to make a second trial," and might be forced to raise the siege with dishonour.

But the blockade though sure was slow and costly. Even Norfolk was inclined to think that there was a want either of energy or of skill. "My Lord Grey's service," he wrote to Cecil,

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[1] Grey to Norfolk, April 30: *MS. Rolls House.*

[2] Grey to Norfolk: Ibid.

"doth consist but upon courage without conduct; every man that can lead a band of horsemen is not fit for so great an enterprise."[1] It was remembered that Grey had lost Guisnes; and to himself the duke wrote even more painfully, almost accusing him of timidity—and taunting him with being delayed so long before a sandbank. Grey himself was perhaps in fault, yet not as Norfolk supposed; and there were other and far worse offenders. Systematic fraud was carried on in the army, particularly in Sir James Crofts' division. The numbers were not what they were pretended to be: the soldiers had deserted by hundreds; to conceal their carelessness, a false return was sent in by the captains—and wages continued to be drawn for more than three thousand men who had left the camp.[2]

A competent commander should have detected so large a deficiency; but there were so many crooked influences at work, so many cross purposes, such shifting orders, such vacillation of policy, that a plain blunt soldier like Grey might well have been perplexed into worse mistakes.

Driven forward however by Elizabeth's reproaches, and stung by Norfolk's taunts, the general found himself compelled against his judgment to run the risk of an assault. The weather had been foul, the nights wet, cold, and stormy. The English troops, which were young and unused to exposure, had suffered heavily from the extended trench duty to which their numbers were unequal. Even for the blockade they would now require reinforcements, while a *coup de main* might perhaps succeed and end the siege. On the 6th of May the batteries seemed to have broken an available opening in the works. A general storm by land and sea was resolved on in a council of war for the following morning. In the evening, after all had been settled, Sir Ralph Sadler, William Kirkaldy, and Crofts, went forward to examine the ground. It was dusk, but as well as they could see the breaches were extremely dangerous if not wholly impracticable. They agreed that the attack must be deferred; and Sadler and Kirkaldy went to their tents, leaving Crofts going as they supposed to Grey to report their opinion.

For some reason which was never known, the original order was maintained. A thousand Scots had been brought in the day before by the Earl of Argyle, whom it was perhaps thought well to make use of before they scattered again; and in the morning twilight, between two and three, the whole English line advanced.

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[1] Norfolk to Cecil: *MS. Rolls House.*

[2] "Your majesty is charged at this time for 8813 footmen, and there are not 5000 serving in the camp; so that your majesty is monstrously robbed."—Report of Sir Peter Carew, May 28: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

On reaching the point where the breaches ought to have been, they found themselves encountered by a deep, broad trench, beyond which stood a stone wall scarcely injured, with the approaches swept by flanking towers.

Careless of the works which they saw before them, the men leaped into the ditches and attempted to scale, but the ladders were six feet too short. Scrambling helplessly on the upright masonry, they soon found that they were trying an impossibility, and as they fell at the foot of the wall, they were overwhelmed with shot, stone, and blazing pitch. "The Frenchmen's harlots"—Scotch women of the town—swarmed on the battlements, loading the guns, rolling tar-barrels, or carrying scalding waters. So ill had the arrangements been made, that though Sir James Crofts was responsible for the assault, he did not himself come to time, and his division was not present. For two hours the storming party struggled desperately, at the mercy of enemies whom they could not reach. Some few even found their way into the town, and persuaded themselves that if Crofts had done his duty they might after all have succeeded; but more probably it was a mismanaged and entirely hopeless business from the first.

The dying Mary of Lorraine had been carried from her bed to the walls of the castle to watch the fight. As the sun rose out of the Forth, she saw the English columns surge like the sea waves against the granite ramparts, and like the sea waves fall shattered into spray.

After half the officers engaged had fallen, and eight hundred men lay dead and wounded in the trenches, the bugles sounded a recall and the unavailing carnage was ended.

All was now panic. The Scots in Edinburgh made haste to wash their hands of allies of whose success they now despaired; they refused even to give houseroom to the wounded, and left them to die in the streets.[1] "The soldiers were so feared," that at once to check desertion ten days' pay was advanced throughout the camp. At first the number lost was thought to be terrible, for the delinquent captains caught the opportunity to cover their frauds, and reported men as dead who had not existed save on the muster-roll. A few days shrunk the estimate below a thousand; yet so far from feeling equal to a second attempt, Grey doubted whether he could continue in the field, and it was even proposed to send the siege guns for safety on board the fleet.

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[1] Sir George Howard to Norfolk, May 7: *MS. Rolls House.*

Norfolk, when the news reached Newcastle, on his own responsibility sent off two thousand men—the whole of his reserve—and wrote to the court, pressing for instant reinforcements, "or the matter would quail." One only comforting symptom was reported: the French were running short of food, and if the blockade could be sustained, success at last might still be hoped for. Grey therefore clung tenaciously to his ground, dreading only that he might be driven from it before assistance could reach him, or that the army might rebel and insist on a retreat.

"If the French knew how weak we are," wrote Sadler, "it might be dangerous to us. Many fall sick, many daily and nightly steal away, or run from us. Those which remain are so wearied with watch and ward, that they and their captains murmur and grudge at it; and it is rather to be feared that they will mutiny and leave us in the field, than to be hoped that any good service is to be looked for at their hands."[1] The cowardly inhumanity of the Edinburgh citizens was supposed to foretell the general apostasy of the congregation; and the regent again offered them every concession which they could ask, if they would relinquish the English alliance. Maitland happily, supported by Lord James Stuart and Ruthven, had influence enough for the present to keep his party true to their promises;[2] and a day or two later the 2000 men sent from Newcastle arrived, to allay the panic and restore order and confidence.

But how would Elizabeth endure to hear that her army had been defeated, that the assault which she had insisted on in her impatience of the expense had failed, that she must now either increase her force and submit to an indefinite protraction of the enterprise, or recede with dishonour upon the support of her Spanish brother-in-law?

Amidst the cross purposes and intentional falsehoods, with the difficulty of distinguishing between the queen's own views and those expressed in letters which were written in her name under Cecil's influence, her personal opinions are throughout hard to discover. She was still so young, her temperament was so singular, a compound of self-confidence and irresolution, the position itself was so difficult, and the opinions of her most experienced advisers were so widely divided, that she must have yielded from the first with some reluctance to Cecil's guidance. Nay, there is reason to think that even before the defeat her mind misgave her, and that her purpose had required to be sustained by a restatement of the grounds on which the Scotch expedition had been attempted.[1]

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[1] Sadler to Norfolk, May 11: *MS. Rolls House.*

[2] Maitland to Cecil, May 14: *MS.* Ibid.

When the bad news came, her majesty "renewed the opinions of Cassandra."[2] "God," wrote Cecil to Throgmorton, "trieth us with many difficulties. The queen's majesty never liketh this matter of Scotland; you know what hangeth thereupon—weak-hearted men and flatterers follow that way."[3] "She mindeth," Cecil continued in his ordinary hand, "she mindeth so earnestly as nothing shall be spared: order is given to send both men, money, and artillery, with all possible speed!" But he added in cipher, "I have had such a torment herein with the queen's majesty as an ague hath not in five fits so much abated me."[4] A week later her humour was not improved. On the 22nd of May Cecil again wrote that "she was so evil disposed to the matter, that it troubled them all."[5]

Fortunately the council, whatever their general policy, were unanimous in determining that it was now impossible to recede, and that every effort must be made to repair the disaster. Norfolk, the most unwilling to consent to the expedition, was the loudest to insist on supporting it. The old Marquis of Winchester, who was more than half a Catholic, concluded that "worldly things would sometimes fall out contrary, but if quietly taken could be quietly amended;" it was idle to lament for what could not be recalled, and "misfortunes should increase the queen's courage to apply the revenge."[6]

Lord Clinton reminded Cecil that "the French were a nation of soldiers," who of course "would stand to their defence for a first assault." Their expulsion out of Leith could not be effected without loss of men; and if the queen was irritated, she must be told the truth. "If the French have the upper hand in Scotland," he said; "if that come to pass which God defend, then all the wars and plagues that ever were to this realm in our days and our fathers', will be found but a fleabiting in comparison of the dangers and griefs that will be felt in all good Englishmen's hearts."[1]

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[1] There is a paper in the Rolls House, endorsed in Cecil's hand, "A Memorial for the Queen's Majesty," and dated the 5th of May, in which the arguments for the war were drawn out with great power and clearness: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xiii. There was nothing in these however which had not been said many times before, and it is difficult to guess why such a memorial should have been required.

[2] Killigrew to Throgmorton, May 13: FORBES, vol. i.

[3] Lord Robert Dudley especially, who dreaded Arran's rivalry.

[4] Cecil to Throgmorton, May 13, 1560: FORBES, vol. i.

[5] Cecil to Throgmorton, May 22: Ibid.

[6] The Marquis of Winchester to Cecil, May 12: *Domestic MSS. Rolls House.*

Clinton went down to Portsmouth to hurry the reserve fleet to sea. Orders were sent round the shore to call out the musters, trim the beacons, and draft contingents for the northern army. Ten thousand men in a few weeks would assemble at Newcastle, and Norfolk undertook to lead them in person to Edinburgh. To prevent disturbance at home the ex-bishops were ordered into stricter confinement; the notorious Catholic families were placed under stricter surveillance; Sir James Crofts was deprived of his command and sent to London to answer for himself; and courage was restored in the camp.

Better news too came from Spain. On the first reception of Elizabeth's answer, Philip had talked loudly of the necessity of sending a Spanish force into Scotland; the French asked for them, he said, and he had no excuse for refusing. A singular story too, whether true or false, reached the ears of the English ambassadors: the emperor's minister at Madrid gave them warning that another conspiracy was on foot to murder Elizabeth and Lord Robert Dudley; while to end all quarrels, Don Carlos was to marry a sister of the French king, and the British Isles were to be partitioned between France and Spain.[2]

But the acute and suspicious Philip could scarcely have conceived as yet so wild an enterprise; and the French, although they desired the promise of Spanish assistance as something which might frighten Elizabeth, yet dreaded the reality as much as the English themselves.[3] So far as Philip had a distinct intention—it was to revolutionise England; and in proposing to land an army in Scotland, he spoke truly when he said they would act as much against the French as for them. The Duke of Alva angrily told the English ambassadors that as the queen had made her bed, so she must lie on it; she had been warned

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[1] Clinton to Cecil, May 12: *MS. Rolls House.*

[2] Montague and Chamberlain to the Queen, April 29; decipher: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] "Franceses han trabajado y trabajan por cuantas vias pueden sirviendose de la fama de Nra asistencia y teniendo muy poca gana de usar della."—De Quadra to the Count de Feria, May 23.

Even Spanish mediation was not really welcome.

"Nous presupposons bien que vostre Majesté aurra aussi advertie que les Françoises en nulle sorte du monde ont intention de traicter et eulz appointer effectuellement avec ladicte Royne par le moyen et intercession de vostre Majesté."—De Quadra and De Glasion to Philip II., June 7: *MS. Simancas.*

"against innovations, either in religion or otherwise, to the misliking of the world;" but she would listen to no advice, and must take the consequence of her folly. But when Chamberlain pressed for his secret opinion, the duke briefly quoted the Spanish proverb—"If thy enemy be in water to the girdle, lend thy hand to help him out; if he be in to the shoulders, hold on him and keep him down;"—meaning, as the ambassador understood him, "If the queen be strong enough to drive the French out of Scotland, let her do it without asking further counsel or aid."[1]

Such uncertainty as might remain on the proceedings of the Spaniards was soon at an end. In the beginning of June news came that the Spanish fleet in the Mediterranean had been destroyed by the Turks; and Philip, whose object was to restore his[2] ruined finances, recalled his army in the Netherlands to Spain, and relinquished for the moment the thought of interference in the British Isles.

"Let her majesty proceed," wrote Sir Thomas Gresham, "and her highness will bring her subjects and the realm in like estimation as heretofore hath been. A God's name, put to with all the powers ye may, recover the name and credit that England hath had in times past, and that was that England had the best men of war by land and sea that was in all Christendom, for the which all princes feared England. King Philip sends the queen word that he will help the French king to subdue the Scots. They urge another way here and say that King Philip shall be fain to seek to her majesty for succour, saying that God is such a God; and they say openly that God hath blessed her majesty for her religion's sake, and plagues all other princes for their papistry and idolatry."[3]

Everywhere notwithstanding the defeat events were working in favour of England. The Guises went about in daily fear of murder. The Cardinal of Lorraine travelled in a coach mounted with falconets. Thirty thousand Huguenots were expected to rise in open rebellion, "to put down the house of Guise or lose their lives." Sir Nicholas Throgmorton had dug his mine below the schemes of the Queen of Scots and her kinsmen, and instead of leading a victorious army to London they were soon to have a struggle for existence at their own doors.

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[1] Montague and Chamberlain to the Queen, May 19: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "Where her majesty oweth one million of ducats, King Philip and the French king oweth each of them twenty millions."—Gresham to Sir T. Parry, June 16: *Flanders MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Gresham to Cecil: *MS.* Ibid.

No aid from France could reach the doomed garrison at Leith for all their gallantry; and as the English lines once more closed up, M. de Randan came over to London to be joined in commission with the regent, Monluc, d'Oysel, and Labross, to make the best terms they could. De Randan's instructions were vague; his powers were not openly avowed; he was still if possible to cause divisions between the English and the Scots; he was forbidden at all hazards to recognise their alliance as legitimate; engineers came in his train disguised as his servants, to survey the works of Berwick, and to assist at Leith. Yet in case of extremity he was empowered to surrender the town and agree to a peace, reserving only the allegiance of the Scots to the daughter of James V.

On the 17th of May the regent wrote to d'Oysel to inquire how long he could hold out. The letter was written in cipher on the pocket-handkerchief of an adventurer who attempted to steal with it through the English lines.[1] Failing to communicate with him thus, Mary of Guise professed to desire medicine from a physician who was in Leith. She sent her application to Grey, and requested him to forward it. Grey held the letter to the fire. The invisible ink turned black, and the real contents appeared. He threw it into the fire, bidding the messenger "tell his mistress that he would keep her counsel, but that such wares would not sell till a new market."

The neutrals, seeing the English determined, began to perceive what the end would be, and to declare themselves more decisively. The French troops were reduced to sixteen ounces of bread for each man daily, with a slice of salt salmon. The conclusion in spite of their victory could not be far off, and De Randan found that he would be compelled to negotiate in earnest. The raising of troops in England was not intermitted for a day. The terms which could be exacted depended on the strength of the new army of reserve.

As the war had been Cecil's, Cecil was appointed commissioner to end it. Cecil, Sadler, Wotton, Sir Henry Percy, and Sir Peter Carew were chosen to meet De Randan and the Bishop of Valence at Newcastle; if the French ministers required the assistance of the regent and d'Oysel, they were to go on in a body to Edinburgh.

Reluctant to leave London, yet unable to refuse, Cecil accepted his nomination with painful misgiving. Had he felt sure of Elizabeth, he would have gone with confidence, knowing that no one could do better than he what the queen's service required. As it was, "the journey," he said, "appeared to him very strange." "He feared the success, because the queen's majesty was so evil disposed." "His friends in the council thought it convenient that he should go;" his friends abroad "thought that he was betrayed to be sent from the queen's side." He was obliged to warn Throgmorton "to write circumspectly, for how he should be judged of in his absence he knew not;"[1] while Sir Henry Killigrew wrote that "the worst interpretation was placed on Cecil's departure;" Pembroke, Clinton, and Norfolk were true to him, but "other friends he had none;" "I know," Killigrew added significantly, "I know that none can love their country better than Mr. Cecil: I would the queen's majesty could love it so well."[2]

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[1] Intercepted Letter of the Queen Regent: *MS. Scotland, Elizabeth.*

The management of the treaty and the responsibility of the treaty alike were left to him. The defeat still weighed upon the court and the courtiers. In one of many ways, the object for which he was contending was expected to be snatched from him, and his disgrace would follow on his failure.

The conditions which he intended to demand were limited to the points which Elizabeth's safety required. The English and French troops alike should withdraw from Scotland: a handful of French might remain, but no more. He meant to ask for the restoration of Calais, on the plea that the Treaty of Cambray had been broken; but he did not mean to insist upon it. He would require the Queen of Scots to relinquish the arms of England, and to signify formally that she abandoned her pretensions to Elizabeth's throne; yet even here he was so anxious to secure the essentials of peace that he would content himself with something general and vague. The government of Scotland might be settled between the French and the Scots; with that he did not propose to interfere; but he should require the King and Queen of France, as an absolute condition of the treaty, to promise liberty of conscience to their subjects.[3]

[1] Cecil to Throgmorton, May 22 and May 27: FORBES, vol. i.

[2] Killigrew to Throgmorton, May 28: Ibid.

[3] In the first draft of "the articles to be demanded," "The English," it was said, "shall intercede with the French to grant liberty of conscience in Scotland, and suspend the action of the laws." Cecil altered this in his own hand into—

"The English commissioners shall press for liberty of conscience; and if it is refused, they shall break off the treaty."—Instructions to Sir William Cecil: *Scotch MSS. Elizabeth, Rolls House.* Though the articles are in the form of instructions, they appear to have been determined by Cecil himself from the changes which he felt himself authorised to introduce into them.

Liberty of conscience would follow necessarily on the departure of the French army.

To secure these objects, Cecil, sick at heart for what might happen in his absence, set out on the 30th of May for the north. One more article he was prepared to require, which would be the hardest of all to extort. He would agree to no treaty in which the alliance between England and the lords of the congregation should not in some form or other be recognised; while De Randan privately assured De Quadra that "sooner than admit the right of their subjects to make a league with a foreign prince, his master and mistress would lose Scotland altogether."[1] The French would make any concession however extravagant to the Scots themselves, if they could separate them from the English, and save their queen from the ignominy of admitting Elizabeth to a share in her subjects' allegiance.

No sooner was Cecil gone than the influences which he most dreaded were brought to bear upon Elizabeth. Incessantly on the watch to assail her in her weaker moments, the smooth-tongued De Quadra was charged with a message to her from the pope. It had been resolved at a meeting of the cardinals to treat her errors with paternal kindness, instead of letters of interdict and excommunication to send the Abbot of St. Saviour's, who had been one of Pole's chaplains, to confer with her; and De Quadra was commissioned to win a promise from her to receive him. How the message was accepted, with much else on the queen's general humour, the ambassador tells for himself.

DE QUADRA TO THE BISHOP OF ARRAS[2]

LONDON, *June* 3.

"The commissioners are gone. The queen expects that the French cannot relieve Leith, and that famine will force the garrison to surrender. The French on their side are as confident as she. They believe that they can make terms with the insurgents, and go on with their other projects. For myself I think the chances are with the French; the garrison I know is in difficulties; but they will have leisure to arrange their quarrel with the Scots, and will offer them separate conditions which they will accept. It is in fear of this that Cecil has been sent. I spoke to the queen two days ago, and she could not conceal her uneasiness from me. She was neither so bitter nor so suspicious as I have lately found her. If she succeed in her wild projects of embroiling us with France, and of making one monarchy out of this island, she will care nothing for us; but in case she fail she desires to keep on terms with our king, who if her Catholic subjects rebel, may be able to pacify them for her.

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[1] De Quadra to Philip, June 7: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] *MS.* Ibid.

"These last she is arresting right and left. I told her she was treating them cruelly and wickedly. She said they were conspiring to make a revolution: she could show me proofs of it; and those who had appeared the most sanctified were the worst.

"It has become too plain that neither menace can terrify her nor kindness win her confidence. I employ a tone with her therefore in which I can point out her mistakes, and show her the mischief which may rise from her chimerical policy, without driving her into a passion. I do not blame her: I lay the fault on her advisers; I have told her that at the beginning of her reign she ought to have strengthened herself with a prudent marriage; she should have looked for alliances abroad, she should have attended to her revenues, and have engaged officers to train her subjects in the art of war.

"She thought I was alluding to that first great offer of ours which she refused. She said she was well aware of the greatness of the king our sovereign; the world had not another such match to offer; but she had no wish to marry—she hated the thought of it; her greatest happiness would be to live and die a virgin. As to the archduke, she had given the Count Helfesteyn an answer with which he ought to have been satisfied; and the person in fault in this matter was the old gentleman,[1] who would not let his son come to England.

"I told her she must be perfectly aware that I could not believe that. I knew too much about the Earl of Arran and her scheme for the union of the realms.

"She pretended to be very angry, and protested that she had no intentions of the kind.

"Speaking of the war, I said she had been wrong in quarrelling with the French; she knew that she might have perfect confidence in his majesty; and his majesty—as M. de Glasion had told her—was ready to send troops of his own to Scotland, to spare her every reason for alarm. The Scots were a miserable bankrupt people, engaged in a scandalous rebellion, and inveterately hostile to England.

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[1] "Aquel viejo"—meaning the emperor.

"We talked long. I silenced her; but she remained unconvinced and unchanged. At last she said the past could not be cured.

"Her object in pressing matters to extremity has been to divide us from France. If she fail, she leaves a door open to recover her seat and her stirrups with the help of his majesty. She is now aware that she cannot light up a continental war again; but she still hopes to expel the French from the island and to unite the realms; and till she is undeceived on this point also, she will never confess the truth. Her conviction is that the Low Countries will not endure to be at war with England, and that his majesty for his own sake will be forced to continue her friend.

"Leaving these matters we talked of the mission of the Abbot of St. Saviour's from the pope. She seemed surprised, and remembering the humour of the Catholics, even alarmed.

"I said his holiness, being a wise prince and a loving father to all his children, could have no object save to give her paternal admonition and advice. I thought perhaps the mission had originated in a suggestion of the king our sovereign, who always hoped that a woman so gifted and so wise would find a way to reunite her subjects with the universal Catholic Church. His majesty I knew had expressed this conviction to the pope, to obviate the designs of the French; and the pope perhaps wished to ascertain her real feelings.

"She was evidently pleased; she was afraid that his majesty had withdrawn his support from her at Rome, and a declaration of the pope against her at this moment she knows would be most unseasonable. For this reason she went on to tell me that she was as good a Catholic as I was. She called God to witness that her belief was the belief of all Catholics in the realm.

"I said that if this was true she had done wrong in dissembling against her conscience on a question of so vast importance. She had committed a crime against her poor subjects, who had been led by her example to desert their religion. Her very honour was touched by it.

"She replied that she had been compelled at the time to act as she did, and that if I knew how she had been driven to it she was sure I should excuse her.

"I said nothing could excuse her; or if circumstances were conceivable which might palliate such conduct, they had not existed in her case. As the realm stood when she succeeded to the crown, she might have kept religion as her sister left it with far less trouble and danger to herself." [1]

"In the end I pretended to believe what she said; and I made much of it, that she might find a difficulty hereafter in extricating herself from her words, which assuredly she will try to do when her present alarms are over.

"I brought her to say that the nuncio which the pope was sending should be welcome, and that it should not be her fault if the Church was not united again.

"If I had pressed for a more distinct promise, I believe she would have given it; but her words are not her thoughts. I am as convinced as ever that her real intentions are what I have before described them; but I am astonished at the effrontery with which, on such grave subjects, she will say whatever is convenient for the moment.

"After all however she is a woman and inconstant; and she may one day be compelled to do what now she pretends to be willing to do.

"I affected to believe her, and even to appear in some degree satisfied with her. Had I shown her that I saw through her, I should have driven her to animosity and obstinacy. We parted better friends than usual. It is idle to threaten; I may not go beyond my commission; and by keeping up appearances with her, however false, and by pretending to be her friend, I am able to tell her things which she does not know, and which her ministers keep concealed from her. Your grace in this will not disapprove my conduct." [2]

Was Elizabeth, as De Quadra supposed, simply a practised diplomatist? was she, a young woman of twenty-seven, already so careless of truth, so skilled in the artifices of state-craft? In the crooked policy of the last twelve months she had been compelled often to equivocate, and sometimes deliberately to lie. Yet the language of Cecil and Killigrew pointed rather to some uncertainty in herself—to some infirmity of purpose in a mind but half made up. A Protestant, in the sense that Cecil was a Protestant, Elizabeth never to the last became. It is more natural to believe that she had many humours, many partially-formed views, by which she allowed herself in turn to be influenced.

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[1] "Consolóse mucho á esto, porque cierto ella temia que su Magd. hubiese alzado la mano de su proteccion en Roma, y sabe que le vendria muy a mala sazon cualquiera declaracion que el Papa hiciese en su negocio . . . y con este placer vinó a decirme que era tan Catolica como yo, y que hacia á Dios testigo de que lo que ella creia no era diferente de lo que todos los Catolicos de su Reyno creian.

"Dijela que como disimulaba en cosa desta calidad contra su conciencia y contra la de los pobres subditos que por su ejemplo dejaban la religion verdadera y contra su honor proprio que padeceria grandemente haciendo mudanzas en cosa en que no se sufria hacerla le menor del mundo.

"Respondióme que era forzada ad tempus, y que yo supiese lo que á esto le habia forzado que sabia que la tendria por escusada.

"Dijele que yo sabia bien que ninguna cosa podria escusarle en tan importante negocio, pero que aunque pudiese escusarse yo sabia que el estado de las cosas de este Reyno era tal que con mucho menos peligro y trabajo pudiera conservar la religion que halló en el tiempo que murió su hermana."

[2] De Quadra to the Bishop of Arras, June 3: *MS. Simancas.*

To return to the northern commission.

Before Cecil reached Newcastle, the engineers had been discovered in De Randan's train.[1] Papal emissaries were reported to be busy in the families of the Scotch nobles. The women as usual were on the side of conservatism, romance, and the Catholic faith; and Randolph wrote that "too many of the lords kept their promises only so far as their wives would have them."[2] The most cheering feature was the increasing famine in the Leith garrison. Sir Henry Percy had been able to tell Norfolk on the 6th of June, that d'Oysel, finding that no help could reach him from France and that a second English army was ready to advance, had admitted that he must be overpowered, and had expressed a wish to treat with Percy rather than "taste the cruelty of Lord Grey."[3] There was as yet no actual starvation "except among the superfluous people;"[4] but famine was in the town with fever in its rear, and it was advancing.

The first conference at Newcastle resulted only in an adjournment to Edinburgh. Before the commissioners were over the border, the French party had lost for ever their presiding spirit.

Shut up in Edinburgh Castle, cut off from her friends and half a prisoner under the cold neutrality of Erskine, the mother of Mary Queen of Scots had sunk from day to day, her body swollen with dropsy, the visible shadow of death fast closing over her; yet to the last going through her daily work with the same cheerful resolution, cool, clear, and dauntless as became a daughter of the house of Guise.

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[1] Cecil to Norfolk, June 4: *MS. Rolls House.*

[2] *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Percy to Norfolk, June 6: *MS. Rolls House.* Possibly, however, this too was "practice." Percy might be suspected of sharing the opinions of his brother, the Earl of Northumberland; and d'Oysel might hope to make a party in the English army.

[4] Cecil to the Council, June 8: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

Her position was forlorn and even tragic; religion had not many consolations for her; her confessor was an abandoned debauchee, whose ministrations must have been a mockery, and it was over-late to learn a new creed. But she came of a race who could bear the goods and ills of fortune with an even pulse, nor was she a person at any time to believe that much depended on nice precision of opinion. In May she had seemed better; at the beginning of June the worst symptoms returned. On the 6th she was reported "very ill and like to die." On the 8th she sent for Chatelherault and Lord James Stuart; her hands and feet were then growing cold; she knew that she was dying, and though scarcely able to speak she said she was sorry for Scotland and sorry for her own share in Scotland's sufferings. "Her mind" seemed "well disposed to God." Lord James, whose earnest Calvinism made him anxious for her fate, asked if he might send for Willock the preacher—Knox's colleague in Edinburgh. She made no objection, and Randolph in a letter to Norfolk said that Willock at the moment when he was writing was at the queen's bedside.[1] She heard him probably with but a languid sense of what he said, for her mind was wandering; she received the last sacraments as a Catholic, and desired the two noblemen not to leave her while she breathed; at midnight, between the 10th and 11th of June, she died.

So ended Mary of Lorraine, once Mary Duchesse de Longueville, the wittiest, brightest, fairest ornament of the court of Francis I., whom Henry VIII. had desired as a bride; now closing thus her nineteen years of widowhood and exile in the land of the stranger.

To her had been committed the hopeless task of fighting the Reformation and holding together the friends of France, at a time when another destiny was marked out for Scotland, and the alliance with France was perishing to revive no more. From Solway Moss to the siege of Leith her retrospect was a strange one—her child's birth and her husband's death; the harrying of Scotland by Henry's armies; the murder of Beton, and the vain carnage of Pinkie Cleugh—through it all she had clung fast to the helm—tempest-tossed, yet with firm front and heart undaunted; and now at length her cause like herself was in its death-throes.

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[1] Knox may be pardoned the triumph with which he describes the scene:—"Quhowsoever it was, Christ Jesus got na small victorie over sich an ennemy. For albeit before sche had avowit that in despyte of all Scotland the preacheris of Jesus Christ sould ather die or be banischeit the realm, yet was sche constraineit to heir ane of the principell ministeris within the realm, and to approve the chief heid of our religion."—Knox, *History*, vol. ii. p. 71.

Her body remained in the castle—to be carried back to France when opportunity allowed; and was treated meanwhile with decorous though Puritan solemnity.[1] With her the worst enemy of England was gone; and the chance, if chance there had been, of prevailing on the Scotch nobles to make a separate peace with France had departed with her. The news gave increased resolution to the English council. A letter followed Cecil on the 15th, telling him that if De Randan and Monluc took advantage of the queen's death and pretended inability to proceed, he might "let them go" and "take order for as vigorous a use of force as might be;" "her majesty being determined to go through with expelling the French without longer delay."

The commissioners on both sides reached Edinburgh on the 16th. There had been no fighting since the failure of the 7th of May; but the blockade had been sustained rigidly by sea and land. On the 18th an intercepted letter from De Randan to d'Oysel informed Cecil that no relief could be sent from France before August at the soonest. De Randan said he intended to agree to withdraw all the French except a few at Dunbar and Inchkeith; but he was instructed to agree to no clause by which the Queen of Scots should abandon her claim on the English crown. He might promise that the King of France would use his influence to induce her to relinquish the arms and style, but his commission went no further.[2]

Cecil was thus in possession of two valuable secrets, and knew for what he was to look and how far he might dare in insist. Meantime there had been a general reform of the army; the strutting in gay dresses had been a vice of the English officers; "some captains carried twenty, some forty soldiers in their hose." Extravagance had led to fraud, and fraud to worse mischiefs. Sir Peter Carew had come from London with summary power from the queen to punish delinquents and to set crooked things straight. With Carew's assistance discipline had been restored, and the troops were reported to be "doing truly and worthily like good men of war."[1] Of Lord Grey, Winter, and Randolph, Cecil could not speak in too high praise: "My Lord Grey," he said, "is a noble, valiant, painful, and careful gentleman; Randolph worth more than I fear our time will well consider, and no poolar nor robber. Of Mr. Winter all men speak so well I need not mention him."[2]

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[1] "I saw the dowager's corpse in a bed, covered with a fair white sheet, the tester of black satin, and the bed hanged to the ground with the same. It is determined she shall have all solemnities fit for such a personage, save such as savour rather of superstition than of Christian piety."—Randolph to Killigrew, June 20: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Decipher of an intercepted letter to M. d'Oysel, June 18: Ibid.

Norfolk with the army of reserve reported himself from Berwick as ready to come forward should the French prove intractable. It was evident that, embarrassed at home and in dread of Philip, the French government did not mean to declare war. De Randan's solitary hope was of working upon the Scots.

The Scots themselves felt their advantage and were inclined to make the most of it.

"Although," wrote Cecil, "the lords of Scotland[3] hate the French and be devoted to England, yet some be for one respect and some for another. Many questions be moved to me whereunto I cannot answer. As for making a peace here, I think we may sooner do it than the Scots would have it."

The Scots desired to have the benefit of both connections; they wished to keep the pensions and lands which many of them held in France; they desired to use the assistance of England to insist on points which the English themselves most desired to see abandoned; they were impatient for the conclusion of the Arran marriage, on which Elizabeth had been ominously reserved. From Maitland, Argyle, and Lord James, Cecil derived his most real help. Maitland, he said, "was disposed to work all the minds of the nobility to allow anything which the Queen of England might determine." Maitland was "most in credit for his wit" of any in Scotland, and "almost alone sustained the whole burden of government." "Next him was Lord James, not unlike neither in person nor qualities to be a king's son." "Argyle was a goodly gentleman universally honoured of all Scotland."[4]

The conference opened on the 17th. An armistice was allowed for a week; and the armies had leisure to exchange courtesies. The French and English officers met at a sort of picnic on Leith sands, " each bringing with him such victuals as he had in store. From Grey's camp came hams, capons, chickens, wine and beer. The French produced a solitary fowl, a piece of baked horse, and six delicately-roasted rats; the last, they said, was the best fresh meat in the town, but of that they had abundance.[1]

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[1] Report of Sir Peter Carew: FORBES, vol. i. Cecil to the Queen, June 19: *MS. Rolls House.* Cecil had an especial aversion to the fine dresses. "Your majesty," he said, "will think me a great enemy to sumptuous apparel, that neither can spare my speech at it in London nor in Edinburgh."

[2] Ibid.

[3] Cecil to the Queen, July 19: *MS. Rolls House.*

[4] Cecil to the Queen: *MS.* Ibid.

The Gospel also became fashionable with the improvement in its chances of success. The Scots had adopted the Genevan " discipline." Many persons confessed their sins before the congregation at sermon time in Cecil's presence, and Lady Stenhouse, the mistress of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and the mother of his children, was ordered to do penance on the following Sunday.[2] Among the first difficulties in the conference were the extravagant pretensions of the preachers, to whom mere toleration seemed now utterly inadequate. Had it not been for Maitland, " whose credit and capacity was worth any six others," " their folly would have hazarded all." [3] In general however the French conceded everything which the congregation demanded. It was agreed that " they might remain in their religion, as a thing the French dared not meddle withal." Of the whole French army fifty soldiers only would remain at Inchkeith and fifty at Dunbar; the number was not to be increased; they were to be " answerable to the justice of Scotland; " and should be withdrawn wholly if the Scotch Parliament on its next meeting should so desire. All seemed going well. In his anxiety for peace and his uncertainty how far he would be supported at home, Cecil had been even inclined to pass lightly over the more difficult points of the treaty with the Scots, and the title to the English crown. Calais had not been so much as mentioned; and peace was on the point of conclusion when a difficulty arose from an unexpected quarter.

Elizabeth, finding her Cassandra prophecies unfulfilled, had passed to an extremity of confidence. Encouraged by " the rugged state of the French and their little power to annoy her," [4] she desired to obtain some more substantial advantage from her outlay than Cecil had been prepared to demand. She had relinquished in her heart—if she had ever seriously entertained—the thought of marrying Arran and uniting England and Scotland; and she had therefore to look to indemnify herself in another quarter. Cecil had expressed his belief "that if she had money to carry on the war for a year, she might so abase France as her posterity to the third generation might live quietly."[1] She had suddenly discovered that she was both ready and willing. She sent orders to Cecil to exact a literal and formal admission of her right to make a treaty with the Scots; she required the Queen of Scots not only to engage to abandon her claim on the English crown, but to signify to all the world by a formal act and proclamation, that she withdrew her pretensions; and further, she insisted that the Treaty of Cambray was void, and that her right to Calais and to the old debt of the half-million crowns should be referred to the arbitration of the King of Spain.[2]

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[1] Randolph to Killigrew, June 22: *MS. Rolls House.*
[2] Ibid.
[3] Cecil to Norfolk, June 25: *Hatfield MSS.*
[4] Sir T. Parry to Cecil, June 22: *MS. Rolls House.*

The "new matter" put all in a hazard. A day or two later the queen in a second letter demanded further that a clause should be added to the treaty, which the Scotch nobles should sign, binding themselves as parties—for whom their sovereign's signature did not wholly suffice—to see its conditions fulfilled. If the French refused to consent, the conference was to cease, and Norfolk should advance from Berwick and "set on in God's name."[3]

A survey of Leith had convinced Cecil that unless the French troops mutinied the capture of it would still be expensive and bloody. The garrison was not yet at its last extremity; the salmon were coming in from the sea, and were caught in numbers with boats and nets in the mouth of the harbour. Arrows were shot over the walls with notes attached to them telling the French troops that they were to be sacrificed, in the hope that with "this practice" "the town might be rendered." Yet even a bare surrender Cecil hardly desired, feeling that if Leith fell without conditions, the pride of France would be touched too deeply and peace would be made impossible.[4]

The French commissioners had evidently reached the extent of the concessions which they were prepared to make. They would grant everything which the Scots asked for; they would yield nothing to the English. When Cecil in obedience to Elizabeth's orders brought up his demand for Calais, De Randan refused to entertain it. "Rather than the house of Guise would deliver Calais," he said, "in minority of the king, being a conquest of theirs, they would suffer all those in the town to perish." Neither he nor Monluc "durst so much as enter into speech thereof, for fear of the loss of their heads."[1]

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[1] Cecil to the Queen, June 19: *MS. Rolls House.*

[2] Elizabeth to Cecil, June 26: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Elizabeth to Cecil, June 28: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] Cecil to Norfolk, June 28: *Hatfield MSS.*

On "the arms and style," they were at first equally unwilling to give way. Cecil offered "to spend his blood in the quarrel upon any that would deny Queen Elizabeth's right." At length, "after vehemency and some threatening," De Randan consented "to have it confessed in words that the realms of England and Ireland of right appertained to her majesty."[2] But the league between England and the Scotch nobles, the French commissioners positively and decisively refused to recognise by word or deed. They said that they had "special instructions which they could not disobey, not to mix matters of Scotland and England in one treaty, or dishonour their master with noting that he was forced by the Queen of England to observe anything towards his own subjects." Cecil said that it might stand as "a separate engagement;" but "his travail was in vain;" while Elizabeth's letter to himself left him no discretion. The French could not yield a point which they were distinctly directed not to yield; and "utterly against his will Cecil was forced to break off, and commit the matter to God." The importance of the question to the Queen of Scots can be easily understood; the right of the Scotch nobles to make a treaty with the Queen of England was the first step in the transfer of their allegiance; while if the treaty was concluded without it, "the French," Cecil said, "would soon find ground to quarrel again with the Scots;" by avoiding the mistake of resuming prematurely the arms of England, they would leave Elizabeth without a pretext for interfering a second time; and if the Scots were left without support, the friends of France among them would recover their ascendency.[3]

The commissioners separated, and Cecil most unwillingly was about to direct the advance of Norfolk and the second army; a letter to the court announcing the failure of the conference was written and sealed; when "perplexed with the lack of peace" he sent a message to Monluc, which brought Cecil and the Bishop of Valence together again by themselves.

Both had been anxious for an arrangement; both were disappointed at their ill success. A vague clause was suggested by which the King and Queen of France might promise Elizabeth to fulfil their engagements with the Scots.[1] It did not amount to a stipulation; it was not literally covered by the prohibitory order of the French court; yet it recognised in Elizabeth the shadow of a right to interfere if those engagements were broken. De Randan consented, Cecil was satisfied, peace was concluded, and the Treaty of Edinburgh was drawn and signed.

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[1] Cecil to the Queen, July 2: *MS. Rolls House.*

[2] The confession thus extorted is in the clause beginning "Cum Regna Angliæ et Hiberniæ ad dictam serenissimam Dominam Elizabetham jure spectent et pertineant."—Treaty of Edinburgh: RYMER, vol. xv. p. 594.

[3] Cecil to the Queen, July 2: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

The substance of it was generally this:—The Scots obtained a general amnesty, the removal of the French army, with a promise that it should never return, the limitation of the officers of state to their own people, and a government by a council of twelve noblemen, seven of whom were to be named by the queen, and five by the estates. Nothing special was said of religion; but it was left to be settled between the Queen of Scots and her own Parliament. The Scottish nobles were permitted to retain the pensions and estates which they held under the French crown.

England obtained an admission of Elizabeth's right to her crown, a vague and partial sanction of her relations with the Queen of Scots' subjects, and the disappearance for ever of the threatening army of invasion on the northern border.

The names of the commissioners were affixed on the 6th of July. It was but just in time. On the 7th another letter arrived from Elizabeth; she was exasperated at the success with which the Scots were securing their own interests, and at the small profit which in return for so much money spent she was likely to receive for herself. If peace was concluded, she said, it need not be disturbed again; if there was still time—"the Scots could not serve God and Mammon"—Cecil must tell them that they must be content to part with their livings and pensions in France, which would breed troubles; while for herself he was to stand to his demand for the restitution of Calais and the payment of the half-million crowns, as an indemnity for the usurpation of the arms.[2]

The public letter was accompanied by another in cipher addressed to Cecil. It is lost; but Cecil's answer to it remains, to show the flight which Elizabeth's ambition was now ready to venture.

SIR WILLIAM CECIL TO THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY

Edinburgh, *July* 9.

"It may please your majesty; the sight of your most gracious letter written with your own blessed hands, before I had deciphered it, raised me up in such height of comfort that after I perceived the sense thereof my fall was greater into the deep dungeon of sorrow than ever I thought any letter of your majesty's should have thrown me.

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[1] The clause beginning "Cum Deo optimo Maximo," etc.—Treaty of Edinburgh: Rymer, vol. xv. p. 595.

[2] Elizabeth to Cecil and Wotton, July 7: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

" And yet after a season gathering my astonished spirit together, I am risen into this opinion and comfort of your majesty's accustomed goodness towards me, and of my own clearness of mind and soul, that when it shall appear by our letters sent from hence the 6th of this month how far we were proceeded, and that also it shall be well weighed in all parts how honourable and necessary this peace is, and how it could not be made any other way, your majesty will not only take and allow our doings, but will think it a good luck that we had not these your letters before our conclusion; for so had no peace at all been gotten. For breaking off upon the matter of Calais, the French ambassadors would have departed and my Lord of Norfolk should have entered; whereupon must within ten days have happened one of these three things—either the loss of the town, and a perpetual dishonour of the realm—or a winning of it by assault to the effusion of a great deal of Christian blood—or a taking of it by composition—by any of which three ways wars still should have remained; and then by what means Calais could have been obtained I see not; nor by what means this manner of peace would have hereafter been obtained, I neither see nor can consider.

" As for the message brought by Tremayne,[1] God forbid that your majesty should enter into that bottomless pit of expense of your force and treasure, within the French king's own mainland—being that manner of war to you more troublesome and dangerous than this of the French king here in Scotland; and yet this is his advantage, that the obedience of this is due to his wife and cannot be lost; and there your majesty should have no more to further you but a devotion popular upon opinions of religion; wherein the French king, rather than lose that country, would not stick to incline to his people's request, and so your majesty's purpose could not then last.

" Indeed this I could and meant always to have allowed, that if ye could not come to a reasonable accord with France, but that they would continue wars, then your majesty should have entertained that matter of Brittany and Normandy—to have therewith offended and annoyed the French king. But as to have taken and kept any piece there, experience of Boulogne being in sight of Dover teacheth us what to do; and when I consider that for charges neither is Portsmouth your own haven fortified, neither the town of Berwick—most necessary of all others—finished; I should think it strange to take Brest or any other town in those parts, to keep longer than of necessity the French would maintain wars against your majesty; which being now ceased, and to your great honour, I think it a happy mishap that your majesty's letter came not before our conclusion. In which my opinion I most humbly beseech your majesty to pardon me, submitting myself to your majesty's reformation as becometh me."[1]

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[1] There were two Tremaynes, one of whom was with the army at Leith. Both had been employed in carrying messages between the Prince of Condé, the Admiral Châtillon, and Elizabeth.

It is plain that some communication had been made to Elizabeth by the Huguenot leaders of France; some offer to put her in possession, in return for her assistance, of a town or towns on the coast of Normandy or Brittany; and that Elizabeth in her passionate anxiety to recover Calais had listened to the temptation.

The fate of the project when two years later it was actually put in execution, the story in due time will relate. Meanwhile, her letter came a day too late. The objects for which the war had been undertaken were obtained. The French troops sailed away from Leith. The Scots were left to their own resources to go on with the Reformation. Elizabeth's crown was secured. The Catholics had seen their opportunity fade away amidst the diplomatic perplexities of Europe. The English government which was supposed to be so weak that it would fall at the first breath of war, had proved strong enough to defy France and accomplish successfully a difficult military enterprise. The King of Spain was forced to feel that Elizabeth was no creature of his own, that she could choose her own course and carry through her own purposes, whatever might be his pleasure or displeasure.

Lord Clinton wrote to Cecil that "no better service had ever been done to England;" he trusted it would be "no less considered than it deserved;" and "time would show the fruits of it to his great praise that had so discreetly travailed in the same."[2]

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[1] *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Clinton to Cecil, July 13: *Domestic MSS. Rolls House.* "My Lord Pembroke," Clinton continues, "is your very good friend. Touching the matter of Scotland, he remaineth firm and sure as in the beginning without

It remained to be seen how far Elizabeth was prepared to go on with what she had begun, to fulfil the passionate wishes of the congregation, and accept the hand of the heir-presumptive to the Scotch crown.

I have pursued the story of these proceedings in Scotland thus minutely, because they bring out with so much distinctness the relations of the great powers of Europe towards one another and towards their own subjects; and the characters at the same time of those princes and ministers who were to work out among them the problem of the future of the world. Had Elizabeth preferred her immediate ease and safety, she would have married Philip's kinsman, and disclaimed all connection with Scotch or French or Flemings struggling for freedom. She would have left religion in England unchanged, attempting to modify the fanaticism of the Catholics by some practical toleration; and so have drifted on in happy insignificance, till some fresh ascendency of ultramontanism and persecution had been followed by rebellion and civil war. To this issue it must have come at last. The Catholics were constitutionally intolerant, the Protestants constitutionally aggressive. Even the strong hand of Henry VIII. would have failed eventually to hold an even balance between them. Yet such a course promised better for the moment for the political influence of England—better for peace and quiet at home. The temptation of it to a common nature would have been irresistible; and that Elizabeth remained in essentials true to the great cause of the Reformation to which she owed her birth and crown, must never be forgotten when we are provoked to condemn her inconsistencies. That she was without distinct doctrinal conviction was rather her merit than her fault. That she was irresolute—that she listened to all sides—that she was unwilling to risk a throne in defence of opinions with which she had but a moderate sympathy—that she was irritable and impatient—that she quarrelled with her truest friends—all this is plain enough, but it is also reasonable enough. If she had other faults, she was young—and she was a woman. It is sufficient praise that she perilled crown and life in a bold and noble policy.

One special ground of irritation the queen had too, and special claim for sympathy. Of a nature most free, proud, and inde-

change or alteration, and hath hitherto stayed his going from the court until he might hear of a final order of the matter of your commission, which now he heareth to be such as is much to his contentation."

At the foot of the letter Pembroke adds his signature to that of Clinton, who must have shown Pembroke what he had written.

pendent, she found her own person among the pieces of the diplomatic game. She was to be assigned to this suitor or that according to the projects of this or that political party. She knew that she might be compelled to endure what nevertheless appeared to her a degrading sacrifice: and while she was prepared to yield at the last extremity, the necessity exasperated her pride.

Beyond England the eye rests chiefly on the strange position of Philip of Spain. Charles V. had bequeathed by will to his son two special injunctions—to destroy heresy, and to maintain the English alliance: and Philip found himself distracted between the incompatible obligations, with no middle course discoverable. If he interfered for France he gave the English throne to the French queen. If he defended Elizabeth he was maintaining the most dangerous enemy of the Catholic faith. He could not allow the English Catholics to use the occasion of the Scotch war to rebel, lest they should cripple the queen's power to resist France; and thus virtually he made himself her ally in carrying out a policy which he most dreaded and most deplored. He assisted in establishing the Reformation throughout the whole island of Great Britain, feeling even while doing it that the example in the dangerous neighbourhood might drag the Netherlands into the vortex. De Quadra clung to the hope that Elizabeth might still keep her promise and admit the nuncio; but he found, as he expected, that she had changed her mind with the change of fortune in Scotland. She objected personally to the Abbot of St. Saviour's, as having been a friend and companion of the detested Pole. She endeavoured to persuade the Spanish ambassador that between Lutherans and Catholics there was no substantial difference, and that if he knew what she thought he would be sufficiently satisfied with her.

"I told her," the bishop wrote to Philip, "that knowing how she had been brought up I was surprised at nothing that she did. But to your majesty I am forced in discharge of my conscience—and that I may not be wanting in my duty to your service—to say how deeply the Catholics here are hurt at the support which this queen has received from your majesty, and at the opportunity which you have afforded to heresy to strike its roots into the realm.[1] I am well aware of the efforts which your majesty has made to divert her from her evil ways; but seeing that nothing avails, you have to consider whether you must not now alter your conduct towards her. The injury to your majesty's estate in the Low Countries is but too certain. Ten thousand of your subjects are already here with their preachers and ministers, and those who are left behind will be soon infected.

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[1] In the margin opposite this passage Philip wrote "á este capitulo es bien mirar."

"I see the queen obstinate. I see the hearts of the Catholics alienated from your majesty. Will your majesty be pleased to think of these things, and to tell me what I am to do?"[1]

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[1] De Quadra to Philip II., July 25: *MS. Simancas.*

CHAPTER IV

RETURN OF MARY STUART

IF Cecil hoped for gratitude on his return to the court his expectations deceived him. Clinton and Pembroke might express their private satisfaction; the Duke of Norfolk might think the "agreement" so happy for England "that the queen could not have bought it too dearly;" he might wish "that those who quarrelled with it might do their country as good service;"[1] but the queen had set her heart on a more substantial result for the money which she had laid out. The favourites of the palace who hated Cecil, and had objects of their own at which they could arrive only through Cecil's fall, persuaded her that she might have covered herself with glory, and extorted the surrender of Calais; and knowing that the conclusion of the peace would bring with it the necessity of accepting the Earl of Arran, or of affronting the Scots by his rejection, she quarrelled with conditions which far exceeded her recent anticipations, and resented the close of a war which she had so unwillingly consented to undertake.

Could she have acknowledged a community of religious interest with the Scotch Reformers, Arran or no Arran, she might have secured the attachment of one at least of the two great parties into which Mary Stuart's subjects were divided; but the clause which would have identified her faith with theirs had been expunged from the treaty with the lords. The Reformation with which Elizabeth sympathised was the abolition of the spiritual tyranny which encroached on freedom. She hated Calvinism—she hated Knox. The heated zeal of the reforming preachers she wished to strangle with copes and surplices; and while the returned exiles were denouncing the man of sin, she had been herself coquetting, not in entire insincerity, with the pope's proposal to send a nuncio to England. The Scots had been made formally to feel that she had interfered for them on political grounds alone. Was she prepared to accept the political conditions on which, in the absence of religion, the alliance could alone be secured?

For the Arran marriage the Scotch Catholics were as anxious as the Scotch Reformers, and the lords of the congregation cared more for it than for the Genevan gospel. To give a king to England, to end the long rivalry of Scot and Saxon in a union in which the descendant of the Bruce should sit on the throne of the Plantagenet, was a passion in which Scotland, divided on everything else, was eagerly and enthusiastically united.

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[1] Norfolk to Cecil, July 29: *Burghley Papers.*

"All the lords," Randolph wrote from Edinburgh, on the 27th of August, "are bent on the marriage. They know the inequality of the match; but they hope that of the nobleness of her nature the queen will consent. She will gain the hearts of the whole nation which neither money nor force could win. It is our daily and hourly talk."[1] The suspicion that Elizabeth was unfavourable had—as Sir James Crofts truly said—been the chief cause of the lukewarmness of "the neutrals." The ultra-Protestants in England were no less unanimous.[2] Cecil indeed, when spoken to at Edinburgh about it, "had shifted the matter, as unwilling to enter on it;" yet Maitland "could not persuade himself that Cecil, being so wise and well-affected towards his country, did altogether mislike it."[3] To Lady Cecil, under whose roof the Earl of Arran had lived while in London, Maitland addressed himself as confident of her support and aware of her opinion.[4] Nor were her husband's wishes in themselves doubtful. The union of the realms was the culminating point of his policy, and the marriage would be at once the final severance of Scotland from France, and the link of a league which would enable England to defy and despise the menaces of the Catholic powers. Cecil however understood too well his mistress's humour to feel confidence; and Arran, had there been no other objection, was a raw, sullen, half-crazy boy, who under the most propitious circumstances would have failed to find favour.

The time was come when the queen would be compelled to declare her intentions.

As soon as the French were gone from Leith and the English army were over the border, the Scotch Estates assembled at Edinburgh, and Knox and his friends proceeded to reconstruct the Church. Far different was the form assumed by the Reformation in the two kingdoms. In England it was the revolt of the laity against ecclesiastical authority; in Scotland the Calvinist elders desired to retain for themselves the supremacy from which the priesthood had been deposed. Religion north of the Tweed remained the basis on which civil society reposed; the elect ministers of God were the prophets by whom his will was made known; they were, or sought to be, the supreme rulers of a state of which their special theology was the law code, and where moral and spiritual sins were identified with civil crimes. At the opening of the session Knox "preached from Haggai" on the rebuilding of the temple. A system of doctrine was prepared embodying in its first form the entire spirit of Calvin religious and political. A petition was presented by the congregation for the abolition of the "man of sin," whose representatives—"those murderers, rebels, and traitors," the Roman clergy—"passed their time in whoredom, adultery, deflowering virgins, and corrupting matrons;" the congregation desired the establishment of pastors in their place, who would feed Christ's flock with the milk of the word.

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, August 27: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "I hope and pray that all may be well with Crito and Glycerium. It is of the greatest moment that England and Scotland be united; and I trust only those may not hinder it who wish well neither to them nor to us."—Jewel to Peter Martyr: *Zurich Letters.*

[3] Maitland to Cecil, September 13: *Scotch MSS.*

[4] "Now, by Mr. Secretary's wisdom, are we come to a good end of our troubles if promise be kept. Marry, now we shall begin to have most need of your help in the matter whereunto you know I most earnestly press. I believe time is not able so to overcome you that you will wax cold in it."—Maitland to Lady Cecil, July 19, 1560: *Hatfield MSS.*

That Knox represented in these views the wishes of the noblest of his countrymen the after-history of Scotland may be taken to prove; but as yet there were many even of the moving party unprepared to submit to him; the foundation of the kirk was a great thing, but it was not everything; there appeared to be truths of earth, if not truths of heaven, which Calvin's formulas failed to reach; and the Reformation did not then mean simply a despotism of ministers in the place of a despotism of priests. "Hey, then!" said Maitland, after the sermon, "we may all bear the barrow now to build the House of the Lord." "The Confession of Faith," as it left the hands of its framers, contained a dangerous "chapter on the obedience or disobedience which subjects owed to their magistrates." When "the magistrate" commanded what in the opinion of "the minister" the word of God forbade, disobedience was represented to be the subject's duty. Maitland and Lord James considered that this "was unfit matter to be entreated at that time;" "the austerity of many words was mitigated," and "sentences" omitted "which seemed to proceed rather of some evil-concealed opinion than of sound judgment."[1] Tempered however into the form in which it now stands upon the Scotch Statute Book, "the Confession" passed unanimously, "many offering to shed their blood for it." "The bishops," feeling the stream too strong against them, "were silent." Old Lord Lyndsay, as he gave his vote, said—"I have lived many years: I am the eldest of this company of my sort; now that it hath pleased God to let me see this day when so many nobles and others have allowed so worthy a work, I will say with Simeon, *Nunc Dimittis, Domine*."[1]

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, September 7: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

The mass was abolished: persons saying mass or hearing mass were made liable for the third offence to be put to death; and the pope's authority was declared to be for ever at an end.

Whether Elizabeth expected more or expected less—whether she had desired the English model to be more exactly imitated—whether she was merely impatient with the Scots, and disposed to make faults if she did not find them—their proceedings did not please her. Cecil complained of the Confession of Faith; Randolph endeavoured to prevent it from passing;[2] and so angry was the queen, and so anxious were the moderate Scots to gratify her, that Maitland promised, if she would specify what she disliked, to see it "further altered and modified."[3]

The Estates were ready to yield anything could they bring Elizabeth to consent to "the other matter." They had set their whole heart on her marriage with Arran, and they could not rest till it was brought about. The repeated visits of Maitland to England, his personal acquaintance with Elizabeth, and his intimate relation with the Cecils, enabled him to conjecture better than most of his countrymen her probable reluctance; and though himself as anxious as the rest, he knew that the subject must be approached with the utmost wariness. The Estates to his extreme vexation determined at once to make a formal proposal, and he was unable to prevent them. No sooner were the church matters disposed of than the subject was brought under public discussion. A resolution was passed to send a special embassy to London.[1] All parties were so determined that they could not be restrained from the expression of their wishes; and Maitland could but send apologies to Cecil deprecating his displeasure, and obtain a brief delay from the Estates while he prepared the way by a private letter.

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[1] Among the visitors to Edinburgh on the occasion of this Parliament was an ambassador from Shan O'Neil to the Earl of Argyle. The chief—nothing less than a chief would have been sent on such an errand, and he was probably the ancestor of some living Irish peer—had come over *more Hibernico*; he "had walked on foot out of Ireland." "His diet by reason of the length of his journey so failed him that he was fain to leave his saffron shirt in gage. The rest of his apparel such, that the earl before he would give him audience arrayed him from the neck downwards. Cap he would have none." Tall, gaunt, and shaggy, with his glyb shading his eyes, "he lodged in the chimney," "his drink aqua vitæ and milk."—Randolph to Cecil: *MS. Rolls House.*

[2] "If my poor advice might have been heard touching the Confession of Faith, it should not so soon have come into the light."—Randolph to Cecil, September 7: *Scotch MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Maitland to Cecil, September 13: Ibid.

An immediate answer was naturally looked for, but no answer came. "Never in my life was I so desirous to hear from you," Maitland wrote again, "yet I can learn nothing."[2] Rumour only said that Elizabeth was in a worse humour than ever, and that she had been listening to complaints against the Scots from the Cardinal of Lorraine.[3] The symptoms were unfavourable, but the Estates were in earnest. Elizabeth knew their wishes, and had forborne at least to forbid the expression of them. They forced a favourable interpretation upon her silence, and drew up at length a formal address to the English council, pressing the marriage as the only means to make the alliance between the two countries permanent.

"Other devices," said the Estates, in this remarkable paper, "may seem probable for a time, but we fear not for long. We wish the best, but many incidents which may fall out make us to fear the worst; but if this may take place, then are all doubts removed for ever. We have no king to offer you—the more sorry we; but we present unto you him who being in place next unto a king shall bring with him the friendship and force of a kingdom. We assure you with him of the hearts and goodwill of a whole nation, which you could never by riches obtain. We present no stranger, but in manner your own countryman—seeing this isle is a common country to us both, one that speaketh your own language, one of the same religion. You need not fear that by marriage of a King of Scotland unto a Queen of England, the pre-eminence of England might be defaced, for that should always remain still for the worthiness thereof; neither need you fear any alteration of the laws, seeing the laws of Scotland were taken out of England, and therefore both these realms are ruled by one fashion. By these means Ireland might be reformed; and thus the Queen of England become the strongest princess upon the seas, and establish a certain monarchy by itself in the ocean, divided from the rest of the world."[1]

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[1] The resolution has been printed by KEITH, vol. ii. p. 6, and was mistaken by him for the petition taken to London by the commissioners—a very different document.

[2] Maitland to Cecil, September 7: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] Ibid.

The sincerity, the unanimity, the earnestness, with which the Scots were pressing their proposals, could not be disputed. Mary Stuart was far away—the childless queen of a foreign realm, from which at that time there seemed no likelihood that she would ever return. Her sovereignty, by the expulsion of the French, had been reduced to a name. Could this marriage have been brought about, the shadow would soon have followed the substance. The opportunity for so complete a retaliation on the rival claimant of her crown—the occasion freely offered of accomplishing without effort the passionately-cherished object of her father and grandfather—must have been a temptation to which Elizabeth could hardly have been insensible. Why then had Cecil been so long silent? Why when he wrote at last was he silent still on the subject nearest to every Scottish heart? and why did he say that he was about to resign his office, and retire from the queen's service?

He had been working for her gratuitously. Elizabeth had not allowed him even the expenses of his journey to Scotland. Shortly after his return, at the beginning of August, she went on progress on which he had not accompanied her. She was entertained among other places at Basing House by Lord Winchester; and the old marquis took the opportunity of the visit to write to Cecil of certain "back counsels" about the queen to which she was giving too easy credence, and of some influence which was specially unfavourable to Cecil himself.

"There shall never appear assured council," Winchester said, "until you have a smaller number, and perfect trust of the princess in them; and the meantime all good councillors shall have labour and dolour without reward; wherein your part is most of all men's, for your charge and pain be far above all other men's, and your thanks and rewards least considered; and specially for that you spend wholly of yourself, without your ordinary fee, land, present, gift, or anything, which must needs discomfort you; and yet when your counsel is most for her majesty's honour and profit, the same hath great hindrance by her weak credit of you, and by back counsel; and so long as that manner shall continue, it must needs be dangerous service and unthankful."

The lord treasurer however recommended Cecil to bear with his treatment for the present, as well as he could; "to pass things as he might, and take other doings in moderate part, till better help might come;" while he himself would "play the part of a good subject," and tell the queen the truth.[1]

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[1] *MS. Scotland, Rolls House.*

Three days later, Cecil was himself at Basing, brought thither perhaps by Winchester's letter. Of what passed while he was there, the only evidence is a letter written by him from thence on the 27th of August to Sir Nicholas Throgmorton. He had urged on the queen—but urged in vain—that some small presents should be made to those of the Scotch nobles who had done best service in the war. It would "have been good economy," he thought—"spending a thousand pounds to save twenty;" but Elizabeth would not listen; nor were her objections merely on the ground of inability or of simple unwillingness to bestow favours, since at the very time when she was accepting the unpaid services of her ministers, and refusing to reward the exertions of Argyle and Lord James Stuart, she was conferring on Lord Robert Dudley the lucrative and mischievous privilege of exporting woollen cloths free of duty.[2] In lamenting her determination to Throgmorton, Cecil implied some grave misgivings as to her general proceedings.

"I dare not write that I might speak," he said. "God send her majesty understanding which shall be her surety, and so full of melancholy I wish you free from it, as I doubt not but your fortune shall be to find you free. I omit to speak of my comfort in service that in this journey have for her honour oppressed myself with debt and have no consideration made me; I can bear it better for myself than for others."[3]

Irritated at this fresh mortification, resenting the neglect of his service, and distressed perhaps more deeply by a cause which will presently appear, Cecil seems now to have determined to withdraw from public life. On the 29th of August, two days after his letter to Throgmorton, he wrote to Randolph who was in Edinburgh with the lords,[4] to say that he was about to resign his office.

"Your absence from court," replied Randolph on the 7th of September, "if it so chance, will be more grievous unto some men than the loss of half their lives. I dare not as yet give them here any token thereof; and for mine own part I know that when you leave that place you occupy many will greatly doubt what will become of their cause."[1]

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[1] Winchester to Cecil, August 24; from Basing: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

[2] *Lansdowne MSS.* 4.

[3] Cecil to Throgmorton, August 27; from Basing: *Conway MSS. Rolls House.*

[4] The letter itself is lost, but Randolph's answer to it remains.

A few days later Randolph wrote:

"The reasons why you should retire yourself are better considered on your part than coveted of your friends, who wish you would abide the consummating of the happy work that is now in hand."[2]

Again a few days and Randolph wrote once more, in answer this time to some information which Cecil had sent him of an extremely agitating kind.

"Though my case be as miserable and as far from happy good fortune as any man's that ever travailed so far, or served prince with so willing and careful heart, yet I call God to witness I sorrow more for other men's misfortunes than I lament my own.

"The first word that I read of your letter of the 11th[3] of this present, conferring it with such bruits and slanderous reports as have been maliciously reported by the French and their faction, so passioned my heart that no grief that ever I felt was like unto it; I neither had word to comfort, nor advice to give to my friends. We measured our affection for our country and friends as though we had seen that heart that you wrote with your pen. The selfsame comfort that you stay yourself upon, *quod jactas curam tuam super Dominum,* doth also relieve us, and so we intend to moderate our cares. Both —— and I thought it good for a time to keep your letters from all; it is yet no time to cast such doubts."[4]

These letters, too simple, too natural, and too varied to leave room for a suspicion of any intentional deception practised by Cecil upon his correspondents, form an introduction to the following despatch from De Quadra. It cannot fairly be doubted that Cecil at the end of August was not in favour with the queen, that he was much dissatisfied at the state of the public service, and that he thought of leaving it. It is equally certain that on the 11th of September he had communicated something of a most distressing nature to Randolph.

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, September 7: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Same to the same, September 23: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Amy Robsart's death was generally known in London on the 11th of September.

[4] Randolph to Cecil, September 23: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

DE QUADRA TO THE DUCHESS OF PARMA[1]

LONDON, *September* 11.

"Since my last letter to your highness so many great and unexpected matters have taken place here that I think it right to give you immediate information of them.

"On the 3rd of this month the queen spoke to me about her marriage with the archduke. She said she had made up her mind to marry, and that the archduke was to be the man. She has just now told me drily that she does not intend to marry, and that it cannot be.

"After my conversation with the queen, I met the Secretary Cecil whom I knew to be in disgrace. Lord Robert I was aware was endeavouring to deprive him of his place.

"With little difficulty I led him to the subject, and after many protestations and entreaties that I would keep secret what he was about to tell me, he said that the queen was going on so strangely that he was about to withdraw from her service. It was a bad sailor, he said, who did not make for port when he saw a storm coming, and for himself he perceived the most manifest ruin impending over the queen through her intimacy with Lord Robert. The Lord Robert had made himself master of the business of the state and of the person of the queen, to the extreme injury of the realm, with the intention of marrying her;[2] and she herself was shutting herself up in the palace to the peril of her health and life. That the realm would tolerate the marriage he said that he did not believe; he was therefore determined to retire into the country, although he supposed they would send him to the Tower before they would let him go.

"He implored me for the love of God to remonstrate with the queen, to persuade her not utterly to throw herself away as she was doing, and to remember what she owed to herself and to her subjects. Of Lord Robert he twice said he would be better in Paradise than here.

"I could only reply that I was most deeply grieved; I said he must be well aware how anxious I had always been for the queen's well-doing. I had laboured as the king my master had directed me to persuade her to live quietly and to marry—with how little effect he himself could tell. I would try again however as soon as I had an opportunity.

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[1] When anything of unusual importance occurred in England, the Spanish ambassador wrote first to the government at Brussels, as the nearest point from which he could receive instructions. The despatches were then forwarded to Philip.

[2] "Y que el veia la perdicion de la Reyna manifiesta causada desta privança de Milor Roberto, el qual se ha hecho señor de los negocios y de la persona de la Reyna con estrema injuria de todo el Reyno, destinando casarse con ella."

"He told me the queen cared nothing for foreign princes; she did not believe that she stood in any need of their support. She was deeply in debt, taking no thought how to clear herself, and she had ruined her credit in the city.[1]

"Last of all he said that they were thinking of destroying Lord Robert's wife. They had given out that she was ill; but she was not ill at all; she was very well, and was taking care not to be poisoned; God, he trusted, would never permit such a crime to be accomplished or allow so wicked a conspiracy to prosper.[2]

"This business of the secretary cannot but produce some great results, for it is terrible. Many men I believe are as displeased as he, especially the Duke of Norfolk, whom he named to me as one of those most injured by Lord Robert and most hostile to him.

"The day after this conversation, the queen on her return from hunting told me that Lord Robert's wife was dead or nearly so, and begged me to say nothing about it. Assuredly it is a matter full of shame and infamy, but for all this I do not feel sure that she will immediately marry him, or indeed that she will marry at all. She wants resolution to take any decided step; and, as Cecil says, she wishes to act like her father.

"These quarrels among themselves and Cecil's retirement from office will do no harm to the good cause. We could not have to do with any one worse than he has been; but likely enough a revolution may come of it. The queen may be sent to the Tower, and they may make a king of Lord Huntingdon, who is a great heretic, calling in a party in France to help them, because they know that when they aim at injuring religion they have nothing to hope for from his majesty. I have my suspicions on both these points. It is quite certain that the heretics wish to have Huntingdon made king. Cecil himself told me that he was the true heir to the crown; Henry VII. having usurped it from the house of York. That they may have recourse to the French I dread, from the close intimacy which has grown up between Cecil and the Bishop of Valence. It may be that I am over-suspicious; but with such people it is always prudent to believe the worst. Certain it is they say openly that they will not have a woman over them any more; and this one is likely to go to sleep in the palace, and to wake with her lover in the Tower. The French too are not asleep. Even Cecil says *Non dormit Judas.* We can be sure of nothing except of revolution and change. If I made up to them they would trust me and tell me all; but I have no orders what to do, and until I receive instructions I shall listen to both sides and temporise. Your highness will be pleased to give me directions. I show the Catholics all the attention in my power; and they are not so broken but what, if his majesty will give the word, they will resist the machinations of the rest. It is important that his majesty should know that there is no hope of improvement in the queen: she will be his enemy and her own to the last, as I have always told him.

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[1] Again this letter receives an accidental confirmation from another source. For some reason, the London merchants, in this month of September, refused a request of Elizabeth to them to pay £60,000 which was due at Antwerp.—*Flanders MSS.*, September, 1560: *Rolls House.*

[2] "Por ultimo me dixó que pensaban hacer morir á su muger de Roberto y que ahora publicamente estaba mala, pero que no estaba sino muy buena, y se guardaba muy bien de ser avenenada, y que nunca Dios ermitiria tan gran maldad, ni podria tener buen suceso tan mal negocio."

"Since this was written the death of Lord Robert's wife has been given out publicly. The queen said in Italian—'Que si ha rotto il collo.' It appears that she fell down a staircase."[1]

Many difficulties present themselves on reading this letter. It seems so unlikely that the cautious Cecil, if possessed of such deadly secrets, should have chosen the Spanish ambassador as the depositary of them, that De Quadra might be imagined rather to have invented the story for the Duchess of Parma's amusement, or Cecil to have been playing upon the bishop's credulity. Yet the ambassador can hardly be supposed in a matter which touched the interests of the Spanish government so nearly, to have imposed upon the Regent of the Netherlands with an idle falsehood; while, although it is most strange that despondency should have carried Cecil so far, yet the substance of the bishop's communication falls in but too closely with what is known from other quarters of Cecil's state of mind; and it is impossible to believe that in mere practice or diplomatic trickery he would have compromised the queen's honour.

Well might Randolph say that he had never felt grief like that which Cecil's letter gave him, if this was the mystery which it contained.

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[1] *MS. Simancas.*

But to leave conjecture.

It has been seen that for fifteen months Lord Robert Dudley had been spoken of as the probable husband of the queen. To him alone she had shown signs of personal attachment. That he had a wife already had not been held an insuperable objection; and the expectations had been general that Lady Dudley would be disposed of by poison or divorce.[1]

Eleven years before when a boy of nineteen Dudley had married the daughter of Sir John Robsart. The ceremony was performed at the court, and is mentioned by Edward in his diary;[2] but it was a love match, and had not been a happy one.[3]

[1] It must be particularly observed that these expectations were not inventions subsequent to Lady Dudley's death, but are proved to have existed anterior to it. The story told by Parsons the Jesuit in *Leicester's Commonwealth*, copied by Ashmole in his *Antiquities of Berkshire*, and preserved by local tradition, is known to every one through Scott's novel. The charity of later years has inclined to believe that it was a calumny invented by the Jesuits against Leicester, whom they hated as the leader of the Puritans; and as it was not published till a quarter of a century after the crime—if crime there was—had been committed, it will not be relied upon in this place for evidence. The reader will judge for himself how far Parsons deserves credit.

[2] Diary of Edward VI., June 4, 1549: BURNET'S *Collectanea*.

[3] "Nuptiæ carnales in lætitiâ incipiunt, in luctu terminantur," was the remarkable reference of Cecil to Dudley's first marriage, in a sarcastic paper on his qualifications to be the queen's husband. In 1566, when the Archduke Carlos was again a candidate for Elizabeth's hand, and Dudley was again the difficulty, Cecil, *more suo*, sketched a table of the necessary points to be considered, and of the merits of the two suitors:—

TO BE CONSIDERED IN THE MARRIAGE

Convenient Person	CAROLUS	EARL OF LEICESTER
In birth . .	Nephew and brother of an emperor.	Born son of a knight, his grandfather but a squire.
In degree .	An archduke born .	An earl made.
In age . .	Of — and never married	Meet.
In beauty and constitution.	To be judged of . .	Meet.
In wealth .	By report 3000 ducats by the year.	All of the queen, and in debt.
In friendship .	The Emperor, the King of Spain, the Dukes of Saxony, Bavaria, Cleves, Florence, Ferrara, and Mantua.	None but such as shall have of the queen.
In education .	Amongst princes always	In England.
In knowledge .	All qualities belonging to a prince — languages, wars, hunting, and riding.	Meet for a courtier.

Lady Dudley appeared at no time in public with her husband, either in the eclipse or in the sunshine of his fortunes. From the date of Elizabeth's accession certainly, if not from an earlier period, she was living childless and alone at Cumnor Hall, three miles from Oxford, a clog on his ambition, an obstacle to the hopes which the queen's marked favour encouraged him to entertain.

If either by Dudley himself or by dependants who hoped to benefit by his promotion, her murder was really contemplated, the pressure of the Arran marriage was an inducement to be quick about it. Certain it is that on the 8th of September, at the time or within a day of the time when Cecil told the Spanish ambassador that there was a plot to kill her, Amy Dudley was found dead at the foot of a staircase.

Lord Robert was at Windsor.[1] It appears that before he was

Convenient Person	Carolus	Earl of Leicester
In likelihood to bear children.	His father, Ferdinando, hath therein been blessed with multitude of children. His brother, Maximilian, hath plenty. His sisters of Bavaria, Cleves, Mantua, and Poland have already many children.	"Nuptiæ steriles." No brother had children, and yet their wives have—Duchess of Norfolk. Himself married, and no children.
In likelihood to love his wife.	His father Ferdinando, *ut supra.*	Nuptiæ carnales a lætitiâ incipiunt et in *luctu terminantur.*
In reputation .	Honoured of all men .	Hated of many. His wife's death.

Notes in Cecil's hand: *Hatfield MSS.*

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[1] In accepting the correspondence between Dudley and Sir Thomas Blount, as giving a true account of the inquest, it is right that I should say what these letters are.

They are preserved in a volume of the *Pepys MSS.*, at Cambridge. They are not originals, but they are copies, all written in the same hand, and written out for Sir Thomas Blount himself, since they are signed by him alternately "T. B." and "R. D." In one instance, in the haste of signature, Blount subscribed one of Dudley's letters, by mistake, with his own initials; and wrote the "R. D." over them. There being no pains whatever taken to vary the handwriting of the letters themselves, or to imitate Dudley's real signature, it is obvious that they could not have been intended as counterfeits; but there are circumstances connected with the production of them which suggest one or two questions.

In the same volume, and apparently forming part of the same set of papers, is an indistinct and mutilated letter from Blount to Leicester, written, it would seem, in 1566—at any rate, after Dudley was made earl—from which it appears that the question of Amy Robsart's death had been secretly revived by the council in connection with the appearance of fresh symptoms of a desire in Elizabeth to make Leicester her husband. Blount had been sent for by the council to be cross-questioned. He was very sorry, he said, that he had not been able to speak with Leicester before he encountered his examination. It appeared that more made aware that his wife was dead, he had heard something which had alarmed him; for his cousin Sir Thomas Blount had left him before the news arrived to go down to Cumnor. A husband on receiving news of the sudden and violent death of a lady in whom he had so near an interest, might have been expected to have at least gone in person to the spot. Lord Robert however contented himself with sending a letter after Blount, desiring that the strictest inquiry should be made into the circumstances; that an inquest should be held immediately and "the discreetest and most substantial men should be chosen for the jury." He prayed his cousin, as he "loved him and tendered his quietness, to use all devices and means for learning of the truth without respect to living person;" especially he begged Blount himself not to "dissemble," but to tell him faithfully and truly "whether it happened by evil chance or villainy."

If this letter was really written by Dudley, and if it was not written to be seen by others, which there is no reason to believe, it is inconsistent with a consciousness of guilt in himself. Lord Robert affected no sorrow for his wife's death, but expressed the utmost alarm for "the talk which the wicked world would use;" he suspected, to say the least, that there might have been a murder—of course in his own interest, for no other motive is imaginable—and he desired an inquiry as the only means to clear his own reputation. A postscript added that he had sent for his wife's half-brother John Appleyard, with others of her friends, to be present at the inquest.[1]

Blount replied on the 11th from Cumnor. He said that the

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than one of Amy Robsart's relations had been raising questions about her death; that they were secretly supported by several noblemen; that one of them, John Appleyard, her half-brother, had been offered a thousand pounds if he would come forward and give evidence; and that Leicester, in an interview with Appleyard, had been so angry that Blount thought he would have run him through the body.

The inquiry was so secret that, except from this fragment, we know nothing of it. It is but a conjecture, but it is not an unlikely one, that the correspondence between Blount and Dudley was produced by the former in the course of the investigation, as evidence in Leicester's favour. But in that case, and in any case, it remains to ask why he produced copies of the letters if he was in possession of the originals, unless there was something in the originals which he was unwilling to show? How, if the originals were destroyed, was he able to bring forward those exact copies? or if we suppose him to have kept copies of his own letters at the time when they were written, why did he not keep the originals of those which he received from Dudley? These questions may admit of very simple answers, but they are sufficient to throw a shade of uncertainty over their value as witnesses in Dudley's defence. They are printed in PETTIGREW's *Enquiry into the Death of Amy Robsart.*

[1] Lord Robert Dudley to Thomas Blount, September 9; from Windsor: PETTIGREW.

coroner before his arrival had already called a jury, "as wise and able men being but countrymen, as ever he saw." The cause of the death so far as had then appeared was lost in mystery. The servants were all absent when it happened, at Abingdon Fair, where they had been sent according to their own story by Lady Dudley herself. They had gone in the morning—they returned to find their mistress dead. She had been in bad spirits; "she had been heard many times to pray God to deliver her from desperation;" and there were other stories which showed she had been in "a strange mind." Blount suggested to one of her attendants that she had perhaps destroyed herself. But he was told she "was a good and virtuous gentlewoman," unlikely to have taken any step of that kind; and the desperation, if it was true that she expected poison, could easily be explained.

On the 13th Blount wrote again to say that the jury were very active; "whether equity was the cause or malice" against Foster,[1] "he knew not." They were very "secret," yet he could not hear that they had found "any presumption of evil," although he believed some of them "would be sorry if they failed." For himself, his own opinion was "much quieted;" he could learn "almost nothing to make him think that any man should be the doer of it."[2]

A letter undated, but probably next in time, follows from Dudley to Blount, saying that the foreman of the jury had written to him—that although the inquiry was not yet over, for anything they could learn "it was a very misfortune." Dudley said that he was much relieved; but for better security, after the first jury had given their verdict, he wished that there might be a second, and the investigation be pursued further. He had desired another of the Blounts—Sir Richard—"a perfect honest gentleman," to be present; and he understood that Appleyard was there also, as well as Arthur Robsart, Lady Dudley's own brother.[3]

If Dudley was dissatisfied with the inquiry, it became more than ever his duty to hasten in person to the spot; yet his conduct was not that of a person who had a crime on his own conscience. He knew that the world would believe him guilty, and he had the most serious misgivings that his wife had really been murdered; yet for his own sake he seemed to wish that there should be a searching examination; and in sending her brother he appeared to be giving the best security for fair play.

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[1] Antony Foster, the owner of Cumnor Hall.

[2] Blount to Dudley, September 13: Pettigrew, p. 30.

[3] Dudley to Blount: Ibid.

There was something in the conduct of the proceedings which was not satisfactory, and whether the inquest had been adequate or not, the people in the neighbourhood did not think so. On the 17th of September, Lever the preacher wrote from Coventry to Cecil, that " the country was full of dangerous suspicion and muttering," and he entreated that there might be an " earnest searching and trying of the truth, with punishment if any were found guilty;" if the matter was hushed up or passed over, " the displeasure of God, the dishonour of the queen, and the danger of the whole realm was to be feared."[1]

In deference to the general outcry, either the inquiry was protracted, or a second jury, as Dudley suggested, was chosen.[2] Lord Robert himself was profoundly anxious, although his anxiety may have been as much for his own reputation as for the discovery of the truth. Yet the exertions to unravel the mystery still failed of their effect. No one could be found who had seen Lady Dudley fall, and she was dead when she was discovered. Eventually, after an investigation apparently without precedent for the strictness with which it had been conducted, the jury returned a verdict of accidental death; and Lord Robert was thus formally acquitted. Yet the conclusion was evidently of a kind which would not silence suspicion; it was not proved that Lady Dudley had been murdered; but the cause of the death was still left to conjecture; and were there nothing more—were Cecil's words to De Quadra proved to be a forgery—a cloud would still rest over Dudley's fame. Cecil might well have written of him, as he did in later years, that he " was infamed by his wife's death;"[3] and the shadow which hung over his name in the popular belief, would be intelligible even if it was undeserved.[4]

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[1] Lever to Sir F. Knollys and Cecil, September 17: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

[2] On the 27th of September, Dudley wrote again to Blount—" Until I hear from you how the matter falleth out, in very truth I cannot be quiet. Yet you do well satisfy me with the discreet jury you say are chosen already." This can hardly be the same jury which was sitting sixteen days before, and with whose foreman Dudley had been in correspondence.

[3] *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

[4] " Down stairs
Tumble—tumble headlong; so
The surest way to chain a woman's tongue
Is break her neck: a politician did it."
Yorkshire Tragedy, quoted by PETTIGREW.

A paper remains however among Cecil's MSS. which proves that Dudley was less zealous for inquiry than he seemed; that his unhappy wife was indeed murdered; and that with proper exertion the guilty persons might have been discovered. That there should be a universal impression that a particular person was about to be made away with, that this person should die in a mysterious violent manner, and yet that there should have been no foul play after all, would have been a combination of coincidences which would not easily find credence in a well-constituted court of justice.

The strongest point in Dudley's favour was that he sent his wife's half-brother, John Appleyard, to the inquest. Appleyard some years after, in a fit of irritation, "let fall words of anger, and said that for Dudley's sake he had covered the murder of his sister."[1] Being examined by Cecil, he admitted that the investigation at Cumnor had after all been inadequately conducted. He said "that he had oftentimes moved the Lord Robert to give him leave, and to countenance him in the prosecuting of the trial of the murder of his sister—adding that he did take the Lord Robert to be innocent thereof; but yet he thought it an easy matter to find out the offenders—affirming thereunto, and showing certain circumstances which moved him to think surely that she was murdered—whereunto he said that the Lord Robert always assured him that he thought it was not fit to deal any further in the matter, considering that by order of law it was already found otherwise, and that it was so presented by a jury. Nevertheless the said Appleyard in his speech said upon examination, that the jury had not as yet given up their verdict."[2] If Appleyard spoke the truth there is no more to be said.

The conclusion seems inevitable, that although Dudley was innocent of a direct participation in the crime, the unhappy lady was sacrificed to his ambition. She was murdered by persons who hoped to profit by his elevation to the throne; and Dudley himself—aware that if the murder could be proved, public feeling would forbid his marriage with the queen—used private means, notwithstanding his affectation of sincerity, to prevent the search from being pressed inconveniently far.

But seven years had passed before Appleyard spoke, while the world in the interval was silenced by the verdict: and those who wished to be convinced perhaps believed Dudley innocent. It is necessary to remember this to understand the conduct of Cecil.

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[1] Note of the examination of John Appleyard, in Cecil's hand: *Hatfield MSS.*

[2] Ibid.

When first he spoke to De Quadra, his dismay at the prospect had perhaps led him to believe more than was true, and he must have supposed the case to be desperate. What followed is full of obscurity.[1] That the queen would attempt to marry Dudley now that he was free was the immediate and universal expectation. The London preachers who had set their hearts on her taking Arran, burst into a scream of indignation. The Dudleys were detested by the greater part of the nobility, and it was supposed that Arundel, Norfolk, Pembroke, and others would forcibly interfere.[2]

The Bishop of Aquila reported that there were anxious meetings of the council; the courtiers paid a partial homage to Dudley; while Cecil and the Protestants, in dread of imminent convulsion, thought of pressing the queen to declare Huntingdon her successor. Then again there was a compromise. Huntingdon, though no friend of Dudley's, was his brother-in-law, and the verdict at Cumnor seemed to bear him clear of crime. It was rumoured—seemingly on Lord Robert's own authority—that some private but formal betrothal had passed between the queen and himself. Cecil, either in appearance or in reality, consented to be reconciled to him;[3] and the reconciliation was in some way connected with the plan for the recognition of Huntingdon as heir-presumptive.[1]

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[1] De Quadra's letters for the six weeks which followed the murder are lost. There remain only at Simancas abstracts of their contents, which tell the story most imperfectly. On my first perusal of them, I sent a hasty paper from Spain to *Fraser's Magazine*, in which there are several mistakes, which I take this opportunity of acknowledging. I have no excuse to offer, except that the paper was written in the first excitement of what appeared to me an important discovery. From the essential part of what I then wrote I have nothing to retract; but I admit fully that I misread the notes which refer to what took place at the council, after Amy Robsart's murder. They consist of a series of unconnected propositions, loosely strung together, and to make mistakes in hurriedly reading a foreign language in manuscript is not difficult. I subsequently took careful copies of these and all the MSS. from which I quote in this history.

[2] The saying of Arthur Gunter to George Cotton, that "Ere this my Lord Robert's wife is dead and she broke her neck. It is in a number of heads that the queen will marry him. If she do you shall see a grand stir, for my Lord Arundel is sure of the Earl of Pembroke and the Lord Rich, with divers others, to be ready with the putting up of his finger; and then shall you see the 'White Horse' (the badge of the Arundels) bestir him, for my lord is of great power."—September, 1560: *Hatfield MSS.*

[3] This was certainly true. Cecil had perhaps discovered that things were not so bad as he had feared—he may really after the verdict have thought Dudley innocent of the murder; at any rate he visited him, and

In the midst of the confusion, Lady Dudley was splendidly buried at St. Mary's, at Oxford—the gorgeousness of the ceremonial was intended to drown suspicion, and some members of the council gave it the sanction of their presence.[2] For the rest, amidst imperfect reports themselves half composed of rumour, it is certain only that throughout September there was the utmost excitement and uncertainty. At last, in the beginning of October the queen told Cecil "that she had made up her mind, and did not intend to marry the Lord Robert."[3] But the next hour, or the next moment, she might again change her mind. The only real security was in another marriage, and to this Cecil addressed himself with all his energy. The people were in no humour to be trifled with, and insisted that they must have something to look to in case of her death. There was a fear that Philip might take up Lady Catherine Grey again, with an Austrian prince for a husband.[4] Lady Margaret and the Earl of Lennox proposed to De Quadra to withdraw to

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they parted apparently friends, as the following letter among the *Hatfield MSS.* proves—

LORD ROBERT DUDLEY TO CECIL

(Endorsed in Cecil's hand) *September*, 1560.

"SIR,—I thank you for your being here, and the great friendship which you have shown towards me I shall not forget. I am very loath to wish you here again, but I would be very glad to be with you there. I pray you let me hear from you what you think best for me to do. If you doubt, I pray you ask the question, for the sooner you can advise me thither the more I shall thank you. I am sorry so sudden a chance should breed me so great a change; for methinks I am here all this while as it were in a dream, and too far—too far from the place where I am bound to be; when methinks also this long idle time cannot excuse me from the duty I have to discharge elsewhere. I pray you help him that seems to be at liberty out of so great bondage. Forget me not though you see me not, and I will remember you and fail ye not; and so wish you well to do. In haste this morning. R. DUDLEY.

"I beseech you, sir, forget not to offer up the humble sacrifice you promised me."

[1] "Que el designo de Cecil y de aquellos hereges de encaminar el Reyno al Conde de Huntingdon es certissimo porque al fin Cecil se ha rendido á Milord Roberto el qual dice que se haya casado con la Reyna en presencia de su hermano y de dos mugeres de su camara."—Abstract of De Quadra's Letters: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Ibid.

[3] So Cecil himself told De Quadra,—"El obispo dice que le habia dicho Cecil que la Reyna estaba resuelta en no se casar con Milord Roberto, segun que de la misma lo habia entendido."—Note of a letter from De Quadra to Philip, October 13.

[4] "Temen que muriendo la Reyna V. Md. meteria aquel Reyno en su casa por via de Miladi Caterina."—Note of a letter from De Quadra to Philip.

Flanders and place themselves at the disposal of Philip. The Huntingdon affair was probably found impossible; and the nation was justly impatient at what appeared to them Elizabeth's culpable trifling.

There were many suitors. The Scotch ambassadors were on their way; the King of Sweden was looked for daily in person; the Duke of Holstein was said to be coming, and there was a talk of the Duke de Nemours. Cecil's preference—if Arran was impossible—was for the Archduke Charles. The queen herself, notwithstanding her declaration to the contrary, would marry if she might marry the person she cared for; and her unfortunate passion placed her truest friends in the position of requiring her to take a husband, and yet of refusing her the only man on whom her fancy had fastened itself.

Dudley too had his friends at the court—the ladies chiefly, or the mean intriguing eunuch race of the officers of the household; and even among the peers some one or two. Lord Sussex, to whom Cecil wrote for an opinion, viewed the question practically, and on physical grounds was inclined to let the queen have her way. The Austrian alliance had its advantages; the union of Scotland and England would no doubt be of great political importance; but England's true and best security would be in the prince which "God should give her majesty of her body." And therefore Sussex said—

"I wish not her majesty to linger this matter of so great importance, but to choose speedily, and therein to follow so much her own affection as by the looking upon him whom she should choose, *omnes ejus sensus titillarentur,* which shall be the readiest way with the help of God to bring us a blessed prince which shall redeem us out of thraldom.

"If I knew that England had other rightful inheritors I would then advise otherwise and seek to serve the time by a husband's choice. But—seeing she is *ultimum refugium,* and that no riches, friendship, foreign alliance, or any other present commodity that might come by a husband, can serve our turn without issue of her body—if the queen will love anybody, let her love where and whom she list, so much thirst I to see her love; and whomsoever she shall love and choose, him will I love, honour, and serve to the uttermost."[1]

Love for Dudley Elizabeth probably did not feel; a strong fancy rather, which contradiction made more violent, and from which she turned away herself whenever those around her seemed disposed to yield. She proposed to make the favourite a peer, and the patent was drawn out; but when it was brought to her to sign she cut it in pieces with a penknife,[1] saying that "the Dudley's had been traitors through three descents." A lovers' quarrel followed. The lady half-relented. "Robin was clapped on the cheeks with No, no, the bear and the ragged staff is not so soon overthrown;" and they "were as great as ever they were." But when the courtiers said, marry him then, the queen would "pup with her lips: she would not marry a subject;" "men would come and ask for my lord's grace;" and when they said "She might make him a king," "that she would in nowise agree to."[2]

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[1] Sussex to Cecil, October 24, 1560: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

Meanwhile the political clouds were gathering again. The Treaty of Edinburgh was but a half-victory; the doubtful attitude of Philip and the conspiracy of Amboise had checked the enterprises of the Guises; but the Bishop of Valence and De Randan had not concealed their contempt for Elizabeth's pretensions to a right of interference in Scotland. The Duke of Guise had used his time well, and for the moment seemed to have trampled out the conflagration in France. The King of Navarre and Condé were thrown into prison; their followers were hunted down, hanged, shot, broken on the wheel, torn in pieces by horses; and the Catholics were watching their opportunity to renew the struggle with England.[3] "If," wrote Throgmorton on the 8th of September to Cecil, "her majesty do not provide to keep that which she has now obtained beyond the expectation of all men, it had been better to have stood in the mercy of your enemy."[4]

The French government said openly that the commissioners had exceeded their powers, and that they would never acknowledge that Elizabeth possessed rights over the French queen's subjects. Alva assured Sir Thomas Chamberlain that but for Philip a second French army would have been in Scotland before the end of the summer. The galleys were coming round from Marseilles; the dockyards at Havre and Brest were in full activity; and Mary Stuart proposed to lead in person the next expedition which should sail.[1] "What thinketh your queen?" Alva said. "Hath the French king no party in England? Yea, I assure you he hath a great party there; and I fear me I may say as great as the queen or greater. Should he land 10,000 or 12,000 men at Dover or the Isle of Wight it will be a shrewd piece of work, and be found more difficult to remedy than all men would think." The Guises pored daily over plans of the English harbours; they were again in communication with the pope; and at Rome it was said openly that the articles concluded at Edinburgh were not, would not, and should not be ratified; the pope would assist the French with 5000 men at his own expense.[2] At the first mention of ratification at Paris, Throgmorton was told plainly "that the English treaty was part of the Scotch treaty; that a treaty made by subjects without consent of their sovereign was void; and that the English treaty was therefore void." Sooner than permit the league between England and Scotland to continue the King of France would "quit all;" and as for the arms and style, they belonged of right to the French queen, and she would not abandon them.[3]

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[1] "The queen's majesty stayeth the creation. The bills were drawn for the purpose; when they were presented, she with a knife cut them asunder."—Jones to Throgmorton, November 30: *Hardwick Papers*, vol. i.

[2] Sir Henry Neville to Throgmorton: *Conway MSS.*

[3] "Relacion de las cartas del obispo de Aquila al Rey, de 25 Julio y 3 Agosto, 1560."

[4] *Conway MSS. Rolls House.*

If Elizabeth would neither marry the archduke nor admit the papal nuncio, sooner or later the King of Spain would be against her; if she refused Arran it was likely that the Scots would turn against her. The rumour that she would marry neither of them, and that she intended instead to take Lord Robert Dudley was caught at in the court of Paris with passionate delight. In Paris there were no uncertainties how Amy Robsart met her end. Mary Stuart's wit gave expression to the popular feeling. The Queen of England, she said, was about to marry her horsekeeper, who had killed his wife to make a place for her;[4] and Throgmorton could only console himself with believing that the report was a calumny, and that while Cecil was in power so wild a step was impossible. Were it true, he could see nothing but instant ruin, and could but exclaim—

"Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem."[5]

So he wrote to Cecil, and Cecil's answer was little reassuring.

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[1] "Advertisement from beyond seas."—*Domestic MSS. Rolls House.* Sir Thomas Chamberlain to Elizabeth: *Spanish MSS.*, Ibid.

[2] John Sheres to Cecil; from Venice, October 30, 1560: *Venetian MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] Throgmorton to Chamberlain, November 21, 1560: WRIGHT's *Elizabeth*, vol. i.

[4] Dudley was Master of the Horse.

[5] Throgmorton to Cecil, October 20: *Conway MSS. Rolls House.*

Elizabeth had contemplated a marriage with Dudley, perhaps was contemplating it still; and living in the focus of the European conspiracies against her, Throgmorton read too plainly in the exultation of her enemies the frightful danger in which she would involve herself. He at least refused to credit the Cumnor inquest. "He knew not," he wrote, "what countenance to bear, the bruits were so brim of the marriage of the Lord Robert and the death of his wife." "He would rather," he said, "perish with honesty than live with shame," and he flung into his remonstrance the whole energy that he possessed.

"If, Mr. Cecil," he wrote, "you think I have any small skill or judgment in things at home, or can conjecture sequels, I do assure you, the matter succeeding, our state is in great danger of utter destruction; and so far methinks I already see into the matter, as I wish myself already dead because I would not live unto that day.

"If the matter be not already determined, I require you, as you bear a true and faithful heart to her majesty and the realm, and desire to keep them from utter desolation, in *visceribus Jesu Christi* I conjure you to do all your endeavour to hinder that marriage. We begin to be in derision already for the bruit only; if it take place we shall be *opprobrium hominum et abjectio plebis*. God and religion shall be out of estimation; the queen our sovereign discredited, contemned, and neglected; our country ruined, undone, and made prey. With tears and sighs as one being already almost confounded, I beseech you again and again to set to your wits and all your help to stay the commonwealth which lieth now in great hazard."[1]

So desperate the situation seemed to Throgmorton that, not contented with writing to Cecil, he determined to address Elizabeth herself. First he proposed to send a letter to her, but remembering that he must write in cipher, and that his despatch would perhaps be deciphered by a second hand for the queen's use, he sent his secretary with a verbal message, and a letter to Sir Thomas Parry, who was supposed to be the chief promoter of the Dudley marriage.

The secretary found Elizabeth at Greenwich, and was admitted to a private audience.

She asked why he had come over. He told her. She said she thought as much, and he had better have stayed where he was.

But he was not to be daunted. He knew his mission was a perilous one and determined to go through with it.

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[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, October 28, 1560: *Hardwick Papers*, vol. i.

He spoke of the antecedents of Lord Robert's family: of his infamous grandfather, his more infamous father Northumberland, and of the hatred felt for the race by the nobility.

"Her majesty," said the secretary in his report to Throgmorton, "laughed and turned herself to one side and the other, and set her hand upon her face."

The murder came next.

She said that "the matter had been tried in the country, and found to the contrary of that was reported." Lord Robert was at the court, and "none of his [servants] at the attempt at his wife's house,"[1] and that "it fell out as should neither touch his honesty nor her honour."

But the queen listened patiently to remonstrance; she was not displeased, and promised to tell no one what Throgmorton ventured to do. She looked ill and harassed. "Surely," the secretary said, "the matter of the Lord Robert doth much perplex her, and it is never like to take place, as generally misliked but of the setters forth thereof."[2]

Sir Thomas Parry, when he read what Sir Nicholas had written to himself, was not "over-courteous" but "was half-ashamed of his doings." The very report and expectation had deranged the whole country. "Religion was neglected; all were discontented; no man considered." "The very captains" in the army were selling "their harness." "Every man was for himself." The secretary hoped "Lord Robert's matter would not go forward, yet the favour was great which was shown him at the queen's hands."[3]

Meanwhile the Arran petition had at length arrived, brought by the Earls of Morton and Glencairn, and by Maitland, who, as he could not prevent it, thought it better to accompany the presentation.

In the Protestant part of the English council the standing reasons which recommended the connection were enhanced by the desire to save Elizabeth from Dudley. The apparent failure of the French Protestants and the menacing attitude of the Guises made the league with Scotland more necessary than ever, while the Scotch commissioners did not conceal that if their request was refused, "they would be constrained to save their necks, and win the French favour again." They were entertained by Bedford and Pembroke with marked hospitality;

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[1] This expression admits that there had been an attempt of some kind, and by some one.

[2] Jones to Throgmorton, November 30: *Hardwick Papers*, vol. i.

[3] Ibid.

and by these two and by all their friends the marriage was looked upon almost as "a necessity."

So strong was the feeling that Elizabeth durst not—perhaps she did not desire to—give a peremptory refusal. She delayed her answer, promising to take time to consider; and it is possible that public considerations might have outweighed after all her personal objections. There was a capacity in her for great self-sacrifice. Her weaknesses were wilful: she could shake them off at her pleasure. Conscious of her power over herself, she liked to dally with temptation; but she remained at all times mistress of her passions; and to steer the English nation in the midst of the breakers was a keener enjoyment to her than to listen to the soft dalliance of a Robert Dudley.

But at the crisis an event happened in France which destroyed Arran's hopes, and delayed the union of the crowns for half-a-century.

The French king and queen were at Orleans holding a high court of justice on the heretics there. Condé was under sentence of death and was about to be executed; the Calvinists all over the country were marked for massacre; when the keystone was struck suddenly from the arch which sustained the Guises' power. At eleven o'clock at night on the 5th of December, Francis II. after a short illness left the world. Mary Stuart was a childless widow; the crown lapsed to the dead king's young brother Charles; and the government of the country fell during the minority to the queen-mother and the princes of the blood. The King of Navarre and Condé passed from a prison to the steps of the throne.

At first all was uncertainty. The Duke of Guise was not expected to relinquish his power without a struggle. Mary Stuart, who had watched dutifully by the sick bed, was speculating before the body was cold on her next choice; and Throgmorton, writing on the 6th of December to Cecil, said with a side blow at Elizabeth, that "so far as he could learn, she more esteemed the continuation of her honours and to marry one that might uphold her to be great, than she passed to serve and please her fancy."[1]

But years at all events would have to elapse before the Guises would be in a position to renew their dream of conquest. It was more likely that they had fallen for ever, and that France would now follow England into a reformation, while Scotland was once more severed from the French crown. For the present the pressure was removed from Elizabeth, nor was the opportunity a fitting one to conspire against a widowed queen.

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[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, December 6: *Conway MSS. Rolls House.*

She therefore dismissed the Scotch commissioners with a reply which though not precluding the possibility of hope was in fact conclusive.

She was glad to find, the queen said, that the Scots were not ungrateful for her kindness and that her money had not been wholly thrown away. With respect to their preposal of the Earl of Arran, she did not doubt that it was well meant—that the earl was all which they described him, and that they were offering her the choicest person that they possessed. She was however indisposed to marry. A time might come when circumstances might oblige her to do what willingly she would not do; but that time had not yet arrived; and she would not ask the Earl of Arran therefore to postpone any other connection which might appear to him desirable. As to the alliance between the two countries, the Scots were most interested in its maintenance. She warned them not to be led away by sinister influences; if they would do their part her own should not be wanting.[1]

Elizabeth had scarcely calculated perhaps on the effect of her answer, although warned what it would be. "What motive the Queen of England had in this refusal we omit," says Knox. "There is such resentment at the rejection of the offer of marriage," wrote Randolph, "that the Scots hold themselves almost absolved from all their obligations." Arran himself, who had set his idle heart on being King of England, unable to obtain his wish in one way, sought it in another, and wrote to offer his hand to Mary Stuart—not, one is surprised to read, without Knox's knowledge and consent.[2] Maitland on his return wrote that he had himself done what he could to "keep the people still, in some hope that the matter was not impossible;" but "all men's minds were stirring;" they had not forgotten their obligations to England; but the Queen of Scots would now be the inevitable object of their first attachment; she would probably return to Scotland, and they would "percase put themselves in her good graces."[1] What Scotland would do however—what England would do—what Elizabeth would do—depended on the effect of the king's death in France.

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[1] Keith, vol. ii. p. 9.

[2] "Since the King of France's death, Arran has written to the King of Navarre and the constable, and, with Knox's knowledge and privity, designs if possible to marry with the Queen of Scots, supposing the Queen of England will not have him."—Randolph to Cecil, January 3, 1561: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

Knox himself mentions Arran's proposal, saying nothing of his own share in it; but he adds a sentence or two after, that "at that time he had great intelligence with some of the court of France."

Three parties were left there, almost equal in resources and power: the ultra-Catholics under the Guises supported by the pope and Philip; the Calvinists under the King of Navarre, his brother, and the three Colignies; and between them the central Gallican or national party, represented by the Constable Montmorency, who had no sympathy with fanatics of either extreme—who were Catholics, but moderate and tolerant, and were disinclined to sacrifice the unity and greatness of France to the special interest of theology. The queen-mother, Catherine de Medici—who in the late reign had seen the honour of the throne given to the Queen of Scots, and the power of the throne to the Duke of Guise and his brothers—had wrongs of her own to avenge, and untroubled with special opinions, intended to play off party against party and rule herself by their divisions. By the custom of France the regency would have fallen to Antony Bourbon King of Navarre. Montmorency and the Calvinists equally pressed him to undertake it; but he was a poor creature too small for the opportunity; Catherine de Medici persuaded him in private that the office would sit better upon herself; while in return the charge of treason against Condé was withdrawn, the prisons were emptied of the Huguenots, and at a meeting of the states-general on the 13th of December, an edict was passed for general toleration. The Cardinal of Lorraine retired from Paris taking Mary Stuart with him, after an ineffectual suggestion that she should be the young king's wife. Navarre became lieutenant-general; and for the time the Catholic faction experienced in a violent reaction the common fate of a despotic party suddenly deposed from power.

Now was the time for Elizabeth to throw her weight into the scale. The impending general council, with England, France, and Germany, united on the Reforming side, might be "a free council," which would give peace to Europe; England might recover Calais, and England's queen be at the head of the Protestant world.

So thought Throgmorton; and he wrote earnestly to her to seize the occasion—and to seize it promptly. Time was everything. The English ambassador knew too intimately the essential strength of the Catholics in France, and the skill and popularity of the Guises, to doubt that the tide would soon turn again, especially if the Queen of Scots recovered the allegiance of her subjects, and won them back, as he feared she might, to Rome and orthodoxy.[1]

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[1] Maitland to Cecil, January 15: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

Throgmorton had been one of those who had most desired the Arran marriage, which he believed would have closed for ever the political prospects of Mary Stuart. He understood the humour of the Scots and the effect upon them of the affront which they would suppose themselves to have received. It would be forgotten if Elizabeth would take the position which he desired for her; but she must stand there in a character worthy of the cause; he was profoundly dejected at hearing that the danger having passed away, she was returning to her unhappy project of marrying Lord Robert.

How in Throgmorton's opinion such a step would affect her—and affect with her the prospects of Europe—will be seen in the following letter:—

THROGMORTON TO CECIL

December 31.

"The house of Guise presently does seem here to bear small rule. The countenance and hope they have is of the King of Spain, who for religion and other respects it is thought will help to stay their credit as much as he may.

"The principal managing of the affairs doth seem to be chiefly in the hands of the queen-mother, the King of Navarre, and the constable; and as the King of Spain will earnestly travail to suppress religion, so is it most safe for her majesty and her best policy to be as diligent to advance it.

"I do well see you will do the wise and good offices that are necessary to be done and that may be done. The true religion is very like to take place in France, and so consequently throughout all Europe where Christianity is received. I did of late address myself to the admiral, who for his virtue and wisdom is much esteemed. I do find by him that if the queen's majesty will put to an earnest mind and hand to this matter, it will be here well accepted and will work very good effect. We talked of many particularities. He thinks that the general council cannot take place, but that the king must assemble a national council, whereunto if her majesty would send some learned men, he does not doubt but all shall be well.

"*But if her majesty do so foully forget herself in her marriage* as the bruit runneth here, never think to bring anything to pass either here or elsewhere. I would you did hear the lamentations, the declamations, and sundry affections, which have course here for that matter. Sir, do not forget yourself as to think you do enough because you do not further the matter. Remember your mistress is young and subject to affections; you are her sworn councillor and in great credit with her. You know there be some of your colleagues which have promoted the matter. There is nobody reputed of judgment and authority that doth to her majesty disallow it, for such as be so wise as to mislike it be too timorous to show it; so as her majesty's affection doth rather find wind and sail to set it forward than any advice to quench it.

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[1] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, December: *Conway MSS.*

"My duty to her, my goodwill to you, doth thus move me to speak plainly."

The letter went on to speak of a general league among the Catholic powers, the object of which was to destroy the Reformation.

"The parties," Throgmorton said, "which will have to do in the matter be these, and every one doth make his profit in the reckoning:—the emperor, the King of Spain, the King of Denmark, the King of Sweden, the pope, the Queen of Scotland, the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Duke of Austria, and the Duke of Guise. The matter is that the Duke of Austria shall marry the Queen of Scotland, the King of Denmark one of the emperor's daughters, the King of Sweden another. If this alliance be made, you can consider what may happen.

"Sir," the letter concluded, "after I had written thus much the ambassador of Spain came to visit me; who did amongst other matters earnestly require me to tell him whether the queen's majesty was not secretly married to the Lord Robert; for said he, I assure you this court is full of it; and whatever any man doth make your mistress to believe, assure yourself that there never was princess so overseen, if she do not give order in that matter betimes. The bruits of her doings, said he, be very strange in all courts and countries.

"I have presently written a letter to the Lord Robert Dudley, the true copy whereof I have herewith sent you,[1] and also the copy of my letter to her majesty[2] written of mine own hand; of both which I pray you take knowledge."[3]

Throgmorton's proceedings, however well intended, were not well calculated for the end he had in view; for Elizabeth was one of the many strong-willed people on whom perils and remonstrances operate only as a spur. Cecil was not so idle as his correspondent believed him; but he understood better the disposition with which he was dealing. His reply of January 1561 to Throgmorton's letter showed how dangerous his position was, and how difficult the course which he had nevertheless determined to follow. By "practices," by "by-ways," as he afterwards described it, by affecting to humour what he was passionately anxious to prevent, he was holding his mistress under delicate control; and he dreaded lest his light leading-strings should be broken by a ruder touch.

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[1] Not found.

[2] Not found.

[3] Throgmorton to Cecil, December 31: *Conway MSS.*

CECIL TO THROGMORTON

January 15.

"I have professed and do avow earnest friendship to you; and in respect thereof I must advise you not to meddle with the matters of this court, otherwise than ye may be well advised from hence. What her majesty will determine to do, only God I think knoweth; and in her His will be fulfilled. Writings remain, and coming into adverse hands may be sinisterly interpreted on the other part; servants or messengers may be reporters to whom they list, and therefore I cannot safely give you so plain counsel as I wish; but in one word I say contend not where victory cannot be had." [1]

But if Cecil shared Throgmorton's alarm, he did not expose his feelings a second time to De Quadra. The bishop reported at the end of January that since the death of Francis a close correspondence had passed between the secretary and the Huguenot leaders. If the King of Navarre remained in power, he foresaw the same consequences for which Throgmorton was so anxious: England and France would draw together; Calais would probably be restored; and he "prayed God that nothing worse might follow, and that so evil a union might not produce basilisk's eggs." He was afraid "that Navarre and Montmorency would cast their eyes on the Low Countries," which the English would assist them to seize, and thus limit the Catholic influence of Spain to the Peninsula.[2]

But comfort came to De Quadra from a quarter from which he least expected it. In spite of Cecil's influence and without his knowledge, Elizabeth, perhaps on the only occasion in her life, was really on the edge of an act of stupendous folly. The Spanish ambassador himself must tell his own story.

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[1] *Conway MSS.*

[2] Aquila to Arras, December 31: *MS. Simancas.*

DE QUADRA TO PHILIP II.

LONDON, *January 22.*

"There came lately to me Sir Henry Sidney, who is married to Lord Robert's sister, a high-spirited noble sort of person and one of the best men that the queen has about the court.

"After speaking generally on ordinary matters he came to the affair of his brother-in-law, and the substance of his words to me was this:—The marriage was now in everybody's mouth, he said, and the queen I must be aware was very anxious for it. He was surprised that I had not advised your majesty to use the opportunity to gain Lord Robert's goodwill. Your majesty would find Lord Robert as ready to obey you and do you service as one of your own vassals; with more to the same purpose.

"I replied that all which I had heard about the business was of such a character that I had not ventured to write two lines to your majesty on the subject. Neither the queen nor Lord Robert had spoken to me about it; and it was of no more importance to your majesty to gain the goodwill of English sovereigns than it was to them to gain your majesty's. Your majesty could not divine the queen's wishes; and she had shown so little inclination to follow your advice when you had offered it hitherto, that you could not be expected to volunteer your opinion.

"He admitted this. He is evidently well acquainted with what has passed, and he is not too prejudiced to see the truth. But he added that if I could be satisfied about Lady Dudley's death, he thought I could not object to informing your majesty of what he had said. The queen and Lord Robert were lovers; but they intended honest marriage, and nothing wrong had taken place between them which could not be set right with your majesty's help.[1] As to Lady Dudley's death, he said that he had examined carefully into the circumstances and he was satisfied that it had been accidental, although he admitted that others thought differently.

"If this was true, I replied, things were not so bad as I had believed. Had Lady Dudley been murdered God and man would surely have punished so abominable a crime. Lord

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[1] "Aunque eran amores, iban endereçados a casamiento, y no habia cosa ninguna illicita en tal que con la autoridad de V. M. no pudiese saldarse."

Robert however would find it difficult to persuade the world of his innocence.

"He allowed that there was hardly a person who did not believe that there had been foul play. The preachers in their pulpits spoke of it—not sparing even the honour of the queen; and this, he said, had brought her to consider whether she could not restore order in the realm in these matters of religion. She was anxious to do it; and Lord Robert to his own knowledge would be ready to assist.

"I answered that your majesty would gladly see religion restored in England as well as everywhere else; but it was not a thing to be mixed with concerns of the world. Whether married or wishing to be married, if the queen was a Christian woman she would regard religion as between God and herself.

"He said that I spoke truly; but though ill-informed in such matters, he was satisfied that religion in this country was in a deplorable condition, and that it was imperatively necessary to take steps to reform it. He mentioned a multitude of things most distressing; and he assured me on his solemn oath that the queen and Lord Robert were determined to restore the religion[1] by way of the general council; and he then went on to press me to write to your majesty to forward the affair in such a form that Lord Robert should receive the prize at which he aims from your majesty's hands.[2]

"I reminded him of what had passed between me and Lady Sidney in the affair of the Archduke Charles, and how the queen had deceived both her and myself. I said I could not write unless I received instructions from the queen herself. In that case it would become my duty, and I would do it with pleasure.

"He said the queen could not begin the subject with me, but I might assure myself she waited for nothing but your majesty's consent to conclude the marriage.[3] In the meantime Lord Robert would speak with me, and would desire me to communicate to your majesty what I should hear from him. He would offer your majesty his services to the extent of his power, in whatever your majesty would be pleased to command; especially he would be ready to assist in restoring the religion, seeing clearly that it ought to be done, and that it was this which had separated England from your majesty and forfeited your protection.

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[1] "La religion"—an expression which, as used to the Spanish ambassador, could only be intended to mean communion with the pope.

[2] "Apretando mas por persuadirme que yo quisiese escribir a V. M. y encaminar este negocio de manera que de mano de V. M. M. Roberto recibiese este bien."

[3] "Dixó me que hablarme la Reyna en ello no lo haria, sino fuese comencando yo la platica, pero que podia estar seguro que ella no esperaba ni deseaba sino el consenso de V. M. para concluirlo."

"I said again that religion ought not to be complicated with matters of this kind. If Lord Robert desired to communicate with your majesty on the subject, I would make no difficulty; but I thought that his conscience should be motive sufficient, when the course to be taken was so plain. If he desired to obtain your majesty's good opinion, so much the more improper it seemed to me that he should stipulate for conditions.

"He then asked whether I thought it would be well for the queen to send a special minister to your majesty, to satisfy you on the points where your majesty might look for fuller explanation, as to what you were to expect both from herself and from him. The ambassador resident in Spain was a confirmed heretic, and not a person therefore whom the queen could trust in a matter which concerned religion.

"I said I would think it over, and I would tell Lord Robert as soon as I had heard what he had to say. Sidney himself, I imagine, desires to go. He is a cousin of the Countess of Feria and would like to see her.

"This was the end of our conversation, and I now wait till he brings Lord Robert to me. I have related to your majesty exactly what passed between us. For some days I had suspected that the queen had something of the sort in her head. It is so bad a business that I durst not meet their overtures with cordiality; while nevertheless I thought it right to listen to them and report what they say to your majesty. If we irritate them we may drive them into mischief. Your majesty will consider the thing on all its sides and resolve what shall be done.

"I do not doubt that if there be a way by which the queen can be brought to a better mind, either in religion or in her relations with your majesty—so long at least as her present passion lasts—it will be by this marriage.

"Of this I am certain, that if she marry Lord Robert without your majesty's sanction, your majesty has but to give a hint to her subjects and she will lose her throne: I know how this matter really stands and I know the humour of the people. But I am certain also that without your majesty's sanction she will do nothing in public, and it may be that when she sees that she has nothing to hope from your majesty she will make a worse plunge to satisfy her appetite. She is infatuated to a degree which would be a notable fault in any woman, much more in one of her exalted rank.[1]

"Cecil, who was the great obstacle, has given in, being bribed by a promise of the offices vacated by Sir Thomas Parry, who died a few days ago of mere ill-humour. I ought to add that this woman is generally believed to be out of her mind; and it is thought too that she can never have a child. Some say she is a mother already, but this I do not believe.

"Something ought to be done to secure a successor on whom your majesty may depend. Your majesty will be pleased to tell me what to do. The thing is of moment, and they will press for their answer."[2]

De Quadra had occasion afterwards to lament that he had been unable to close with these strange advances at the moment when they were made. Spain was far off, and in the transit of the couriers to and fro the iron grew cool. Cecil had not "given in" as the bishop supposed, and was as determined as ever to save his mistress if she would allow herself to be saved. He had discovered the intrigue, and with an affectation of acquiescence worked himself into its management. "Howsoever the end is," he wrote afterwards to Throgmorton, "the way thereto was full of crooks; I found my lord marquis, my lord keeper, and my Lord Pembroke in this matter my best pillars, and yet I was forced to seek by-ways, so much was the contrary labour by prevention. The Bishop of Aquila had entered into such a practice to further the great matter here, meaning principally the Church matter and percase accidentally the other also, that he had taken faster hold to plant his purpose than was my ease shortly to root up."[3]

Cecil like an honest Englishman laid the blame anywhere rather than on his own countrymen. He was charging the bishop too hardly. A fair consideration of these letters, whatever attempts may be made to explain them away, leaves an impression, which the sequel will confirm, that Elizabeth's interest in the Reformation was eclipsed for an interval by her interest in Lord Robert Dudley. Stung by the reproaches of the Protestant preachers which in her heart she knew to be deserved, she was tempted to forsake a cause to which in its theological aspect she was never devoted. If Philip would secure her the support of his friend in making a husband of the miserable son of the apostate Northumberland, she was half-ready to undo her work and throw the weight of the crown once more on the Catholic side.

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[1] "Podria ser que quando viese que no podia valerse del favor de V. M. se arrojasse á lo peor con que pudiese ejecutar su appetito del qual esta tan vencida que en ninguna condicion de persona dexaria de ser falta notable, quanto mas en una muger de su estado."

[2] De Quadra to Philip, January 22: *MS. Simancas.*

[3] Cecil to Throgmorton: *Conway MSS.*

Self-willed, self-confident, and utterly fearless, refusing to believe in her lover's infamy and exasperated at the accusations, which she might have wilfully considered undeserved, she could easily conceal from herself the nature of the act which she was contemplating, and the palace clique might have kept her blind to the true feeling of the country. The bishop's story has not the air of an invention; and it is incredible that Sir Henry Sidney could have ventured to make a communication of such a character, unless he had believed himself to have the queen's sanction.

But the bishop learnt afterwards that Elizabeth had consented with extreme reluctance, and only at the passionate entreaties of Lord Robert, who had persuaded her that her life was in danger. Cecil's efforts then and always had been to divert her from the wrong course by forcing her to commit herself to another; and before Sidney was allowed to speak to De Quadra, the league with the Huguenot leaders which Throgmorton had so earnestly advised and the Spanish ambassador had so anxiously dreaded, was already under consideration. On the 19th of January Cecil had written to urge Calvin to come boldly forward "to stir the liberal noblemen in France to suppress the tyranny of the Papists." He had advised Navarre to put forward into places of trust "those who in fearful times were busy with their pens and weapons."[1] The Earl of Bedford had been appointed special commissioner to the French court. His instructions were drawn in harmony with the broadest liberal policy, and were but waiting the queen's signature, while she herself stood poised between two courses, on neither of which she could resolve. On the one side were freedom, truth, greatness, glory, and self-sacrifice; on the other, bondage to Spain and the possession of the loved Lord Robert.

The nobler side would perhaps at all events have triumphed in the end. Whatever her struggles, her temptations, her vacillations, her inconsistencies, Elizabeth was ever true in the main to the rough path of greatness. But Cecil found an effective assistant in a quarter whence he could least have looked for it. Lord Paget at home and abroad had been an opponent of his past policy. The old and worldly-wise diplomatist had deprecated internal changes, and had been the steady advocate of the Spanish alliance. Like Maitland, he was essentially a secular statesman, and had little confidence in transcendental revolutions. His creed was probably of the broadest; he hated fanatics; he believed in good order, good government, and a good army, more than in whitewashed churches, or in doctrines of justification however exemplary their exactness; and the course pursued by Cecil since Elizabeth's accession had been so different from what he would himself have advised that he had withdrawn almost wholly from public life. Once only he had come forward—to protest against the Scottish war; but his opposition like that of his friends had been overruled.

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[1] "Such courage," he said, "will abash the Papists, so well I know their cowardice; I mean specially of the shavelings."—Cecil to Throgmorton, January 19: *Conway MSS.*

When therefore at this moment he is found again in confidential communication with Elizabeth, it is likely that he had been sent for to give the weight of his experience to the scheme which Sidney had opened to the Spanish ambassador.

Invited or uninvited, at any rate Paget in the course of the crisis was again in the queen's closet; and the opinion which he gave exactly contradicted what was expected of him. It was one thing to advocate the Spanish alliance on open and avowed grounds of national policy—Lord Paget was too keen-sighted to believe and too honest to affect to believe that Elizabeth could safely fall back upon it in connection with a scandalous love affair. The unlooked-for success at Edinburgh and the death of Francis II. had changed the aspect of Europe. The Reformers were now the legitimate directors of the French government, with whom the queen might honourably and safely connect herself, and at whose hands—far better than at Philip's—she might hope to recover the still passionately longed-for Calais; so that the Bishop of Aquila learnt to his disgust that when the queen was apparently at the point of yielding to Lord Robert, Lord Paget had advised her to sanction Bedford's mission, to make an alliance with the King of Navarre and the Calvinists, and to let Spain stand over till she could dictate her own terms.[1]

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[1] "I have delayed so long to write again in the affair of Lord Robert because they have been long in making a second move in it; and because, so far as I can understand, the queen will not place herself at your majesty's disposal unless she is forced into it by Lord Robert's persuasions. He is well aware of the peril in which they stand. He sees clearly that without your majesty's help they can scarcely hope to secure themselves from an

Winchester, Pembroke, and Bacon were on the same side. Beyond the palace walls, had Dudley's scheme been heard of, he would have been torn in pieces by the populace. Bedford's commission was signed on the last of January, and he started the next day for Paris.

Once more as we read his instructions we breathe the wholesome air of heaven after the sinister and stifling vapours of De Quadra's cabinet. The earl was directed to establish close and intimate relations with the King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and the Colignies, to "impeach" the intended general council by which Lord Robert and the queen were to have restored religion; and to prevent the marriage of the Queen of Scots with any foreign prince.

To the Queen of Scots herself he was charged with an autograph letter from Elizabeth, who believed perhaps that as she was still young and was feeling keenly a sharp and sudden change of fortune, it might be possible to persuade her into cordiality.

Not indeed that the Queen of Scots had shown symptoms as yet of any desire to conciliate: on the one hand, she had thought of marrying Don Carlos of Spain, and of persuading Philip to transfer his English patronage from Elizabeth to herself; on the other, an independent career was opening itself to her in her own country. She understood her subjects; she knew the angry disappointment which Elizabeth had provoked by rejecting the Earl of Arran. The ambition of giving a sovereign to England, which had made them her enemies in the summer, would now restore their allegiance to herself and their support to her pretensions; and so far from their pressing upon her the ratification of the Treaty of Edinburgh, by which those pretensions were abandoned, she could calculate safely on their connivance—perhaps on their open support—if she refused to do it.

The first effect of the affront which the Scots had received was a proposal of marriage to her from the rejected earl; the second was to bring over flights of the young Scotch noblemen to her feet—among them the bold and "glorious" Earl of Bothwell, the one among them all who through good and evil had been faithful to her mother's fortunes.

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insurrection in the realm, or to repress it should it break out. The queen I believe would have done what Lord Robert presses her to do, had not Paget interfered, who, knowing her humour, has advised her to pause, and to make a firm peace and alliance with France; after which she can negotiate with your majesty more to her advantage."—De Quadra to Philip, February 23: *MS. Simancas.*

She was not slow to understand her position or to profit by it. On the 31st of December the English ambassadors had demanded the ratification of the treaty. She said that her husband's death had required a revision of the terms in which it had been drawn; but she would refer it to a mixed commission of English and French; and as they should recommend she would act.[1]

But Elizabeth understood little as yet of Mary Stuart's character, and apparently as little of the game which it was open to her to play. The chief fear was of some fresh marriage like the last, which would again give a Catholic prince a pretext for interference in Scotland.

Lord Bedford was therefore instructed when he delivered Elizabeth's letter to avoid irritating topics; and to say merely that he was commissioned to give her advice, which Elizabeth if the case were her own would thankfully receive. Scotland was a free country; let the queen endeavour to govern it by its own laws, by love rather than by force, and with the advice of her own estates and subjects. She might possibly feel displeasure at the expulsion of the French from Leith; but in reality the service to herself had been as great as the service to England, and Elizabeth could honestly say that she had taken no advantage of the occasion to obtain any purpose of her own. She had annexed no Scottish soil; she had withdrawn no subject of the Scottish crown from his allegiance; the country was now at peace, well governed, and in good order. Let the queen keep it so; let her accept the hand which was offered her, and "bury all unkindness;" and Elizabeth on her part would forget the injuries to herself, and would believe that their past disagreements had been occasioned only by the French marriage.

If these advances were well accepted nothing more was to be said about the treaty. Elizabeth could afford to be generous; and if the Queen of Scots showed a desire to be on good terms with her, she would not insist on the letter of her rights.

If however either in words or manner Mary Stuart showed that she would not accept these overtures, "the intended friendship and love would have to be altered to some other affection;" but "the fault" would be with the Queen of Scots herself, and she in the end would have most cause of regret. In that case Bedford was to demand the immediate ratification, which there was no longer an excuse for refusing, and he was to warn the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Duke of Guise to be cautious in the advice which they should give to their niece. The Queen of England was ready to forget the past, but on condition only that she had no further cause for complaint or suspicion; and if Bedford ascertained that either a Spanish or an Austrian marriage was in contemplation for the widowed princess, he was to entreat the Protestant chiefs to do all in their power to prevent it.[1]

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[1] Mary Queen of Scots to Throgmorton: *Cotton. MSS.* Calig. B. 8.

When these instructions were drawn, it was believed in England that the predominance of the Reformers in France was for a time at least secured; but the turn of affairs had proved less favourable to them than the first revolution promised. Catherine de Medici wavered between her dread of the Guises and her hatred of Beza and Calvin. Navarre had introduced Protestant preachers into the palace chapel. Montmorency swore that the king's faith should not be corrupted by men whom his grandfather thought worthy only of fire and sword.

The toleration edict of December had not only set at liberty the prisoners for religion, but it had permitted the reclamation of forfeited estates; and every provincial council was a scene of wrangling and confusion. Cardinal Châtillon, Archbishop of Beauvais, the admiral's brother, superseded his cathedral mass with a "supper" in his private house, while the mob—there, as in Paris, fanatically Catholic—were howling for vengeance round the walls. The Huguenot congregations attended sermons with steel cuirass and hand on sword-hilt; and Cecil had miscalculated the humour of the "Papists" when he said he knew their cowardice. The ancestors of the French of 1793, removed from them by little more than 200 years, were ready to fight for the faith of the Church with the infernal passions of a legion of fiends. The whole people were drifting fast into civil war; Montmorency and the Marshal St. André were determined that no compact should be made with England of which the surrender of Calais should be a condition; and thus after all Bedford's mission bore little fruit. He failed to persuade Catherine de Medici to refuse her sanction to the council which was about to reopen at Trent. He succeeded only in coming to an understanding with Navarre, Condé, and the admiral, who foreseeing that they would soon be fighting for their lives again were ready to bid high for Elizabeth's support.

On the 15th of January the Scotch Estates met to receive in form Elizabeth's refusal of the Earl of Arran. Bothwell,

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[1] Instructions to the Earl of Bedford, January, 1561: *Conway MSS.*

Ogilvy of Findlater, Leslie of Auchtermuchty, and others, had returned from Paris to be present. They brought with them as many as three hundred letters from the queen to different noblemen and gentlemen, containing fair promises that henceforth she would know nothing but Scotland, and study only the greatness of her own subjects; the French that were left at Dunbar and Inchkeith should be withdrawn, and if her subjects would receive her she was ready to return and throw herself without reserve upon their loyalty. To each nobleman she had found something special, something gracious to say, something to lead him to believe that she had a peculiar interest in himself. She played on the passionate Scotch heart as upon an instrument of which she understood every note but one. She knew their feudal affection for their sovereign; she knew their national pride, their jealousy of England; she could appeal with the certainty of a response to her own position as a young and desolate widow; she comprehended all save the new hard insoluble element of religion; and so successful was she that the Estates began immediately to consider whether they would not invite her back among them. Randolph wrote that "all men were going after her;" that if Elizabeth desired to preserve a party in Scotland she must see to it promptly; and that if Mary Stuart returned "it would soon be a mad world."[1]

Thus, when Bedford brought Elizabeth's offer of goodwill, he was received with sufficient courtesy to prevent him from producing the more disagreeable part of his instructions. The Queen of Scots could say with entire sincerity that she intended to be guided, as her good sister recommended, by the advice of her subjects. She answered Elizabeth's letter in a tone of the utmost seeming cordiality,[2] while she no longer spoke of referring the treaty to a commission, but desired only to consult the Scotch Estates.

With this very partial success Bedford returned to England, while Noailles went to Scotland to solicit a renewal of the old league with France; and Maitland informed Cecil that what he had foreseen was coming to pass; and that Elizabeth, if she wished to retain the goodwill of the Scots, must conciliate Mary Stuart in earnest.

"I pray you," he said, "in any wise let means be found that the queen our sovereign may be in friendship with that realm, otherwise the intelligence betwixt us can for no time endure. You may easily judge what subjects professing obedience are able to do when the prince is bent a contrary way. If her highness may be induced by good means to embrace an equal league with that realm, then I trust the subjects of both shall long live in ease."[1]

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, February 26: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Labanoff, vol. i. p. 92.

In a second letter, and more confidentially, Maitland described the condition of Scottish parties.

"Since," he said, "it had not pleased God that the realms should be united as he and Cecil had proposed," every one was agreed "that they must of necessity, so far as in them lay, procure the queen their sovereign's benevolence towards them." The neutrals who had hung back during the war were wholly for their own princess, and so were the Catholics. Chatelherault and the Hamiltons would have her return on condition that she would marry Arran; the remainder—"no small party, neither in humble degree nor power"—desired to have her among them with no conditions at all except that she would trust them and bring no strangers with her. All for the present was calm; but when the renewal of the league with France came again under discussion, Maitland feared that although it might be delayed for a time resistance in the end would be found impossible.

"If," he concluded, "we could altogether refuse, which I can hardly think—yea, I think it will not be so—then besides the queen our sovereign lady's displeasure we shall have France perpetually our enemy. It were a perilous estate for Scotland to break the league with France and so have the protection of no foreign nation, we being by a dry marsh joined to that realm which is so puissant. Although you be now our friends, and like enough that you will so continue for a good season; yet seeing the means of perpetual friendship is desperate, it is to be thought that time may make you enemies, and then were we a facile prey for you being destitute of all friendship. I give you warning of all these matters beforehand and ere they come in question, that you may advise therewith in time."[2]

Maitland also, like Mary Stuart, surveyed all the elements of the question but one. He too made small account of religion. How little he thought of it appears from his passing it over in silence. Yet it was this which alone political intrigue failed to disintegrate; it was this which was to determine the future of the Scotch nation, and the power of it was immediately to be visible in a signal instance. Noailles came, and with him the expected discussion on the terms of the queen's return; and so sure had he and his friends felt of success that he had added a demand in Mary's name that the Catholic faith should be re-established, and "the bishops and kirkmen" restored to the livings of which they had been deprived. So absolutely was political ingenuity at fault that Noailles' mission was instantly wrecked. "The bishops" for whom he pleaded were called "wolves, thieves, murderers, and idle bellies;" the Catholic Church was reviled as "the congregation of Satan;" the league—the acceptance of which Maitland thought so certain—was flung back in the face of the French, and the Estates declared that after the services which they had received from England the English alliance should be preferred to all others. The Protestants might resent the slight which had been passed upon them, but their creed was as dear to them as ever, and policy and national pride might be powerful without being all-powerful. The country divided itself into two sharply-divided parties, each professing loyalty to their sovereign and each anxious to see her return to Scotland. Huntly, Athol, Sutherland, Caithness, Bothwell, Seton, and the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, formed into a separate convention for the immediate restoration of Catholicism. They sent Leslie, afterwards the famous Bishop of Ross, to Mary, to invite her to land at Aberdeen, where they would join her with 20,000 men and march on Edinburgh. The Protestants sent Lord James Stuart to bid her come to them in the name of the Parliament which had passed the Confession of Faith, and to rule by the law of which the reformed religion was a part.[1]

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[1] Maitland to Cecil, February 28: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Maitland to Cecil, February, 1561: Ibid.

If not mistaken in the feelings of her subjects, Mary Stuart had been utterly premature. Victory over the Reformation, if not impossible, was as yet far off; and Lord James, as a proof that the invitation to the queen was not intended as an act of hostility to England, went through London on his way, taking with him from Randolph as his credentials an assurance "that Elizabeth would find him such a man as the like was not in the nation for wit and power to serve her majesty."[2]

Leaving the two commissioners to make their way to France we return to Lord Robert, who was busily engaged in reconstructing his torn web. Elizabeth, if she had escaped the immediate temptation, had by no means parted with her hopes. The mission of Bedford had borne less fruit than those by whom it was originated had expected; and half deceiving her lover, half led away herself, the queen allowed him to continue his negotiations with De Quadra.

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, March 18: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Ibid.

On the 13th of February, three weeks after Sidney's first interview, the promised meeting was effected between the bishop and Dudley.

Lord Robert repeated the assurances which his brother-in-law had made in his name. He said that he believed that the queen would marry him if the bishop could assure her of the King of Spain's approbation; the King of Spain in return should find in himself at all seasons and in all services the most humble and devoted of his followers.

De Quadra had as yet received no answer from Philip, and replied that without instructions he could say nothing to the queen of the desirableness of any particular marriage; but believing as he did that could Elizabeth be tempted to so rash a step she would be walking over the precipice down which he longed to see her plunged, he said he would press upon her generally the necessity of marrying some one, and if she mentioned Lord Robert's name he would recommend him to the best of his ability. A day or two after De Quadra saw Elizabeth herself, and in a letter to his master he thus described the scene:—

"I said she was well aware of your majesty's desire to see her married; it was rumoured that she was seriously thinking of it; and I could not but tell her what pleasure the report had given me. Should she wish to consult your majesty, I would use my diligence in communicating her wishes to you; and if I could not at that time be more precise it was because my commission did not allow me.

"She replied after much circumlocution that she would make me her ghostly father and I should hear her confession.

"It came to this, that she was no angel. She could not deny that she had a strong regard for the many excellent qualities which she saw in Lord Robert. She had not indeed resolved to marry either him or any one; only every day she felt more and more the want of a husband. She thought her own people would like to see her married to an Englishman, and she asked me what your majesty would think if she married one of her household, as the Duchess of Suffolk had done, and the Duchess of Somerset whom she used to laugh at. To this I said I could not tell. I had never spoken on the subject with your majesty; but if she would direct me what to say I would write and ask you. I was sure of this, that marry whom she would your majesty would be pleased to hear of it, and that your majesty well knew the high character which was borne by the Lord Robert.

"With an air of much satisfaction she said she would speak to me again, and meanwhile she would promise to do nothing without your majesty's sanction. She evidently wished that I should say more, but I refrained for fear of making a mistake, and because she is——what we know her to be. As there is danger however that, carried away by passion as she is, she may fly into some opposite extravagance, I would not leave her without hope. The heretics are full of energy: they have intelligence with Germany, France, and Scotland. Your own Low Countries are in no safe condition; and if we let this woman become desperate she may do something which may fatally injure us, although she destroy herself at the same time."[1]

The next day Lord Robert again sought De Quadra. He told the bishop that the queen was delighted with her interview. She was but hesitating out of timidity: if he would press her a little farther she would give way. For himself he would be Spanish heart and soul; and as to religion, not only should England send representatives to Trent, but if necessary he would attend the council in person.

For decency's sake when religion was brought in question De Quadra protested. The King of Spain, he said, would no doubt be glad of Dudley's services; but he added that any return of Elizabeth to the Church must be matter of conscience rather than of condition: it must not be said that Spain had made a bargain to recover England to orthodoxy. In again writing to Philip however he pressed the necessity of prompt resolution. Double-minded and unstable as Elizabeth evidently was, he thought—though he spoke with diffidence—that Lord Robert had expressed her real feelings. The King of Spain must decide whether he would close with these proposals or assist the Catholics openly to make a revolution.

"Nothing can be worse," he said, "than to leave things thus to chance, which will breed some great disaster to your majesty. You must pardon me if I go beyond my office in speaking thus; my duty makes me forget my prudence. I do not speak my own opinion only; every honest man in the realm uses the same language. The Duke of Norfolk is on the worst terms with the queen and Lord Robert. Lady Lennox wishes to marry her son the Lord Darnley to the Queen of Scots, and as I understand, is not without hope of success."[1]

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[1] De Quadra to Philip, February 23: *MS. Simancas.*

The introduction of Lord Darnley's name for the first time in connection with Mary Stuart, requires a few explanatory words.

Eighteen years before, the Earl of Lennox had claimed against the Hamiltons the succession to the Scotch throne, in default of the royal line. Chatelherault, then Earl of Arran and Regent of Scotland, was a tool in the hands of Cardinal Beton; and Henry VIII. had found in Lennox a convenient instrument for maintaining the English party. But the earl had played his cards ill: he was driven out and took refuge in England, where he had remained ever since a discontented pensioner of the English crown. He had married with Henry's consent Margaret, daughter of Margaret Tudor, Queen of Scotland, by the Earl of Angus her second husband; and Lady Lennox, though unnamed in the line of succession in Henry VIII.'s will, had been the favourite candidate of Queen Mary, who had given her precedence over Elizabeth in the court. She had taken part in Elizabeth's persecution, and had used the opportunity of insulting her when she was brought from Hatfield as a prisoner to answer for her life after Wyatt's conspiracy.

Elizabeth on coming to the throne had repaid her impertinence by marked kindness; but the countess could neither forgive the mortification of her own hopes nor endure her position as a dependent of a princess whom she hated. She was thus leading a restless life of feverish intrigue. She was a passionate Catholic, and her only son, Lord Darnley, she had brought up to be the hope of the Catholic party. In addition to her proximity to the English crown, she was, as the sole child of Angus, the reputed heiress of the vast inheritance of the Douglases. The Hamiltons still kept from her husband the escheated lands of Lennox; and thus a wronged, angry, and ambitious woman, she was fishing ever in the troubled waters, and was now speculating on the match between Darnley and the Queen of Scots as a means of recovering her property and establishing a double claim on the English crown.

To the existing complications another was about to be added. Lord Robert had undertaken for Elizabeth that she would send representatives to Trent. Whether he had authority for what he had said, or had formed his expectations out of his wishes, was immediately to be put to the test. Paul IV. had died in August, 1559. The Cardinal de Medici had succeeded under the title of Pius IV., with the joint consent of Spain and France; and peace between the great powers had given the opportunity for the revival of the council which their quarrels had dissolved.

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[1] De Quadra to Philip, February: *MS. Simancas.*

After much correspondence and some uncertainty, the French, Spanish, and Imperial courts had again agreed upon Trent as the spot where it should assemble. Whether England would consent to be represented there was the great question of the day. Although Edward's liturgies had been restored, the mass abolished, the pope again deprived by Act of Parliament of his spiritual supremacy, yet England had always expressed her readiness to submit to any council which could represent freely and fairly the learning and piety of Christendom. This council, like the last, was called in the name of the pope—yet the pope had not retaliated on Elizabeth by excommunication as the world had expected; it was understood that a temperate policy was to be the order of the day; and a nuncio was now on his way from Rome to invite the Queen of England to unite in the common interests of Christianity.

There was much to be said on the surface in favour of compliance. The pope had shown forbearance where it was least expected of him. If the reformed countries refused to take a part in the council, they left the field to their adversaries, and seemed to shrink from a tribunal to which Church controversies had from the beginning been submitted: while as certainly those who had held aloof would be visited at the conclusion by interdict and excommunication—to which neither Elizabeth nor her ministers could affect to be indifferent. The majority of her subjects were under a prejudice which it was unsafe to disregard, that they were still members of the corporate Catholic Church. Lord Robert Dudley had caught the opportunity to identify his private ambition with a great cause; and knowing himself to be execrated by the Protestants, he was cultivating with partial success the gratitude of the orthodox.

On the other hand, to accept the invitation of the pope was to admit in a sense his supremacy. In a council under the papal presidency, the Lutheran and Calvinist ministers would be fortunate if they were allowed to speak without molestation. The votes would be confined to the bishops; and with England the ugly question would rise, whether if the pope's supremacy was admitted even by implication, the prisoners in the Tower were not the only bishops whom the pope could recognise.

Lord Bedford when at Paris had laboured, but laboured in vain, to persuade Catherine de Medici to agree to a national council in France, or to a general council in Germany. Catherine had gone with her kinsman; and Trent and the papal presidency were established certainties.

Immediately that the meeting and character of the council was determined, the Huguenots disclaimed interest in it, denied its legality, and avowed openly that they would never submit to its decisions. The princes of the Smalcaldic league met at Nuremberg to answer the message of invitation which the pope had sent them. They declined unanimously to send any minister in any capacity to a council so constituted. They invited England and Scotland to join them in their refusal; and here we are met by the singular phenomenon that at the very time when Lord Robert believed that he had secured Elizabeth for himself, for Philip, and for the pope, Cecil, with or without her sanction, was recognising an identity of religious interests with the Scots which before he was forbidden to acknowledge. In desiring Randolph to express to the lords of the congregation the queen's cordial regard for them, he bade him tell them that "her majesty saw daily no amity or intelligence betwixt one country and another so sure as that which was grounded upon unity and consent in religion."[1]

Elizabeth's real state of mind was perhaps divined truly by De Quadra when he said that she was self-willed and detested dependence. She courted the Reformers abroad to free herself from the King of Spain; she was exasperated at the thraldom in which she was held by the heretics at home, who forbade her to marry Dudley; and when the yoke pressed hard she looked wistfully to Philip to emancipate her. In great things and small, in fact, like other people, she preferred her own way and was angry when she could not have it—and yet through fear in the opinion of De Quadra, or, as the reader may prefer to believe, through the prompting of her nobler instincts, when the time came for action she yielded always to the direction of Cecil.[2]

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[1] Memorial to Randolph in the Queen's behalf, signed by Cecil, March 20, 1561: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "El desiño de la Reyna esta eximirse en cierta manera de V. M. que la tiene apretada de manera que no puede hacer en su Reyno todo lo que quiere viendo la confianza y aficion que los Catolicos de aqui tienen a V. M. La summa es que Cecil y estos ereges quieren tener á la Reyna

The bishop's chief anxiety and Cecil's chief fear was that she might be tempted into some position from which she could not be extricated. Very soon Cecil ascertained that the intrigue with De Quadra was on foot again. How far it had gone he could not learn; he was ignorant and was most anxious to ascertain whether either Elizabeth or Dudley had spoken to the bishop alone.[1] He obtained a promise from the queen however that she would do nothing without consent of Parliament,[2] and when Lord Robert fell ill with vexation, he seems to have contrived to obtain for himself the direction of the negotiation with De Quadra—promising to do his best in it.

Certain it is at any rate that Cecil went to De Quadra on Elizabeth's behalf, to speak to him about her marriage with Lord Robert. He understood, he said, that Sir Henry Sidney had wished the King of Spain to write to Elizabeth advising her to marry Lord Robert. He thought it would be well if the king would write such a letter—but it should be a general letter recommending merely that she should marry an Englishman—such as could be laid before Parliament. He assumed as a matter of course that Lord Robert would be the person whom the queen would choose.

De Quadra inquired whether he was to consider this language as a message from the queen, which he was to report to his master.

Cecil said that the queen being a lady could not enter on the subject of herself. It was not for her to invent contrivances to enable herself to be married. Her name must not be mentioned.

At this conversation Sir Henry Sidney had contrived to be present; he had been sent, the bishop said, by his brother-in-law to keep watch on Cecil.

De Quadra turned to him and asked if he had anything to suggest.

Sidney answered coldly that Lord Robert would be grateful for any service which the King of Spain might do for him. In

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sujeta y atada á su voluntad y obligada á mantener sus eregias; y aunque ella vee que los ereges la tratan muy mal especialmente los predicadores y que Roberto esta peor quisto dellos que de los Catolicos, no osa hacer otra cosa que lo que Cecil le aconseja, porque piensa que luego se levantarian los unos y los otros contra ella."—De Quadra al Rey, March 23: *MS. Simancas*.

[1] Ibid.

[2] "Me dixó Cecil que la Reyna estaba resuelta de no hacer nada en este negocio sin la voluntad y consentimiento de los de su Reyno, el qual tiene autoridad de gobernar los negocios publicos de su Reyno, y no era bien que en este la Reyna le prejudicase casandose sin consultando á ellos."—Ibid.

passing into Cecil's hands he was well aware that the scheme was at an end. De Quadra said that both Sidney and Lord Robert had endeavoured to persuade Elizabeth to shake off Cecil's tyranny and throw herself unreservedly on Philip, but they had not succeeded.

But this subject was not the only one on which Cecil had to speak to De Quadra. The Spanish ambassador was the medium of communication between England and the Catholic world; it was through him that the coming of a messenger from the pope was made known, and Philip had sent by him a personal request to Elizabeth to admit the nuncio to her presence. This too was a delicate matter on which cautious fencing was necessary. That the Church of England itself should have been consulted on an occasion of such importance could have occurred to no one who was acquainted with the conditions of its existence; but Elizabeth's humour about it was dubious and as usual irresolute.

If the council was held in a place which the Kings of France and Spain considered satisfactory, the Queen of England, Cecil said, "could not reasonably object; she would not refuse to allow the presidency of the pope, provided it was understood that the pope was not above the council but merely its head; and its decisions should be accepted in England if they were in harmony with Holy Scripture and the first four general councils." But he assumed—as if it was a point on which no difficulty could be raised—"that the English bishops, having been apostolically ordained, and not merely elected by a congregation like Lutheran or Calvinist heretics, would be admitted to sit with the rest."

The ambassador said it should be considered hereafter, and parried Cecil's thrust with another. The general council, he said, would probably be a failure after all, through the obstinacy of the Germans; was it possible that a national council could be held in England under a papal legate?

To this of course Cecil objected. De Quadra reminded him that the change in religion had been effected by Act of Parliament alone in the teeth of the entire ecclesiastical estate; but Cecil said peremptorily that the admission of a papal legate was impossible; and firing a last shot as he took his leave, he added that if the pope wrote to the queen, he must address her as Defender of the Faith; if her titles were inadequately rendered the letter would not be received.

"I know not what to think," the bishop wrote in concluding his account of this conversation; "things are so perplexed that they utterly confuse me: Cecil is a violent heretic; but he is neither a fool nor a liar, and he pretends to be dealing with me frankly and honourably.

"The points which he concedes about the council are of great value.

"The queen's position is a most difficult one; but although it is possible that the consciousness of her danger united with her passion for Lord Robert may make her really desirous to rejoin the Church, so it is possible that she may be playing a game to keep in favour with your majesty, and to deceive her Catholic subjects with hopes which she has no intention of fulfilling." [1]

A few days later arrived Philip's answer to Sir Henry Sidney's first proposals. The King of Spain was never in a hurry; the couriers were on the road a fortnight between London and Madrid; six weeks were spent in deliberation, and at the end of them Philip had concluded to consider Dudley's offer with favour. He was anxious for peace—anxious for the success of the council; he shrunk from the rough methods of dealing with Elizabeth which were pressed upon him by De Feria, because he knew that if he encouraged an insurrection of the Catholics he would embroil himself with France, and Europe would be once more in a conflagration. Thus, although he admitted that he had little confidence in Elizabeth—that many times before he had found that her smooth words meant only that she was in difficulty, and that when the difficulty passed her humour changed again—he let himself believe that her present passion was more deeply rooted; and that, if so, he might as well take advantage of it.

But before he would take any action, he required proofs of Elizabeth's sincerity. He must see a declaration in her own hand, and signed with her name, that she wished to be reconciled to the Church. She must release the bishops and others who were in the Tower for refusing the oath of supremacy; she must allow her Catholic subjects to use their own services freely till the conclusion of the council. If she would satisfy him on these points, she might assure herself that he himself, and the Catholics in England and out of it, would support her in her marriage with Lord Robert Dudley.[2]

Could De Quadra have returned this answer when Sidney first spoke to him, something might perhaps have come of it; but it was too late. It was a misfortune of Elizabeth's stratagems that she deceived her friends as well as her enemies.

[1] De Quadra to Philip II., March 23: *MS. Simancas*

[2] Philip II. to De Quadra, March 17: *Toledo MS. Simancas.*

From the first opening of the intrigue, she had treated De Quadra with marked attention; the apparent cordiality between the court and the Spanish ambassador alarmed the Catholics into a belief that Philip was about to desert them; and to allay their apprehensions De Quadra told Heath and Montague that she had held out hopes to him that she would acknowledge the council, and that negotiations were actually in progress which might lead to her return to the Catholic Church. Heath and Montague told their friends, and the news went through London like an electric shock.

At the beginning of April the queen removed to Greenwich, where it was generally understood that she intended to receive the nuncio; and Lord Robert, when the contents of Philip's letter were communicated to him, could not conceal his imprudent exultation, and paraded his own and (as he represented it) the queen's intention of "restoring *religion*."[1]

From the time that Cecil's hand had been in the matter, De Quadra had felt misgivings that Dudley was deceiving himself. The nuncio's arrival however would be a final criterion of the course which England would follow. If a messenger from the pope was publicly received, Elizabeth's professions were sincere; if he was refused an audience, the bubble would break.

Unless Cecil was purposely deceiving Throgmorton, Elizabeth was really entangled;[2] yet already unfavourable symptoms were justifying the bishop's uncertainty. By way of answer to Philip's demand for the liberation of the bishops, and to allay the alarm of the Reformers, Cecil had instituted a general search for Catholic conventicles. Sir Edward Waldegrave, one of Mary's council, had allowed mass to be said in his house; he was sent, with Lady Waldegrave, the priest, and the congregation, to the Tower.[3]

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[1] Elizabeth had given Lord Robert a fresh proof of favour. "El discontento de Milord Roberto ha pasado; en que le ha mandado la Reyna dar un aposento en lo alto junto al suyo por ser mas sano que el que tiene abajo, y esta contentisimo. Le dije que V. M. se habia holgado mucho de haber entendido la determinacion que el tiene de procurar la restauracion de la religion en este Reyno. Respondiome luego y sin detenerse ni pensar en ello que era verdad que la tenia, y que la misma tenia la Reyna, la cual no deseaba otra cosa que verse fuera destas disentiones y tener su Reyno quieto."—De Quadra to Philip, April 12: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] "Here hath been no small ado to refuse this popish messenger. The Bishop of Aquila had won more with former practices than was easy to overtake."—Cecil to Throgmorton: *Hardwick Papers*, vol. i.

[3] Examination of persons arrested, April 17: *Domestic MSS. Rolls House.*

"When I saw this Romish influence toward," wrote Cecil, "I thought it necessary to dull the Papists' expectations by punishing of massmongers for the rebating of their humours."[1]

Sir Henry Sidney received orders to repair to his presidency. Before he left London he told De Quadra that it was a pretext to get rid of him—he had been the first instrument in the negotiation, and his presence was inconvenient. The queen had changed her mind, and would act like a woman, and the blame would be thrown upon Lord Robert.[2]

It appeared also that the Catholic nobles would be no parties to the intrigue. On the 23rd of April, at the annual meeting of the Knights of the Garter, Sussex proposed an address to the queen, recommending Dudley to her as a husband. Norfolk and Arundel refused their consent; Montague, to whom a few days before Lord Robert had in vain written a fawning letter, was equally unwilling, and there must have been some by-action behind the scenes—like the game which had been played with De Quadra; for an address was presented, in the place of that proposed by Sussex, recommending marriage generally, but without Dudley's name, and the queen replied in a passion that when she married "she would consult her own pleasure and not that of her nobles." The scheme was not progressing; it was plain that the Catholics would not purchase a change of policy at the price of accepting a Dudley as their king.[3]

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[1] Cecil to Throgmorton: *Conway MSS.* Several curious circumstances were connected with these arrests. Sir Thomas Stradling of Glamorganshire was charged with exhibiting a crucifix said to have been found in the heart of a tree that was blown down in his park, and it was thought worth while to send a commission from London to investigate the story.

The Bishop of London acted as Cecil's inquisitor in the affair of Sir Edward Waldegrave; and wishing to do his work effectually, yet not venturing, as he admitted, to inflict a heavy punishment for merely saying or hearing mass, he discovered that the officiating priest had been concerned in making a "love philtre." Sorcery would be a safer ground for process. The bishop applied to the Lord Chief Justice Catlin, to learn what the law was in such cases, and Catlin replied unexpectedly that it was an offence for which no provision had been made. The Church courts had hitherto claimed cognisance of all such cases; but they were now crippled and powerless, and the only precedent which he could find bearing on the case was one of the time of Edward III., thus entered on the roll:—

"Ung homme fut prinse en Southwark avec ung teste et ung visaige dung homme morte et avec ung lyvre de sorcerie en son male et fut amesne en banke du Roy devant Knyvet Justice maiz nulle endictment fut vers luy, por qui les clerkes luy fierent jurement que jamais ne feroit sorcerie en apres, et fut delyvere del prison, et le teste et les lyvres furent arses a Totehyll a les costages du prisonnier."—*Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xvi.

[2] De Quadra to Philip, May 1: *MS. Simancas.*

[3] "Relacion de las cartas del Obispc de Aquila á su Magd.; Avril, Mayo, 1561."—*MS. Simancas.*

In the face of such symptoms De Quadra foresaw too certainly the fate of his demand for the admission of the nuncio. It had been presented in the form of a personal request from Philip to the queen, by whom it was submitted to the council. The nuncio himself waited in Flanders to hear the result of their deliberation.

The points raised in the discussion were, first, whether under the statutes of Henry VIII. a papal emissary could legally be admitted into England; and secondly, whether, if the law could be evaded, the advantages to be gained would compensate for the possible inconvenience.

Premunire—that fatal spell before which spiritual pretensions sunk exorcised, mysterious as excommunication, and no less terrible in its vagueness—was again brought forward. The council remembered that even Queen Mary had held at bay with it the legatine commission sent by Paul to the rival of Pole; while again "the very sound" of the coming of a nuncio had awakened dangerous hopes and agitating rumours. Priests had "conversed with the devil," to learn how long the queen would live; and the devil had answered—loyal citizens would hope untruly—"that she should not long continue." Summer was coming on, when "the devil had most opportunity to make trouble and tumults;" and if there were signs of yielding to the pope, bad subjects would rebel, and good subjects "would be cast down."

The nuncio might offer to take an oath that while he was in England he would do nothing prejudicial to the realm—but prejudicial was a vague word; "or he might think it was no perjury to break faith with heretics."

The pope could not possibly mean well towards the present constitution of the English Church; and the nuncio's chief object would probably be "to prepare the discontented subjects for rebellion."[1]

While the council were thus deliberating, Elizabeth sent for De Quadra, if possible to soothe him. She attempted to persuade him that differences of opinion in religion were not matters which need interrupt her good relations with the Catholic powers; and she then asked particularly what Philip had proposed to do about Lord Robert and herself in case Catholicism was restored.

De Quadra replied sullenly that Philip had proposed nothing.

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[1] Note of a consultation held at Greenwich, May 1: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

Overtures had been made by Sir Henry Sidney, by Lord Robert, and by herself; Lord Robert had declared expressly in his own name and hers that England was to be brought back to the Church; and the King of Spain, who was only anxious for the welfare of the realm, had professed extreme pleasure at the news.

She said she could not believe Lord Robert could have made such large offers.

The bishop replied that if she would send for him he would confess it in her presence; nay, she had said as much in her conversations with himself; he reminded her of the times and places.

She could not deny her words; she said it might be so, but there had been conditions. The bishop answered that he remembered nothing of conditions; and as a last hope, he implored her not to reject the opportunity which God had offered her of restoring order, and to admit the nuncio.

She said he would receive his answer from the council, before whom he was presently after requested to appear. The deliberation was concluded; they were prepared to communicate their decision.

What that decision was De Quadra read in Cecil's face. He refused to hear it; he would take his answer, he said, from no one but the queen. He was told that he might do as he pleased about that. The resolution would be read in his presence, and he might report it or not, as seemed good to him.

Politely and peremptorily the visit of the nuncio was declined. Neither directly nor indirectly could England recognise the authority of the pope; and for sending bishops or ambassadors to the council, as soon as any free and truly general council could be assembled by consent of all Christian princes with guarantees for liberty of discussion, England would be willingly represented there; but for the council to which they were now invited—called by the pope as a continuation of the council lately held at Trent—"where no manner of person might have voice or decision but such as were already sworn to the maintenance of the pope's authority," "her majesty could hope no good from it, as tending only to confirm those errors and those claims which had occasioned the disorder of Christendom."[1]

That was their final judgment.

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[1] *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.* De Quadra to Philip, May 5: *MS. Simancas.*

The bishop coldly replied that for such a message they must use their own ministers. For himself he had been the bearer of a request from the King of Spain to their mistress, and he must learn from her own lips whether the words were theirs or hers.

He at once returned to her room.

"I found her," he wrote in his report to Philip, "embarrassed, confused, and evidently frightened. I had been told, I said, that the nuncio was not to be admitted. She had led me to expect a different result. I was sorry on public grounds; and for myself she had made me ridiculous in your majesty's eyes.

"She pretended that when she had spoken to me of sending to the council she had assumed that it would be a free council.

"I said I knew nothing of assumptions: I had but reported to your majesty her own words. But the chief loss was not mine. I knew how it was; and it rested only with herself to retrace her steps when she pleased.

"She spoke much in reply of her grateful devotion to your majesty, and so I left her."[1]

"Bitterly sorry am I," the bishop said in conclusion, "that I could not close with Sidney's first advance to me before those practices had grown through Paget's means with the French and German heretics; but I have not ceased to show both the queen and Lord Robert that whenever they choose to turn to your majesty they may take their own way, and marry without having to sue as mendicants for the consent of their subjects."[2]

The nuncio then was refused. The pope's offered hand was rejected; and in a manner more marked than ever England declared her confirmed hostility to the See of Rome. "God, whose cause it is," wrote Cecil, "and the queen's majesty, whose only surety therein rested, hath—the one by directing, the other by yielding—ended the matter well; and if it may so continue I shall be in more quietness."[3] Once more the Catholics saw their hopes fade away, yet not at least without a consolatory accident, whcih seemed to show that they were not wholly forsaken of Heaven. The spire of St. Paul's was the pride of English architecture. Five hundred feet it towered up into the then transparent air, dipping the gilded eagle which glittered on its summit into the lower strata of the clouds—the envy of the Christian world. On the 4th of June a thundercloud drew down over London. The sky grew black as ink, still as night, and almost as dark. About two in the afternoon the first flash broke, and amidst the roar of the thunder a pinnacle was struck from the tower of St. Martin's church, and fell through the roof into the nave, while a boatman from his wherry on the river saw a jagged line of light touch for an instant the highest point of the proud cathedral. For the moment it seemed to have passed harmlessly by—the slender shaft stood proud as ever against the storm cloud—but towards evening a faint blue smoke was seen curling round the ball. Pale tongues of fire flickered out into a coronet of light, and a minute later the cross and the great eagle crashed down upon the floor of the south transept. The lead with which the wood was sheeted ran down in a fiery stream, kindling the surface as it swept along; and very soon the whole spire, from the tower wall to the summit, was a gigantic pyramid of fire.

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[1] De Quadra to Philip, May 5: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] "No he dexado de proceder por la via que ha començado, que es mostrarles á ella y á Roberto lo que han de tomar si quieren ganar la voluntad de V. M^{d}. para con esto poder hacer la suya, que es casarse sin haber de mendicar ny comprar como hacen el consenso de sus subditos."—*MS. Simancas.*

[3] Cecil to Throgmorton, May: *Conway MSS.*

All London rushed to the churchyard; bishops, lords, and councillors herded helpless and confused with the crowd of citizens. The cry was to break the communication of the tower with the church. But the dense mass of people surging to and fro choked the avenues by which workmen could be brought up; they were short of tools, and there was no ladder which could reach the battlements. The south transept was kindled by the lead; the nave, east and west, soon followed. The wind was rising, and with beams and blazing rafters falling everywhere, the next fear was for the bishop's palace, and for the houses towards the Thames.

Happily the conflagration had been visible far down the river. The queen had seen it from the windows of Greenwich Palace; Winter's ships were lying in Limehouse Reach, and with his boats' crews and with the pirate Strangways, who was now a valued officer in Elizabeth's service, the young admiral hurried to the scene. The presence of a disciplined body of men brought the crowd to order. The useless hands were ranged in lines to the Thames bank, passing water-buckets to and fro. As soon as the last remains of the spire had fallen the sailors climbed upon the blazing roof; the palace was covered with hides and drenched with water, and the communication broken with the cathedral. By ten o'clock the fire had ceased to spread, by midnight it was extinguished.

The wind in the course of the storm had veered round the compass; cinders had fallen in a circle from Fleet Street to Newgate Market; and drops of lead were found far away in gardens in the suburbs; though, strange to say, no life was lost, and no other house was injured. But the Cathedral of Paul's, the world's wonder—which under Edward had been desecrated into a public lounge, a stock exchange, and a stable, which Mary and Pole had purified, and which again was sinking into neglect and profanation—stood a charred and roofless ruin.

The fanatic multitude cried that it was the work of the Papists: the Papists had put gunpowder into the spire, or they had set it on fire by magic. Among the Catholics "the disaster was terribly discoursed of; the best did interpret it as Jonah preaching to Nineveh; the malicious did apply it to such signs as chanced to Sodom and Jerusalem."[1]

For once wisdom was heard from the pulpit. The Bishop of Durham (Pilkington) the following Sunday told the people sharply that it was not for them "to attribute the calamity to God's displeasure against any special sect or condition of men." He bade every man look at home, and say *ego sum qui peccavi.* And as to the supposition that it was "a judgment on the change of religion," "he showed out of history that as great or greater calamities had happened when there was no change of religion." Half London had been burnt in the time of Stephen. The spire which had just fallen was struck in the reign of the saintly Henry VI.

If however there was no evidence in the burning of St. Paul's that God resented the rejection of the nuncio, the resentment of the pope might have been looked for with some certainty. It was only at Philip's intercession that the bolt had been so long withheld. It was now expected confidently that Pius would reply with such weapons as were at his command. And Elizabeth without doubt would have been spared no longer had not Philip again interposed. Still forcing himself to hope that De Quadra would succeed in working upon her, he wrote to Cardinal Pacheco, his minister at Rome, bidding him request the pope once more to stay his hand.

"His holiness," he said, "after the refusal to admit his nuncio, may desire naturally to pronounce the Queen of England schismatic and deprive her of her crown. If he has any such intention, I must request him to forbear from pronouncing a sentence which cannot be executed.

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[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, June 23: *Conway MSS.*

"The duty of carrying it into effect will devolve upon myself, as the most faithful son of the Church. I am at present in no condition to attempt any such enterprise; and should I do so the French and Germans will do doubt take arms against me. The peace of Europe will be broken, and the council, the only remedy for the diseases of the world, will be again postponed.

"Occasion will not be wanting by and by when I am better prepared; and my own person and the arms of Spain will be then at his holiness's disposal. He knows well my zeal in the matter. For this I married my queen who is in glory, when her age and constitution gave small promise of children; and the risk to which I exposed my life in going to that realm is notorious to the world. When the present queen destroyed all that we had done, the late pope proposed to depose her and give England to me. Sensible as I was of his holiness's kindness, I persuaded him to forbear. You will entreat the present pope in my name to exercise the same moderation, assuring him at the same time that I aim at nothing but the glory of God.

"You will observe in his reply whether he repeats the offer made to me by Paul IV. I would know his views on that point as soon as possible."[1]

Thus again Elizabeth was left to De Quadra's skill; and the ambassador, to do him justice, played his part with meritorious ability. The progress of the love affair will be seen in the two following letters:—

DE QUADRA TO PHILIP

LONDON, *June* 30.

"Five or six clergy have been exposed on the pillory as conjurors and necromancers. They were found making a figure of the nativities of the queen and Lord Robert, with I know not what other strange things—trifles all of them had they not fallen into the hands of men who were glad to make priests ridiculous.

"The queen invited me to a party given by Lord Robert on St. John's day. I asked her whether she thought her ministers had done good to their country by making a laughing-stock of Catholics in this way. She assured me the secretary was not to blame. In speaking of your majesty, she said that as long as you were in England you had been a general benefactor, and had never injured a creature.

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[1] Philip II. to Cardinal Pacheco, July 11: MIGNET'S *Life of Mary Stuart.* Appendix.

"I professed myself shocked at the doings of the council. I told her she should look better to them, and not allow these headstrong violent men to guide her in so serious a matter as religion.

"She listened patiently and thanked me for my advice. In the afternoon we were in a barge, watching the games on the river. She was alone with the Lord Robert and myself on the poop, when they began to talk nonsense, and went so far that Lord Robert at last said, as I was on the spot there was no reason why they should not be married if the queen pleased. She said that perhaps I did not understand sufficient English. I let them trifle in this way for a time, and then I said gravely to them both, that if they would be guided by me they would shake off the tyranny of those men who were oppressing the realm and them; they would restore religion and good order; and they could then marry when they pleased—and gladly would I be the priest to unite them. Let the heretics complain if they dared. With your majesty at her side the queen might defy danger. At present it seemed she could marry no one who displeased Cecil and his companions.

"I enlarged on this point, because I see that unless I can detach her and Lord Robert from the pestilential heresy with which they are surrounded, there will be no change. If I can once create a schism, things will go as we desire. This therefore appears to me the wisest course to follow. If I keep aloof from the queen, I leave the field open to the heretics. If I keep her in good humour with your majesty, there is always hope—especially if the heretics can be provoked into some act of extravagance. They are irritated to the last degree to see me so much about the queen's person.

"Your majesty need not fear that I shall alienate the Catholics. Not three days ago, those persons whom your majesty knows of sent to me to say that their party was never so strong as at this moment, nor the queen and council so universally abhorred."

DE QUADRA TO GRANVELLE

June 30.

"You will see by my letter to the king how we are going on. I keep on terms with the queen and Lord Robert because the heretics with their quarrels and impertinences may sooner or later drive her out of patience, and nothing is more likely to tempt them to it than her intimacy with me. She on her part knows that it is her interest to keep well with me, because with this love affair of hers she would be a lost woman if the king our master so pleased. As to the rumoured marriages with Sweden or Denmark, she is so infatuated with Dudley that nothing will ever induce her to give him up.

"You will not think me inconsistent if at one time you hear I am quarrelling with her, at another that all is confidence and smooth speeches. You remember the advice of Pontius the Samnite when he had the Romans in the valley—either to feast them and let them go, or to cut all their throats." [1]

The story returns to Leslie and Lord James, who had left Scotland on their separate errands to Mary Stuart, who was then with the Cardinal of Lorraine at St. Dizier. Leslie was first in the field. He had crossed by Brille while Lord James went round by London. As the spokesman of the Gordons, the Athols, the Sutherlands, the Setons, and the Catholic clergy, Leslie invited the queen to put herself at the head of her natural friends, to arrest at Paris the false brother who aimed at stealing her crown, and with their assistance to crush the heretics and traitors who had sold their country to the Saxon.

Had the armies of France been at her command, had there been no England and no title in question to the English crown, Mary Stuart would doubtless have consented. But she regarded Scotland as the stepping-stone to a higher ambition; the experience of the past year had taught her the danger of violent methods, and she preferred a surer if a longer road. The party who were offering her their services would be her friends at all events; their loyalty was secured by their necessity. Her own policy was to win their opponents the friends of England, to work on their disappointed hopes, and to make their ambition the instrument of her own. Perhaps there was no one in the world whom she more heartily hated than her half-brother; but Leslie returned with a grateful refusal of his proposals, and Lord James, who arrived at St. Dizier the day after his departure, was affectionately welcomed. In spite of the opposition of Knox, he was empowered by the Estates to offer her the free exercise of her religion. With this condition alone, she professed her readiness to return to Scotland. Lord James tried ineffectually to gain her over to the creed of the congregation, and his sister in return tempted with him profuse offers of money, benefices, and cardinals' hats, with equal unsuccess. But their differences did not affect the terms on which they parted; for although he was so far true to Elizabeth as to urge her to ratify the Treaty of Edinburgh, he was not prepared to insist upon it; and in that one concession she read his own and his party's weakness. The boy-king of France was about to be crowned at Rheims. She proposed to sail immediately after the ceremony; and so heartily she seemed to throw herself on her brother, that she offered to make him Regent of Scotland till her return.

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[1] *MS. Simancas.*

To extort from Mary Stuart the abandonment of her pretensions to the crown of England, and for this alone, Elizabeth had encountered the cost and peril of the Scottish war; yet even Lord James, who of all the Scots was least careless of his obligations, ventured to write to her after leaving his sister, on the point on which she was most sensitive; and to reveal in language of which the hesitation of expression could not obscure the meaning, the part which he and his countrymen were prepared to play.

The Queen of Scots had claimed a present right to Elizabeth's throne; the commissioners at Leith had resigned those pretensions in her name; and the Scots themselves were of all men in the world the last who should have countenanced her in evading her engagements. But their hungry pride was too strong for their honour.

"You are two young and excellent queens," Lord James wrote to Elizabeth, "whose sex will not permit you to advance your glory by war and bloodshedding. You ought to love each other. Neither of you both is ignorant from what root the contrary affection doth proceed. I wish to God the queen my sovereign had never taken in hand to pretend interest in, or claim title to, your majesty's realm. Then you should have been and continued friends. But since on her part something hath been thought of it, I fear that unless that root is removed it shall ever breed unkindness. Your majesty cannot yield, and she may on the other part think it hard, being so nigh of the blood of England, so to be made a stranger from it. Is there any midway possible? I have thought long of it but never durst speak of it. What if your majesty's title did remain untouched as well for yourself as for the issue of your body? Inconvenient were it to provide that to the queen my sovereign her own place was reserved in the succession to the crown of England—which your majesty will pardon me if I take to be next by the law of all nations, as she that is next in lawful descent of the right line of King Henry VII.; and in the meantime the isle to be united in perpetual friendship?"[1]

"I will acknowledge your present rights," Mary Stuart virtually said to Elizabeth, "when you will acknowledge me your successor, and not till then:" and in this language it was plain that all parties in Scotland—treaty or no treaty—were prepared to support her.

If it be asked why Elizabeth should have made a difficulty in consenting, the answer was but too ready. The "inconvenience" of which Lord James spoke, would in all likelihood have been her immediate assassination.

Already it had been found necessary to surround her with precautions against poison. Not an untasted dish might be brought to her table; not a glove or a handkerchief might approach her person which had not been scrutinised and she was dosed weekly with supposed antidotes.[2] In spite of precaution, the secret adherents of France, of the Papacy, and of the Queen of Scots, held places in the royal household, and attended in the royal bedchamber. With the prize of the succession once secured, the Catholics would have made haste with their opportunity, lest Elizabeth should marry and destroy their hopes.

More peremptorily than ever therefore Throgmorton was now instructed to demand the ratification of the treaty. On this condition, and this alone, could Elizabeth look forward without misgiving to Mary Stuart's return. As boldly Mary Stuart refused. While the ground was shaking about her she had made pretexts for delay. Secure now of her subjects' support, she was able to answer resolutely that she could not act in such a matter without their consent; and Throgmorton, who understood both her and her position to the very letter, implored Elizabeth to lose no time and spare no money in recovering the attachment of the reforming lords in Scotland. Perilous schemes were on foot for a marriage between the Queen of Scots and Don Carlos of Spain. The English Catholics were longing for it; De Quadra had urged it upon Granvelle as the one true remedy for all evils.[3] "Your jealousy," wrote Throgmorton,

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[1] Lord James Stuart to Queen Elizabeth, August 6: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.* This letter was written before Mary's return to Scotland, though several months after Lord James was at St. Dizier. It may be taken to represent the feelings of the most moderate members of the Scotch Estates.

[2] Minutes for the Queen's person, March 1561. In Cecil's hand: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

[3] De Quadra to Granvelle,, August 2: *MS. Simancas.*

"must be cast upon Spain, Austria, and the Queen of Scotland. There lieth the danger and nowhere else. Retain the best party in Scotland, and no prince nor state can do you harm. If Scotland be at your devotion, oh! happy England. It is the most happy state in Christendom."[1]

Elizabeth unfortunately was still struggling in De Quadra's bird-nets. As late as the 15th of July, Cecil deplored the increasing credit with her of the Spanish ambassador. There were secrets between them which he could not penetrate; only he knew that De Quadra "seemed to seek by all means overt and covert to further the marriage," and "to procure the Lord Robert to have evil thoughts of himself." Matters were so "perilous" that he scarcely dared to write about them. "Happy they," he exclaimed, "that live *extra tali jacturam*."[2]

At this time Europe believed Elizabeth hopelessly abandoned to a passion which was dragging her to disgrace. The Huguenot leaders had ceased to rest their hopes on her; and Mary Stuart anticipated nothing but a splendid and speedy triumph.[3] To the reiterated demands of Throgmorton for the ratification, she replied at last that she would send M. d'Oysel to London with a satisfactory answer. D'Oysel went, but he carried with him instead of satisfaction a request merely that the Queen of Scots on her way to Edinburgh might be allowed to pass through England. Elizabeth was not yet entirely infatuated. To have allowed a Catholic princess, a rival claimant of her crown, who in defiance of promises was obstinately maintaining her pretensions, to pass three hundred miles through a population the most notoriously Romanist in the realm, and with many of whom the Queen of Scots was already in communication, would have been an act of political suicide. D'Oysel professed in Mary Stuart's name the utmost cordiality and goodwill; but the single evidence of goodwill which Elizabeth could receive was withheld. She replied that when the treaty was ratified she would receive her sister with pleasure; so long as the ratification was refused, smooth words could not be taken in exchange for it, and could scarcely be believed to be sincere.

D'Oysel himself was but half faithful to his employer; he allowed the English council to see how just he considered their suspicions. A letter of the Queen of Scots to Maitland fell into their hands, in which she invited him to undo his work and break the alliance with England which he had been the chief instrument in forming.[1] The position which the Scots were prepared to assume gradually forced itself on Elizabeth's mind; and before the French ambassador left London, she herself, or Cecil in her name, gave the Estates at Edinburgh to understand her opinion of their conduct.

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[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, May, 1561: *Conway MSS.*

[2] Cecil to Throgmorton, July 15: Ibid.

[3] "By the Prince of Condé and the admiral, and by others of reputation for virtue and learning, it hath been told me that the good opinion conceived of her majesty for her religion, virtue, and wisdom, doth much decay; and that the great good devotion borne her aforetimes doth marvellously turn. The causes you can guess."—Throgmorton to Cecil, June 23: *MS.* Ibid.

She had dealt openly with them, she said, as all the world knew; she had saved their freedom and defended their religion; while she had asked for nothing for herself and had meddled with nothing. The treaty was a witness of her disinterestedness; and the Queen of Scots had promised that it should be ratified. "Nevertheless," she continued, "how it happeneth we know not, your sovereign—either not knowing in this part her own felicity, or else dangerously seduced by perverse council—being of late at sundry times required by us, according to her bond remaining with us, signed with her own hand, and sealed with the great seal of the realm, and allowed by you being the Estates of the same, to ratify the said treaty, maketh such dilatory answers thereto as what we shall judge thereof we perceive that it is meet to require of you. Her answer dependeth, as it should seem by her words, upon your opinion; and we cannot but plainly let you all understand that this manner of answer, without some more fruit, cannot long content us. We have meant well to our sister your queen; and having promised to keep good peace with her and you her subjects, we have hitherto observed it, and shall be sorry if either she or you shall give us contrary cause. In a matter so profitable to both the realms, we think it strange that your queen hath no better advice. We therefore require you all, being the Estates of that realm, to consider this deeply and make us answer whereto we may trust; and if you think it meet that your queen shall leave the peace imperfect by breaking of her solemn promise contrary to the order of all princes, we shall be well content to accept your answer, and shall be as careless to see the peace kept as ye shall give us cause; and we doubt not by the grace of God that whosoever of you shall incline thereto shall soonest repent."[2]

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[1] The Queen of Scots to Maitland, June 29: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] The Queen's Majesty to the Estates of Scotland, July 1: *Scotch MSS.* (In Cecil's hand.)

After this admonition—as natural as it was imprudent—to the Scots, Elizabeth dismissed d'Oysel, bidding him return and tell his mistress to come to England when her promise had been fulfilled, and find all hospitality and assistance there. Till that was done, with all regret for the seeming discourtesy, her duty to herself and to the realm compelled her to refuse the Queen of Scots' request.[1]

Mary Stuart was evidently unprepared for the answer; she had anticipated a semi-regal progress through the northern counties. She was mortified to find she was not to see them, save under conditions which would have turned her triumph into a defeat. She wrapped her disappointment in a sentimental mist; she represented herself as a harmless widow, "impeached of her passage;" and both she and the queen-mother assailed Throgmorton with all the resources of feminine ingenuity. The ambassador coldly adhered to his commission; to passionate reproaches he had but one answer—"Ratify the treaty;" and at length, when hard pressed, he told Catherine de Medici that "the insincere dealing of the Queen of Scots was too plain and palpable, and his mistress could not suffer a matter so dangerous to herself and her state to pass unprovided for."

It was now uncertain whether Mary Stuart might attempt the passage of the Channel. The attitude which she had chosen to assume was an act of war against Elizabeth; and to seize her and carry her prisoner to London would have been consistent with the strictest interpretation of the law of nations. The English court no doubt hoped that the fear alone might detain the Queen of Scots in France; and Mary herself told Throgmorton that had her arrangements been less advanced, Elizabeth's unkindness might have induced her to postpone her journey. With the deprecating pathos of which she was so accomplished a mistress, she said that if she was driven by foul weather into an English port, her sister would have her in her hands, to sacrifice her if she was hard-hearted enough to desire it. It might be better for her to die than to live.

Ever graceful, ever charming, never losing an opportunity of winning an Englishman's heart, she embraced the ambassador at her last parting from him at Abbeville, and asked him again if there was no way by which she could gain her sister's confidence.

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[1] The Queen's Majesty's answer to d'Oysel, July 15: *Scotch MSS.*

Once more the hard-hearted Throgmorton, immovable as flint, replied, "Ratify."[1]

Thus they parted. Unable to take the English route, the brave woman had resolved to sail direct for Leith, running all risks, and believing that with the escort of three of her uncles and of d'Amville the heir of the Montmorencies, Elizabeth would not dare to meddle with her.

She was going, cost her what it might—going on an errand which cannot now be separated in remembrance from its tremendous end; and Mary Stuart's name will never be spoken of in history, however opinions may vary on the special details of her life, without sad and profound emotion.

She was not yet nineteen years old; but mind and body had matured amidst the scenes in which she had passed her girlhood. Graceful alike in person and in intellect, she possessed that peculiar beauty in which the form is lost in the expression, and which every painter therefore has represented differently.

Rarely perhaps has any woman combined in herself so many noticeable qualities as Mary Stuart; with a feminine insight into men and things and human life, she had cultivated herself to that high perfection in which accomplishments were no longer adventitious ornaments, but were wrought into her organic constitution. Though luxurious in her ordinary habits, she could share in the hard field life of the huntsman or the soldier with graceful cheerfulness; she had vigour, energy, tenacity of purpose, with perfect and never-failing self-possession; and as the one indispensable foundation for the effective use of all other qualities, she had indomitable courage. She wanted none either of the faculties necessary to conceive a great purpose, or of the abilities necessary to execute it, except perhaps only this, that while she made politics the game of her life, it was a game only, though played for a high stake. In the deeper and nobler emotions she had neither share nor sympathy.

Here lay the vital difference of character between the Queen of Scots and her great rival, and here was the secret of the difference of their fortunes. In intellectual gifts Mary Stuart was at least Elizabeth's equal; and Anne Boleyn's daughter, as she said herself, was "no angel." But Elizabeth could feel like a man an unselfish interest in a great cause; Mary Stuart was ever her own centre of hope, fear, or interest; she thought of nothing, cared for nothing, except as linked with the gratification of some ambition, some desire, some humour of her own; and thus Elizabeth was able to overcome temptations before which Mary fell.

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[1] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, August: *Cotton. MSS.*, Calig. E. 5.

Yet at the present crisis even the moral balance was in favour of the Scottish queen. While her sister of England was trifling with an affection for which foolish is too light an epithet, Mary Stuart, when scarcely more than a girl, was about to throw herself alone into the midst of the most turbulent people in Europe, fresh emerged out of revolution, and loitering in the very rear of civilisation; she was going among them to use her charms as a spell to win them back to the Catholic Church, to weave the fibres of a conspiracy from the Orkneys to the Land's End, prepared to wait, to control herself, to hide her purpose till the moment came to strike; yet with a purpose fixed as the stars to trample down the Reformation and to seat herself at last on Elizabeth's throne.

"Whatever policy," said Randolph of her, "is in all the chief and best-practised heads in France, whatever craft, falsehood, or deceit is in all the subtle brains of Scotland, is either fresh in this woman's memory, or she can fette it with a wet finger."[1]

Such was Mary Stuart when on the 14th of August she embarked for Scotland. The Cardinals of Guise and Lorraine attended her to Calais. Three other uncles, d'Elbœuf, d'Aumale, and the grand prior, embarked with her to see her safe to Edinburgh; and with "*Adieu belle France*," sentimental verses, and a passionate Châtelar sighing at her feet in melodious music, she sailed away over the summer seas.

The English fleet was on her track, sent out nominally to suppress piracy, yet with dubious orders, like those with which Winter had before sailed for the Forth. There was no command to arrest her, yet there was the thought that "she might be met withal;" and if the admiral had sent her ship with its freight to the bottom of the North Sea, "being done unknown," Elizabeth, and perhaps Catherine de Medici as well, "would have found it afterwards well done."

Scotland meanwhile expected her coming with mingled alarm, curiosity, and exultation. Maitland, it seems, notwithstanding his disappointment about Arran, would still have adhered to the English alliance could he have been sure of Elizabeth. He thoroughly understood Mary Stuart's intentions. He was unprepared to desert the Reformation. "If the Queen of England will go through with us," he wrote on the 1st of August to Cecil, "we will be bold enough." His hope was that the Queen of Scots would come at once to open war with the Protestants; but he feared "she would proceed by indirect means, and nothing was so dangerous with the Scots as temporising." On the 9th of August Randolph reported that the congregation, feeling themselves "without friends abroad," and with few "in whom they might assuredly trust at home," were at a loss what course to take. They did not know what Elizabeth meant to do, or whether to religion as they had established it she was a friend or an enemy. She was known to hate Knox so cordially that it was feared she might assist Mary Stuart to destroy him; and Knox himself wrote to her with some irony to suggest that the Queen of Scots was not believed "so unfeignedly to favour the tranquillity of her majesty's reign and realm," that by ridding Scotland of himself she would be doing her own cause good service.[1]

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, October 27, 1561: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

More distinct, graphic, and remarkable are two letters from Maitland to Cecil, written on the 10th and 15th of August. "If," said Maitland, speaking of the presence of the English fleet in the Channel, "the queen's gallies were to be allowed quietly to pass, it would have been better if the passport had been liberally granted." It was at once useless and unwise to have "opened their pack and sold none of their wares," "or to have declared themselves enemies to those whom they could not or would not offend." "If the Queen of Scots was not interfered with she would come among them more irritated against England than ever," and her appearance "could not fail to raise wonderful tragedies." The Protestants might seem to have the upper hand, but there were "numbers who would be glad to see them overturned, and numbers who would lend their hands to overthrow them." Mary Stuart would proceed warily: she would first "undermine the English alliance," which could be done without difficulty. The Papists hated it without disguise; of the rest, "some were lukewarm," some were "so accustomed to feed on French fare that their stomachs could digest no other," some would "be bribed," some would "be led by the mere presence of their sovereign to do as she desired," and many more would care only for their present comfort and convenience.

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, August 9: *Cotton. MSS.* Calig. B. 10. Knox to Elizabeth, August 6: *MS. Rolls House.*

A few there were undoubtedly "who would constantly bear out what they had begun," but their position would be full of difficulty. So long as the queen was absent they could hold their ground; but Cecil could judge "what the presence of a princess craftily counselled could bring to pass." "She would bide her time." At first she would quarrel with no one, but she would work her way by degrees. "Where the accusation of religion would be odious, she would charge the Protestant lords with betraying their country to England." "A few thus disgraced and despatched, the rest would be an easy prey, and then might the butchery of Bonner plainly begin."

Maitland did not wish, he said, that she should be deprived of her kingdom; but he would have "such things as were necessary to be provided in time," "that neither might she by following the advice of God's enemies lose her subjects' hearts, nor those who tended the glory of God and the liberty of their country be made the sons of death."

The prelude, couched in language which Cecil would most approve, led up to the conclusion which every Scot was most desiring; Maitland was an old chess-player, and knew better than most men how to mask his game.

There was but one way, he said, to preserve the alliance of the realms, and this he rather indicated than affirmed was the recognition of the Queen of Scots as Elizabeth's successor.[1] This alone would satisfy the vanity of the Scottish nation; this would secure all hearts and smooth all difficulties. Elizabeth might then guide them as she pleased, and the Queen of Scots would be powerless.

Nothing else would answer. Half the lords were "Papists unapt for council," and "were stirred up privily and comforted by the queen to disallow the rest." "If the reforming leaders attempted to thwart her, by eschewing Scylla they would fall into Charybdis."

"I pray you," the letter concluded, "let me in this point have your advice; and let me know what the queen's majesty will think. Anent the continuance of the amity between the realms, there is no danger of breach so long as the queen is absent; and if all men were persuaded as I am, and did consider the consequence, little peril would be after her coming; but her presence may alter many things."[2]

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[1] "On the 25th of October he explained his meaning fully."—*Vide infra.*

[2] Maitland to Cecil, August 10, August 15, and October 25: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

CHAPTER V

CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE

THE galley which bore Mary Stuart and her fortunes reached the Forth without accident, after an uneasy passage of four days. The English vessels saw their prey pass by and dared not stoop upon it. The Queen of Scotland landed on the pier of Leith on the morning of the 19th of August.

Though her coming had been so long talked of, her appearance took her people by surprise. They had made no preparation for her, and Holyrood Palace lay among its meadows with the black precipices of Salisbury Crags frowning over it, like a deserted ruin.

But the princess who was returning to make her home there was not to be made unhappy by small discomforts. She established herself amidst laughter and kind words in a few hurriedly-arranged rooms. The Puritan citizens serenaded her through her first night with psalm tunes, and she thanked them for their kindness. The dreaded harlot of Babylon seemed only an innocent and graceful girl, throwing herself with confiding trust upon the loyalty and love of her subjects. Her mother's friends expected to be called to power. To the surprise of all men, she chose for her chief advisers her brother and Maitland. She issued a proclamation forbidding the Catholics to attempt changes in the established religion. For herself only she pleaded rather than insisted that the promise made to her by the Estates should be observed, and that for the present she might have her own service in the Royal Chapel.

What sour austerity could refuse a request so gracefully urged? The Master of Lindsay and the gentlemen of Fife might croak out texts that " the idolater should die the death; " Knox might protest that " one mass was more terrible to him than ten thousand armed men." The council were Scots as well as Protestants—they could not " force the queen's conscience, and drive her back to France." Lord James Stuart stood on guard at the chapel door while mass was being sung. Lord John and Lord Robert, her other brothers, took charge of the priests. The Puritan noblemen came in from the country full of spirited indignation. A few hours of Mary's presence charmed them into loyal toleration.

"Now, my lord," said Campbell of Kingsancleugh to Lord Ochiltree, "are ye come last of all the rest; and I perceive by your anger that the fire edge is not off you yet; but I fear, after the holy water of the court be sprinkled on you, ye shall become as temperate as the rest. I have been here five days, and at the first I heard every man say let us hang the priest; but after they had been twice or thrice at the abbey, all that fervency was past. I think there is some enchantment whereby men are bewitched."[1]

Maitland's prophecy was fulfilled more quickly perhaps than he could have himself expected. Even Knox himself Mary Stuart did not despair of subduing. With clear collected presence of mind she desired to comprehend her situation exactly, and the resistance for which she had to look; and she took the opportunity of a sermon which he preached at St. Giles's against the mass, the Sunday after her arrival, to measure her strength with her most dangerous enemy.

She sent for him and inquired first about his book "on the regiment of women." He said it had been written against the Jezebel of England, and times were changed. His opinion was unaltered, but it was an opinion only, on which he had no intention of acting.

She spoke of the rebellion and of the new creed which in spite of princes and governments was thrusting itself by force upon the world.

The power of princes had its limits, the Reformer said. Subjects could not frame their religion according to appetites of sovereigns. The Israelites in Egypt were not of the religion of Pharaoh; Daniel and St. Paul were not of the religion of Nebuchadnezzar and Nero.

She might have resented the comparison, but she contented herself with replying that none of those "had resisted with the sword." But Knox answered merely that "God had not given them the power;" and when she pressed him to say whether he thought subjects might resist their sovereign, he used the comparison which in the next century became the Puritan formula. If a father went mad and offered to kill his children, his children might tie his hands and take his weapon from him: in like manner if princes would murder the children of God, it was no disobedience to restrain them from their evil purpose.

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[1] KNOX; *History of the Reformation*, Book iv.

Thus spoke Calvinism, the creed of republics, in its first hard form. If princes became enemies of God, God's servants owed them no allegiance. The question who was to be the judge was left as usual in such cases for every one to decide for himself.

The queen sat for some time silent. Fearless as Knox himself, she was measuring with keen precocity the spirit with which she had to deal. She did not mean to quarrel with him, but she could not wholly restrain herself.

"My subjects then," she said at length, "are to obey you and not me. I am subject to them, not they to me."

"Nay," he replied, "let prince and subject both obey God. Kings should be foster fathers of the Kirk and queens its nursing mothers."

"You are not the kirk that I will nurse," she said. "I will defend the Kirk of Rome, for that I think is the Kirk of God."

"Your will, madam," Knox answered, "is no reason, neither does your thought make the Roman harlot the spouse of Jesus Christ."

So these two parted, each with some insight into the other's nature.

"If there be not in her," said Knox afterwards, "a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God and his truth, my judgment faileth me."

"He made her weep," said Randolph, in describing the interview to Cecil; "as well you know there be of that sex that will do that for anger as well as grief. You exhort us to stoutness. The voice of that one man is able to put more life in us in one hour than 500 trumpets blustering in our ears." The same day Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were burnt in effigy in Edinburgh; and but for Lord Huntly's interference, the people were "minded to have had a priest burnt at the altar at the elevation."[1]

Very swiftly Mary Stuart understood her situation.

In Scotland as throughout Europe the Reformation was the creed of the towns, of the merchants, the tradesmen, and the artisans. It had grown with their growth; it was the expression of their thoughts; and between them and the Catholic queen there was a chasm which no ingenuity could bridge over. Half a dozen noblemen at most were really Protestants, and even these were still liable to be influenced by many motives external to religion—by patriotism, by national pride, by loyalty, chivalry, and the natural courtesy of gentlemen. The residue of the lords and gentlemen who acted with the congregation believed only in Protestantism as an excuse for laying hands upon the Church lands; and they dreaded a Catholic reaction only because reaction menaced their chance of filling their lean purses.

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[1] Randolph to Cecil: *Cotton. MSS.*, CALIG. B. 10.

The queen had only therefore to avoid creating alarm by a display of Catholic fanaticism, and her course would be comparatively easy. It was useless to contend against the Reformation so long as England was a Protestant power; but the mass of her own subjects was ready to support her claims on the English succession. The reversion of the crown once secured, the English Catholics would rally to her; Philip in all likelihood would give her Don Carlos for a husband, and the rest would speedily follow. Or if Don Carlos was unattainable, there was Lord Darnley, the favourite at present among the great English nobility; and the union of the two claims would bring with it double strength. A thousand causes recommended Darnley to the Scots. He was the heir of two great houses, and would command the feudal allegiance of the families of Lennox and Douglas. Before Mary's return, his busy mother Lady Margaret had sounded Seton, Huntly, Sutherland, and others of the Catholic nobles, on the marriage. Seton had replied "that he would not only spend his living but give his blood towards setting forth the Lord Darnley;"[1] and a few days only after the queen's landing, the Earl of Sutherland introduced to her a special messenger, Arthur Lilliard, Darnley's tutor, with a direct proposal from Lady Margaret herself.

Lord Darnley was but a boy of fifteen, and Mary Stuart's ambition soared to the Spanish throne; but he might be useful as a resource if her other expectations failed her. She received Lilliard characteristically, "sitting on an old trunk." She asked innumerable questions of his pupil's "stature, age, qualities, abilities, and of my Lady Lennox's friends in England and Scotland;" and she dismissed him at last without a definite answer, but with an impression that he had been favourably received.[2]

She kept her counsel so well that no hint of this interview reached the ears of Knox or Randolph. The next step was to send Maitland to Elizabeth with formal messages of courtesy, and to make her understand the conditions on which, and on which alone, the two countries could continue on good terms. Unterrified by Elizabeth's threats the lords added a message of their own, in which, so far from expressing any willingness to enforce on their sovereign the ratification of the treaty, they showed the most distinct determination to stand by her if Elizabeth insisted on it. Their mistress, they said, was ready to forgive the ungenerous refusal of the passage through England; but "if it should chance, as God forbid! that the Queen of England would use any discourtesy towards the queen their sovereign, or give occasion on her part to violate the good amity and peace between their two majesties, she might be well assured that they, acknowledging themselves to be her subjects, would not forget their duty for the maintenance of the queen their sovereign's just quarrel." [1]

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[1] Articles against Lady Lennox: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xxiii. *Rolls House.*

[2] Ibid.

It was fortunate for the Queen of Scotland's prospects that the bearer of this communication found Elizabeth in the first tumult of anger and agitation at the discovery of a domestic scandal. According to the will of Henry VIII. it will be remembered that the next heir to the crown after Elizabeth and her children was the Lady Catherine Grey. The reader has seen this lady coquetting with the Count de Feria and the Spaniards, professing Catholic principles, and speculating on an escape to Flanders. Her faith however, if she had any, sat lightly on her, for about the time that Mary Stuart sailed for Scotland she was discovered to be enceinte; and on inquiry she declared herself the wife of Lord Hertford, the eldest son of the Protestant protector. There were reasons for believing that the marriage was no mere act of folly, but that it was connected with secret political combinations. Hertford, who was amusing himself in Paris, was instantly sent for, Lady Catherine was committed to the Tower, and the queen wrote to the lieutenant, Sir Edward Warner, that "there had been great practices and purposes," that "many persons of high rank were known to have been privy to the marriage," and that he must make Lady Catherine understand she should have no favour shown her unless she confessed the truth.

Archbishop Parker untied the knot so far as the Church could do it—declaring the ceremony invalid, and the child to be born illegitimate. But the queen's anger refused to be appeased; and Hertford followed his wife into the Tower to linger there for years. Elizabeth never justified her severity by condescending to explanations; but her unhappy cousin, it is likely, was expiating the faults of others whom it was less easy to punish.

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[1] Instructions to the Laird of Liddington by the Queen of Scots. Instructions to the same by the Lords of Scotland, September, 1561: KEITH.

The affair, according to de Quadra, took place when Sir Henry Sidney made the first move about the Dudley marriage. The queen was then believed to be so infatuated that there was no hope of saving her; both Lord Robert and she were known to be making advances to Spain; and Bedford and the Protestants joined themselves with Arundel and Lord Robert's personal enemies to marry the next heir to the son of the Protestant who was the hereditary enemy of the Dudleys. If the queen married Lord Robert a revolution was expected to follow, and these two were to be the nucleus of a new party.

The secret mover was supposed to have been Cecil, who at that time was in disgrace at court, and feared that the queen was about to abandon the Reformation. As soon however as Cecil was assured that the established religion was in no danger he had withdrawn his countenance; the conspiracy, if conspiracy there was, was allowed to drop; and the marriage itself would perhaps never have been heard of except for its unfortunate results.

A single glance below the surface when the explosion came satisfied Elizabeth that it was dangerous to look further. Lord Robert insulted Arundel; Arundel replied with menacing allusions to Cumnor Hall. The inquiry was sullenly let drop; and the queen wreaked her anger on the unlucky pair who had offended in being the instruments of the intrigue.[1]

Such is the version of this matter given by the Spanish ambassador, which the English records neither confirm nor discredit. Certain only it is that the discovery of the condition of the heiress-presumptive created in Elizabeth a burst of indignation; and the effect of it was to make her for the first time look with less disfavour on the rival pretensions of Mary Stuart. Maitland, on being admitted to an interview, dared to tell her in his own name and in that of the whole Scottish nobility that claims like those which his mistress possessed on the throne of England could not lightly be signed away. The Estates were unanimously of opinion that the Queen of Scots ought to be declared by Act of Parliament next in succession after Elizabeth and her children; and the ratification of the treaty must be made dependent on her consent.

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[1] De Quadra to Granvelle, September 6; De Quadra to Philip II., September 13: *MS. Simancas*. Compare the Queen to Sir Edward Warner, August 17: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i. Cecil to Sussex, August 12: WRIGHT'S *Elizabeth and her Times*, vol. i. Osborne to Chaloner, February 22, 1562: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xxi. *Rolls House*.

Elizabeth urged the solemn promises which had been made by the commissioners, and the obligations of the Scots. "The like," she said, "had never been demanded of any prince to declare an heir-presumptive in his life-time." Maitland answered that by the will of Henry VIII. "men had gone about to prevent the providence of God and shift the one in the place due to the other;" "the queen his mistress was next in blood, and would be content to hazard all rather than receive that dishonour to forego her right."

Elizabeth was strangely tolerant. She said that such language was more like a threat than a request, and if it was made a question of right, she had force at home and friends abroad to defend her. Were she to declare the Queen of Scots her successor she would make a rallying-point for every malcontent in the realm; and with no obscure intimation of her own probable fate, she said "she was not so foolish as to hang a winding-sheet before her eyes, or make a funeral feast while she was alive."

Maitland admitted the danger, without however appearing to think it of sufficient consequence "to impede so good a purpose." He thought too she would secure by consenting the affection of the Scots, and on the whole that she would have the best of the bargain. "Her gain was assured and in her hand if the treaty was ratified; the gain of the Queen of Scots was only in possibility."

Even this Elizabeth endured without expression of resentment. She refused positively to name Mary Stuart her successor, knowing that she would be signing her own death-warrant; but she sent Maitland back with a promise that she would do nothing and allow nothing to be done to prejudice the Queen of Scots' title.[1]

With this cautious and forbearing answer, Maitland returned to Edinburgh to find the smooth waters already disturbed. Presuming on her first success the queen had attempted to open the Chapel Royal for public Catholic service. The Protestant mob drove the priest from the altar "with broken head and bloody ears." The Earl of Huntly said at the council that if the queen would bid him do it "he would set up the mass in three shires," and the whole town was buzzing like a nest of angry hornets. The remarkable political sagacity of Knox had looked Mary through and through. In a letter to Cecil he lamented that he had not been resolute from the first, and insisted that she should either leave the mass or leave the country. Maitland and Lord James were blinded; and as for the queen, "the cardinal's lessons were so printed in her heart that substance and quality were likely to perish together." "I would be glad to be deceived," he said; "but I fear I shall not; in communication with her I espied such craft as I have not found in such age."[1]

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[1] Buchanan; Calderwood.—Maitland to Cecil, October 7: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

Mary Stuart however made haste to undo her mistake. Instead of supporting Huntly she professed to defer entirely to the wishes of her subjects. The service at Holyrood should for the future be exclusively private; and on Maitland's return she expressed the warmest gratitude for her "dear sister's" message. She wished she was a man that all differences might be settled by her marrying Elizabeth. She became so attentive to Randolph that she had almost disarmed his suspicions, till she revived them by offering him a pension and one of her ladies for a wife;[2] and Maitland was allowed to hint that even in religion, if her title was recognised, Elizabeth's persuasions might perhaps effect her conversion.[3]

In vain Knox protested that they were all deceived about her. "It is astonishing," Randolph wrote, "to see how men change. I have to traffic now with other kind of merchants than before. They know the value of their wares, and in all places how the market goeth; and yet it seemeth wonder unto many that the whole state of this realm should be altered by a woman."[4]

Sir Peter Mewtas followed Maitland to Edinburgh to obtain a distinct understanding about the ratification. Mary told him that she desired nothing more than to be on good terms with her sister. She would ratify, she said, if the treaty was first revised by a Scotch and English commission, and she spoke with such apparent sincerity that the English council, when Mewtas brought back her answer, were divided—Arundel, Mason, and others of the more moderate party "thinking it meet for the good of quiet to hearken."[5]

The Scots unquestionably would have agreed to no revision which did not imply an acknowledgment of the claims of their queen. They were supporting Mary Stuart in refusing to admit Elizabeth's present right to her own crown. The single clause in the treaty to which she really objected was that which Cecil had extorted with so much difficulty, and her obstinate resolution bore the worst construction: yet the attitude of the Scots and Catherine Grey's misdemeanours combined to induce Elizabeth to make the best of it, and yield to the utmost which her own safety would permit. She replied in a letter to Mary in which she expressed a sincere desire for the obliteration of unpleasant feelings between them: on her part she would do all which could be in reason required of her; and instead of appointing commissioners, she suggested that Mary Stuart should explain her objections to the treaty in a private letter to herself.[1]

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[1] Knox to Cecil, October 7: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Randolph to Cecil, October 27: Ibid.

[3] Maitland to Cecil, October 25: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] Randolph to Cecil, October 27: *MS.* Ibid.

[5] Cecil to Throgmorton, November 4: *Conway MSS.*

Meeting frankness with frankness, Mary replied that she would speak as a sister to a sister: she had full confidence in Elizabeth's justice, and would show her the bottom of her heart. She was descended of the blood royal of England; she knew who and what she was, and she would be loath to receive such an injury as to be unjustly debarred from what might in possibility fall to her.[2]

While explaining herself with so much candour to Elizabeth, the Queen of Scots continued her advances to Randolph. She expressed a great wish to see England and to meet her sister; and as of course both Elizabeth's danger from recognising her, and all objections which the English council could entertain, would disappear on her conversion to the Reformation, Maitland first, and afterwards Lord James Stuart, assured the English ambassador that her Catholicism was waning, and that she would yield gracefully when Elizabeth would condescend to reason with her.[3] The Catholics themselves took the alarm. "If the queens meet," wrote Randolph, "the Papists think themselves utterly overthrown; they say plainly she cannot return a true Christian woman."[4] At all events, converted or unconverted, the Scotch people had set their minds so strongly on her recognition as heir-presumptive to England that Randolph durst not hint so much as a doubt of Elizabeth's compliance;[5] while Maitland told Cecil plainly that if there was further

[1] Elizabeth to Mary Stuart, November 23: *MS. Rolls House.*

[2] Mary Stuart to Elizabeth, January 5, 1562: Ibid.

[3] "After this I communed with the Lord James of all these purposes. He liked them well; and he is of that opinion that the Lord of Liddington is, that she will never come to God before the queen's majesty draw her."—Randolph to Cecil: Ibid.

[4] Ibid.

[5] Randolph to Cecil, January 2: Ibid.

hesitation the Scots would be dangerously alienated, and implored him to further the great object which they had hitherto pursued in common—" the union of the isle."[1]

Elizabeth, although she would make no promises, seemed to enter warmly into the proposal for an interview; and as it was understood that the meeting of the queens, unless recognition followed, would do harm rather than good,[2] it appeared as if she meant to give way. Her correspondence with Mary grew more and more cordial. In Maitland she recognised only a loyal servant of his mistress, and herself desired him to correspond closely and confidentially with Cecil.

Mary on her side gave the Protestants no more ground of complaint. She made Lord James Stuart lieutenant of the border, and in January 1562 she deprived Huntly of the lands of Murray which he held informally under the crown and bestowed them on her brother.

The Catholic clergy were equally disappointed and dissatisfied. The preachers expected that the authority and the incomes of their predecessors would have been transferred to them unimpaired. Their wishes could not fully be gratified; and two-thirds of the property of the clergy was left in their hands, " freely given to the devil," as Knox expressed it. Of the remaining third the devil, according to the same authority, had his share also, for half of it went to the crown; but the remaining half was actually given to the ministers;[3] and that

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[1] Maitland to Cecil: *MS. Rolls House.*

[2] Ibid.

[3] The identification of the Catholic ecclesiastics in Scotland with the devil was not wholly a figure of speech. Randolph has left a description of some of their doings, which explains and justifies the passionate anger of the Reformers.

" The bishops," he wrote, " are so intolerably licentious of their lives, that it was no longer to be endured; and a better way to plague them there was none than to pluck at their livings, in special by her in whom their whole hope and trust was. I will be bold to trouble your honour with a merry tale. Cardanus, the Italian, took upon him the cure of the Bishop of St. Andrew's in a disease that unto all other men was judged desperate and incurable. He practised upon him divers strange inventions. He hung him certain hours in the day by the heels to cause him to avoid at the mouth that that other ways nature would not expel. He fed him many days with young whelps. He used him sometimes with extreme heats, and as many days with extreme colds. Before his departure he soundeth for the space of six days every day certain unknown words in his ears, and never used other medicine after. It is said that at that time he did put a devil within him, for that since he hath been even the better; and that the devil was given unto him of credit for nine years, so that now the time is near expired that either he must go to hell with his devil or fall again into his old mischief to poison the whole country with his false practices. In token of repentance of his life, beside his old an official provision however scanty should be made for them by the queen was regarded by the Church party as of fatal augury.

Her council were never weary of praising her sincerity and of insisting on her affection for England and Elizabeth. "Either," said Randolph, "this queen is truly well disposed to our queen, or it is the deepest dissembled and the best conveyed that ever was; I refer the judgment to your honour and attend myself the sequel—*nihil simulatum diuturnum.*"[1] Knox only remained obstinately incredulous. That Mary Stuart meant well to Elizabeth he as little believed as that she would ever "embrace the English religion;" and it must be admitted that Knox was right and all the rest were willingly deceiving themselves. While she was holding out hopes of her conversion she was assuring the pope that she would sooner die than forsake the Catholic faith. While she was expressing her passionate anxiety to please Elizabeth she was scheming for the marriage which Elizabeth most dreaded for her with the Prince of Spain.[2]

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concubine taken from her married husband, he hath this year had (the devil, I trow, was father to the one or both) a couple of children. His bastard brother also, the Bishop of Argyle, hath now two women with child beside his wife. Of the Bishop of Dunblane it is shameful to speak; he spareth not his own daughter. The rest are like to these. The prelates with the rest of the clergy offered as great a sum for one year as that that the queen hath taken for herself. But that seemeth less than she hath presently need of, her charges being great—all things extreme dear, and her grace brought up in that licentious court that is without measure in charges. For these causes the wiser sort thought it better to be bold upon the kirkmen than to take of her people, or otherwise burden the realm."—Randolph to Cecil, January 15, 1562: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[1] Randolph to Cecil, January 30 and February 12; Maitland to Cecil, January 29; Lord James Stuart to Cecil, January 28: *Scotch MSS.*

[2] M. de Moret, on his return from Scotland to Paris, said in London that the Protestant lords were so passionately bent on securing the English succession, that they would countenance for the sake of it even a marriage with the son of Philip II. "Moret tells me," wrote the Spanish ambassador, "that she looks to a great marriage for herself, and makes no concealment of her desire for the prince our master. He says that he asked her how her heretics would like it. She told him they would like it very well; and although his religion might annoy them, their anxiety for the establishment of her right in this realm was so earnest that they would make no difficulty about it, provided that it was understood that she would not leave Scotland till she should have a child. Leaving an heir to the crown, she might then go where she would. This, Moret says, is the opinion of Lord James and of the whole or at least the majority of the nobility, among whom there are many Catholics. He tells me moreover that the Queen of Scots assured him she was going on admirably with the Queen of England, who was holding out hopes of the succession to her. She is the more inclined to credit what the Queen of England says, because so many of the principal men in this country have sent to offer her their services. Further he informs me that he is the

Meantime European politics became every day more complicated. Had the Reformers in France made a moderate use of the opportunity which the death of Francis created they might have won the confidence of the great national party. Catherine de Medici at one time dreaded the house of Guise more than she hated heresy. A strong heterodox element leavened the army; and by playing faction against faction she would have secured to France, in pursuing her own ends, a tempered and progressive liberty. But Calvinism, like all creeds which claim exclusive possession of truth, was violent, intolerant, and propagandist; it regarded Romanism as an enemy to be destroyed—if possible by persuasion—if persuasion failed, by the sword. The exiles who had tasted democracy in Switzerland became the missionaries of a faith as much political as religious; and as anarchy became the order of the day, Montmorency and the Marshal St. André, the great Gallican leaders, drew more and more towards the Guises. The Cardinal of Lorraine demanded from the Parliament of Paris the revocation of the edicts of January. Confident of his power he even challenged the Protestants to a public discussion before the court. Theodore Beza snatched eagerly at the gage; the Conference of Poissy followed, with three months of argument, recrimination, and at last of mere invective and abuse; and at length it became clear that the new religion was a thing which would either rule all France or must be itself extinguished.

Philip of Spain, alarmed for the Netherlands, was irritated to the last degree at the folly of Poissy. He was leisurely burning his own home-grown heretics, and his last wish was to refer questions of doctrine to the hazard of argument. He desired Catherine to permit no more such exhibitions. He could not allow the Low Countries to be exposed to the contagion of revolution. He even threatened, if she forgot her duty, to send an army over the frontiers and call to arms all the loyal Catholics in France.[1] Civil war was evidently approaching, and the Calvinists on their side made fresh advances to England for assistance in a Protestant crusade.

The King of Navarre, unstable as water, had been drifting among the currents uncertain what side to take: "he changed

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bearer of letters from the Queen of Scots to the pope, in which she tells his holiness that she would sooner die than forsake her religion; and at the same time that she was thinking of opening a correspondence with myself."—De Quadra to the Duchess of Parma, January 3, 1562: *MS. Simancas.*

[1] Varillas' *Histoire de Charles IX.*

with the wind;" "he was afraid of his shadow." At the end of November 1561, however, he had been almost brought to promise to disallow the Council of Trent, and to agree to a separate Anglo-Gallican conference.[1] Even the queen-mother, notwithstanding Philip's menaces, was supposed to incline in the same direction. The orthodox preachers at the palace were studiously slighted. During sermon Catherine de Medici went to sleep, the courtiers jested, the king played with his dog.[2] "Here is new fire," wrote a correspondent of the English ambassadors from the palace, "here is new greenwood reeking; new smoke and much contrary wind blowing against Mr. Holy Pope; for in all haste the King of Navarre with his tribe will have another council, and the cardinal[3] stamps and takes on like a madman, and goeth up and down here to the queen, there to the Cardinal of Tournon, with such unquieting in himself as all the house marvels at it."[4] All looked well at the court for the prospects of the Protestants. The Duke of Guise held aloof in Lorraine; d'Elbœuf continued in Scotland with his niece; the halls of the guilds in Paris were appropriated for the Calvinist orations; and the Queen of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and the admiral, "with great routs of ladies and gentlemen," were daily and ostentatiously present.[5]

The difficulty in the formation of the league lay with Elizabeth, who would join it and would not join it, and changed her mind or her language from day to day. At one time in her affection for the Queen of Scots she made advances to the Guises; she offered her assistance to reconcile them with the King of Navarre, and even volunteered to take their part if Navarre refused.[6] The Dudley love affair was still exhaling about her its fetid vapours. Lord Robert cared not the least with what party he connected himself, and while Elizabeth was corresponding with leaders of the Catholics her lover addressed himself to the Huguenots, offering in his mistress's name and his own the support which they required if they would countenance his marriage;[1] while to the Spanish ambassador again he affected that he was but "practising;" that his true devotion was to the King of Spain; that both the queen and he were as anxious as ever to receive one another from Philip's hands.

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[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, November 26: *Conway MSS.*

[2] Shakerly to Throgmorton, December 14: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] The Cardinal of Ferrara came from Rome to Paris in November as legate.

[4] Shakerly to Throgmorton, December 16: *Conway MSS.*

[5] Sir N. Throgmorton to Chaloner, December 20: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[6] "Esta Reyna procura y solicita la reconciliation de Vendosme con los de Guisa, la quel trata por medio de la Reyna de Escocia, ofreciendoles quanto quieren hasta decir que si Vendosme quisiere agraviarlos ella se pondra de su parte dellos."—De Quadra to Philip, January 31, 1562: *MS. Simancas.*

De Quadra, incredulous but amused, desired to have his words confirmed by the queen herself.

"I asked her," he wrote, in describing the interview to Philip, "I asked her what your majesty was to do. She said she could not marry a man whom she had not seen; it was likely therefore that she would have to marry a subject, and she knew no one better fitted to be her husband than Lord Robert. She would be grateful therefore if the princes, her allies, and especially your majesty, would recommend him to her that she might be able to say that she was acting with the advice and approval of her friends. Seeing that I did not respond very warmly, she added that it was merely for appearance' sake; whether your majesty consented or not she would marry Lord Robert when she chose; but if it was done without your majesty's help, Lord Robert would be little obliged to you.

"I laughed and said she had better make no more delays or excuses. Let her give Lord Robert what he wanted and she might assure herself your majesty would be well pleased."[2]

Whatever explanation may be offered of these vagaries, the effect at the time was only to make all parties distrust Elizabeth alike. "I wish," exclaimed Cecil in utter despondency, "I wish she had counsellors of more credit and weight than I; parasites and flatterers do more hurt to princes than any beasts of the field, and I poor soul am forced to bear the blows and stings of these scorpions."[3]

Elizabeth's vacillation may have occasioned and may excuse a change in France which altered the relations of parties, and the entire circumstances of the approaching struggle. The King of Navarre suddenly, in January 1562, abandoned his party and went over to the Catholics.

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[1] "A Vendosme su hermano y el almirante de Francia M. Roberto ha escrito y enviado segredamente á tratar con ellos amistad y confederacion, prometiendole ellos de ayudar y asistir en lo de su casamiento con la Reyna."—De Quadra to Philip, November 27, 1561: *MS. Simancas*.

[2] De Quadra to Philip. About the time of this conversation Henry Killigrew wrote to Throgmorton—"This afternoon my Lord Robert and my Lord Windsor shooting a match in the park, the queen's majesty stole out upon them only accompanied with Kate Carey and two others whom she followed as a maid, and told my Lord Robert openly that he was beholden unto her, for that she had passed the pikes for his sake. It seemeth his favour began but now."—November 26: *Conway MSS.*

[3] Cecil to Throgmorton, November 27: Ibid.

The explanation of his apostasy was as simple as it was base: Navarre had no confidence in the success of his cause, and he cared little in his heart for anything but women and vanity. If he would separate himself from Condé and the admiral, Philip offered him the island of Sardinia in compensation for his own lost kingdom, while a further hope was dangled before his eyes that the pope would divorce him from his Huguenot wife: he might then marry Mary Stuart and be King of England and Scotland.[1] Puzzled by Elizabeth's uncertainty, alarmed and perhaps irritated by the double-dealing of the wretched Lord Robert, he yielded to the temptation. As first prince of the blood, lieutenant-general, and quasi-guardian of the king, he carried with him the authority of the court; and Condé and Chatillon were reduced once more into the position of rebels.

So stood matters in France in the opening of the year 1562; and had Philip listened to the bold advice of Alva, de Quadra, and de Feria, he might have struck in to a purpose which would have changed many things.

"If his majesty," wrote de Quadra on the 27th of November to Granvelle, "intends to interfere in France, he should first secure England, or at least create such divisions in England as shall prevent the queen from taking part against him. If his majesty thinks that with smooth words he can persuade the party now in power to alter their policy he deceives himself. They will never be friendly to us, and they will never be neutral. They are and will be the worst enemies that we can have. If they can they will drive the king our sovereign from the Low Countries, and no inducement which the world can offer will move them from their purpose. Interest is nothing, and danger is nothing, in comparison with party spirit and religious passion. It is unsafe to delay longer. If we are to act to any purpose in France we must first act here; England once disposed of, his majesty can restore order elsewhere at his leisure."[2]

"Too late" might have been the motto of Philip of Spain. Instead of declaring openly for the Catholics, acknowledging Mary Stuart, and sending an armada into the Channel, his chief fear was that the English Catholics might rise in desperation and thus force him to take a decided part. De Quadra exacted a promise from their leaders that they would not stir without encouragement from the King of Spain; but he was obliged half-reproachfully to tell Philip the truth, that not only were the Catholics losing hope, but that they complained of him as the cause of their sufferings. In deference to his wishes they had rejected the proffered hand of France, with the help of which they would have restored the Church, and they were so injured and aggrieved that words could no longer console them.[1]

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[1] VARILLAS.

[2] De Quadra to Granvelle, November 27: *MS. Símancas.*

Philip it is evident had built his hopes on the Dudley marriage; and so anxious was he to bring it about that we would have done all that he was asked to do, and have insisted on no conditions.[2] But de Quadra warned him that in so doing he would be trying the patience of the Catholics too far. Dudley in himself was an object of mere abhorrence to them. Elizabeth could not be relied on; and the marriage once over she would turn round on Philip and be as troublesome to him as ever.[3]

De Quadra in point of fact had found Elizabeth's humour growing dangerous again. Just as she was beginning to believe that she might trust the Queen of Scots, she had discovered Lady Lennox's project of marrying her to Darnley; and there were unpleasant circumstances about Lady Lennox which caused her to be jealously watched. When Elizabeth was arrested as an accomplice in Wyatt's conspiracy, Lady Lennox had insulted her at the palace, and had done her best to persuade Mary to destroy her.[4] The lady's behaviour had been passed over and forgotten; but none the less had she identified herself with the Catholic faction. She had brought up Darnley in the most elaborate practice of Catholic ceremonies.[5] Her husband's castle in Yorkshire was the gathering place of the Catholic noblemen and gentlemen, where at her table Elizabeth was spoken of as a bastard and the family fool was taught "to rail at the queen and Lord Robert." The secrets of the royal household were betrayed there by Francis Yaxlee, a gentleman of the bed-chamber. "She herself did set forth the Queen of Scots' title, declaring what a good thing it were to have both the realms in one, meaning the conjunction of her son to the Scottish queen, who should be king both of Scotland and England."[1]

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[1] De Quadra to Philip, January 31: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Sir Thomas Chaloner gives a singular account of Philip at this time. "The king," he said, "a good and gentle prince, is a lover of rest and quiet, delighting in hunting and retired solitariness with a few of his familiars, to take the more at large the fruition of such pastimes as best delight him."—Chaloner to Throgmorton, January 15: *Conway MSS.*

[3] De Quadra to Granvelle, April 3: *MS. Simancas.*

[4] "How that innocent lady cruelly by her was handled is well known. How unfaithfully—the queen's highness being sent for sick, caused she pull down her hangings, and above her head being in her wimple caused she keep a kitchen [sic] to her majesty's displeasure, with casting down of logs, pots, and vessels. What reports made she against her and others, to procure her going to the Tower; what slander at sundry times hath she reported," etc., etc.—Notes of the behaviour of Lady Lennox: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xxii.

[5] "To preserve the hearts of the Papists to regard her untrue title, she hath contemptuously and openly declared her religion. Under colour of her conscience she useth her bedes, auricular confession, pinning of idols and images within and above her bed and the bed of the Lord Darnley, whom she hath grafted in that devilish Papistry."—Articles against Lady Lennox; *MS.* Ibid. vol. xxiii.

Some of the worst of these proceedings, together with the proposal which she had made to Mary Stuart, reached Elizabeth's ears. Yaxlee was arrested; the Earls of Cumberland and Westmoreland were sent for to London; Norfolk, Huntingdon, Rutland, and Northampton were ordered into the northern counties to keep the peace; while the Earl of Lennox went to the Tower, and orders were sent out for the instant appearance of his wife.

Resistance was impossible: the Catholics were indignant but helpless; Lady Lennox came to London prepared to face down the accusations against her, but was silently imprisoned; and alarmed at the danger, the Protestants proposed that the queen should have the same power which had been given to her father of naming her successor by will.[2]

A doubt was raised on Lady Lennox's legitimacy. In the Act of Divorce between her mother Queen Margaret, and her father the Earl of Angus, it was pretended that at the time of their marriage Angus had been already married to another woman; and Randolph with some difficulty obtained a copy of the proceedings to be held as a menace over Lady Lennox's head. "They may prove what they will," wrote de Quadra, "as to legitimacy, but the Lord Darnley will have the votes of Protestants as well as Catholics. I have been lately asked whether if he fly to Flanders your majesty will receive him. The Catholics rest their whole hopes on him and his mother. They would rebel if they could, and forces enough could be raised in the realm if there was any hope that they would be supported from abroad." [1]

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[1] Articles against Lady Lennox: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xxiii.

[2] "Tengo por cierto que la cosa pasara en que el Reyno de faculdad á la Reyna de testar y elegir heredero á quien quisiese, todo por excluir á la de Escocia y á Miladi Margarita, y porque la sucesion cayga en manos de algun herege destos."

And again—

"El desiño de Cecil que lo gobierna todo no es sino de escluyr á la Reyna de Escocia y á Milady Margarita que son Catolicos y que el Reyno quede en poder de hereges."—De Quadra to Philip, January 31; De Quadra to Granvelle, April 3: *MS. Simancas.*

Of Philip's interference however, or of his allowing any one else to interfere, there was no hope. Lady Lennox and her husband were left in the Tower, and the Queen of Scots made haste to clear herself of a connection which ran counter to her present interests. Don Carlos and not Darnley was the real object of her ambition; and she affected and perhaps felt entire indifference to the fate either of him or his mother. The worst that could happen by their removal from the field was to leave her the sole representative of the Catholic party. She was instructed by the Guises to keep on good terms with England to prevent Elizabeth from meddling in France. She explained away therefore such circumstances as seemed suspicious. Autograph letters full of seeming affection continued to pass between the two queens; and the interview was solicited both by Mary and her ministers more ardently than ever. Lord James assured Randolph, and Maitland insisted to Cecil, that although earnestly entreated by her uncle, Mary Stuart had refused to "renew the old league with France;" she would have no friend but Elizabeth and no advisers but themselves; while Maitland threw himself on Cecil's generosity and implored him no longer to oppose a settlement which appeared of so happy promise. The union of the realms was "the mark at which he had always shot;" Cecil had been "a father to him," and he would be proud to be thought "one of Cecil's creatures," if Cecil would "achieve that he had begun and maintain that he had already made." [2]

To these and similar entreaties, though Elizabeth had seemed to listen favourably, Cecil had remained cold or had answered only "in parables." He had his own distrust of Mary, which her smooth words had failed to remove; and he regarded Maitland only as illustrating the truth of his own prophecies. Maitland had foretold that the Queen of Scots would gain her subjects over by skilful management; he had been himself the first whom she had conquered.

Meanwhile in France the apostasy of the King of Navarre being once secured, the Duke of Guise with the secret assistance of Philip prepared for a Catholic crusade. The refusal of the

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[1] De Quadra to Philip II., March 13 and 28: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Randolph to Cecil, February 22 and February 28; Maitland to Cecil, February 28; Randolph to Cecil, March 31: *Scotch MSS., Elizabeth, Rolls House.*

Queen of Scots to renew the league with France was probably a concerted measure. The public reception of Mary Stuart in England, after the false game which had been played by Dudley, would do more to injure the hopes of Condé and the admiral than a Scotch alliance which would insure them Elizabeth's support. The exquisitely futile theological differences between the Lutherans and the Calvinists furnished means to work upon the Germans. The Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine half persuaded them that after extirpating the Huguenot heresy they would reform the French Church on the Lutheran model. In February the brothers had gone to the Rhine to see the Duke of Wirtemberg. On their return through Champagne they separated. Lorraine went on to Rheims; the duke with his servants and train halted on the 1st of March at the village of Vassy, and Guise as was usual with him entered the church to hear mass.

The Calvinist meeting-house was close by—set there probably in deliberate insolence. When the priest began the Catholic service the Protestant congregation roared out their psalms. The duke, who for the time had no thought of using violence, sent a message entreating them to be silent for a quarter of an hour; mass would then be over and they could sing as they pleased.

The Protestants replying only with louder peals, Guise repressed his temper, bade the priest go on, and knelt quietly down: but his followers were less patient: two of his pages, German boys, called out at the chapel porch that the people were dogs and rebels; the congregation shut the door against them; others of the duke's train had gathered round, and still half in sport pushed it open again; while at the moment hearing the scuffle Guise himself came out with his sword in his hand.

A stone was flung at him which drew blood, and with a shout of rage his men dashed at once among the unfortunate Huguenots—cutting down men, women, and children. They made no attempt at resistance. A mere huddled and shrieking crowd were easy victims. The few who attempted to escape by the roof were shot down from the outside. The duke restored order at last; but not till sixty people had been killed and two hundred wounded. This "massacre of Vassy," infamous as the first of the series of atrocities which culminated in the black day of St. Bartholomew, was the spark which lighted the fire of civil war. Condé demanded justice. The savage populace of Paris muttered in answer that the conqueror of Calais was the best friend of France, and Guise entered the capital in triumph.

The queen-mother was at Fontainebleau, and Condé pressed her to fly with the king. She hesitated, and the prince at first thought of carrying her off by force; but he was overruled by the admiral: Catherine de Medici with Charles IX. were conducted by the King of Navarre into Paris; the prince withdrew into Orleans with Chatillon and sent out circulars calling the Calvinists to arms. The admiral divided with Guise the affections of the army. The old soldiers of Italy gathered about him. The great towns—Lyons, Tours, Poictiers, Bourges, Rouen, Havre, and Dieppe—declared for Condé, shut their gates, and garrisoned themselves. Inferior in numbers, but with the advantage in order, discipline, and resolution, the champions of the Reformation stood prepared like the English Puritans with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, to fight out their quarrel. "Their modesty of demeanour was beyond example. Each company in this army had its minister; and daily prayer was said throughout the camp. Their songs were psalms. When they played they played for sport, and blasphemy was never heard among them. No *filles de joie*, as among the Catholics, loitered among their tents. If a soldier was found with a woman he was forced to marry her."[1]

So strong Condé became that he was expected daily at Paris again; and Guise was forced to temporise. The affair at Vassy was censured in a public edict. Terms were offered for the security of the Protestants, with which their leaders were almost satisfied. There were still hopes that the war might be avoided, when the rage of both parties burst from restraint. At Sens and Blois the Catholic mob flung themselves like wolves on the unhappy Huguenots. Women and children were hacked in pieces. Ministers had their eyes torn out of their sockets and were flung blind and bleeding into the fire. The Calvinists at Tours in revenge plundered St. Martin's tomb, and burnt his bones—an act more agitating to pious minds than a hundred thousand murders. With the passions on all sides at fever heat, the talk of reconciliation died away. The appeal was only to the sword.

The breaking of the storm brought the Lutherans to their senses. The princes of the Augsburg Confession prepared to arm. Would Elizabeth arm also? or would she leave those to whom again and again she had promised help to their own resources? She hated spending money; she hated the Calvinist theology; she was playing her own game with Mary Stuart. At times she had a constitutional difficulty which increased with the emergency in taking any decided step. But with all her uncertainties she loved liberty. Tales of murder and cruelty never appealed to her in vain: she had her eye on Calais and Normandy, and was ready to run some risks for them.

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[1] This account of Condé's followers rests on the impartial testimony of Varillas.

On the 17th of April Throgmorton sent her a detailed account of the position of the two parties. He insisted on the undoubted support which Philip was lending to the Guises; he assured her of the certain existence of a general conspiracy for the extirpation of Protestantism; and himself passionately desirous that she should interfere, he touched the points most likely to influence her decision and indicated what it was desirable that she should do.

" Your majesty," he said, " doth see the present state here, which is in such terms as it behoveth you greatly well to consider and deeply to weigh what may ensue; and whether it be meet in this dangerous and captious time to have any interview this summer betwixt your majesty and the Queen of Scotland. Already the ambassador of Spain [1] hath within these three days used such language to the queen-mother as she may conceive the king his master doth mind to make war to repress the Prince of Condé, if the king her son and she will not—as one that saith he hath such interest in the crown of France by the marriage of his wife, and in respect of the conservation of the Christian religion, as that he will not suffer the same to fall into ruin and danger by heresy and sedition.

" It may chance that in these garboyls some occasion may be offered as that again you may be brought into possession of Calais or of some port of consequence of this side; but howsoever things fall out, it standeth your majesty upon for your own surety and reputation to be well ware that the Prince of Condé and his followers be not in this realm overthrown. I shall not need to make any long discourse unto your majesty who is so well advised, but only put you in remembrance what profit, surety, and credit your majesty hath obtained by maintaining your friends and such as concur with you in religion in the realm of Scotland.

" Assuredly although this papistical complot did begin here first to break out, yet the plot thereof was large, and intended to be executed and practised as well in your majesty's realm as Scotland and elsewhere. It may please your majesty the

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[1] Perrenot de Chantonnay.

Papists within these two days at Sens in Normandy have slain and hurt two hundred persons—men and women. Your majesty may perceive how dangerous it is to suffer Papists that be of great heart and enterprise to lift up their crests so high."[1]

The arguments which had justified the interference in Scotland were of equal force for the defence of Condé, and Calais was an additional inducement; but Elizabeth's first desire was to mediate. A general religious war through Europe was a terrible possibility; and she was well aware that by supporting subjects against their sovereign she was legitimatising every conspiracy against herself. By Cecil's advice she sent Sir Henry Sidney to the queen-mother with an offer to assist her in keeping the peace; while Dudley, flinging out his bait as usual on the chance, wrote to Condé of his own and the queen's interest in him; and to Throgmorton, this precious defender of whatever cause seemed most convenient—" expressed his thanks to God that her majesty did not so much measure common policy as she did weigh the prosperity of true religion, as well to the world as for conscience' sake." [2]

It became rapidly clear, however, that if Elizabeth were to be of use to the French Protestants, she must employ other means than mediation. Catherine de Medici was powerless. The Guises, the constable, the Marshal St. André, and the King of Navarre controlled court and king, and threatened only fire and sword. If Elizabeth stood by while they cut the throats of the Huguenots, her own turn would come next; and Throgmorton told her she must use her opportunity " for her surety and perhaps her profit, as musicians make melody of discord." " At a time," he said, " when every state was hovering to make a prey of its neighbour, her majesty might not be careless; she should prepare with as little display as might be, and she should mean more than she showed." [3]

It was the Scottish question over again only in a more dangerous form. There a collision with Spain had been unlikely if not impossible; here it was certain. Philip did not affect to conceal his own intentions, and knowing the influence which would be brought to bear upon Elizabeth by the Protestants, he wrote to de Quadra to insist that she should remain neutral.

While Elizabeth was uncertain what to do, Cecil made the most of the time, directing Chaloner to assure the King of Spain that whatever the world might say the queen had not assisted the Prince of Condé; the ambassador "might put it out of all doubt."[1] A few weeks later he could not have said so without lying; but he made a virtue of the queen's irresolution while he was able, and at the same time laboured to end it with all his power. He found however, when it came to the point of action, a real obstacle, of which, if his policy was to go forward, it was necessary for him to rid himself. Wherever Cecil plotted, he discovered ever the adversary at work with his counterplots. De Quadra had wormed himself into Elizabeth's confidence deeper far than he liked, deeper than he altogether knew. After each interview of the subtle Spaniard with the queen, Cecil found himself compelled to feel "what roots he had shaken;" and the dangerous course which he was about to enter required absolutely that there should be no secrets between himself and the queen.

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[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, April 17: *Conway MSS.*

[2] Cecil to Throgmorton, April 24; Lord Robert Dudley to Throgmorton, May 8; The Queen to Sir H. Sidney, May 10: Ibid.

[3] Throgmorton to Lord Robert Dudley, May 8: Ibid.

De Quadra had been from the first in close correspondence with the leaders of the English Catholics. He had his correspondents in every English county, in the royal household, and in the families of the lords. As the representative of the King of Spain, the old English Conservatives, the friends of the traditional Burgundian alliance and the advocates of the Austrian marriage, all looked to him. Durham House where he lived was the focus of conspiracy; and by the water-gate leading to the Thames, disaffected Catholics, Irish chiefs, political intriguers, and even ministers of state, sought his presence, sent their messages, and received their instructions from Philip. The latest of these visitors had been Shan O'Neil the great Irish rebel, of whom more will be heard hereafter—who after beating Elizabeth's troops in the field condescended to visit her court, and used the opportunity to offer Ireland to Philip when the battle of the faith was to begin.

Something of these doings was known to Cecil and more was suspected; it was time that they should end, and accident provided the means of ending them. It happened one day that de Quadra had occasion to send his confidential secretary on some matter of business to Cecil. Borghese—so the secretary was called—was the person who ciphered de Quadra's letters, and held the keys of his correspondence. At the instigation of the devil—as his master thought—he went over to the English government, and offered to betray all that he knew. And he knew but too much. Doctor Turner, a priest, had been lately despatched to Flanders in the interest of Lady Lennox, with a detailed account of the names and resources of the disaffected Catholics. Turner had died abroad leaving his papers in the possession of this Borghese, who had accompanied him; and Borghese before he restored the originals to his master had taken careful copies of them.

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[1] Cecil to Chaloner, Jane: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

Cecil wished him to return to the ambassador and remain at his post as a spy. Unfortunately the bishop too had spies of his own in Cecil's household who gave him notice of his servant's treachery. A day or two later the Spanish courier was arrested at Gadshill and stripped of his despatches; two of the young Cobhams were the perpetrators, disguised as highwaymen; and the next news was that Sir George Chamberlain and another of de Quadra's friends were in the Tower. The bishop's first and natural impulse was to kill Borghese. To take life was against the profession of a priest: nevertheless on occasions these little objections might be waived. On second thoughts he reflected that in England a murder might create a scandal,[1] so he made an excuse to despatch the man to Brussels where the thing could be done more conveniently. Borghese however, not trusting the bishop's scruples, escaped while his master was deliberating, took refuge in Cecil's house,[2] and made a complete revelation of every secret that he knew. In vain de Quadra tried to bribe him to go abroad. The mischief was done and could not be remedied. For the first time the queen learnt the magnitude of the difficulties which surrounded her; and although the delinquents were of too high rank to be immediately arrested, the bishop could not but fear the worst consequences both for himself and them.[3]

"I have done my best to repair this disaster," he wrote to Granvelle, "but I have failed. The devil that has entered into my servant will not be exorcised. I have tried to induce him to leave the realm, I have entreated, bribed, threatened, promised, all to no purpose; and to put him to death as he deserved would have been awkward. I would have consented to it myself, and for the nonce would have broken the rule of my habit; but I should only have irritated them the more and increased their suspicions." [1]

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[1] "El castigarle en la vida por vias extraordinarias attende de ser contrario á mi profesion."

[2] "The secretary is now departed from the bishop, and pretendeth to be moved in conscience to utter things against him, because he perceiveth him to labour breach of amity betwixt the princes, and to serve the pope rather than the king. He requireth that he may avow all these things to the ambassador's face,"—Cecil to Chaloner, June 8: *Spanish MSS.*

[3] "Es grande el mal que sus avisos han hecho y hacen á estos Catolicos, y mas harán cada dia aunque ahora no osa la Reyna meter mano á los mas grandes por no dar ocasion á algun tumulto."—De Quadra to Antonio de Toledo, June 6: *MS. Simancas.*

Finding his position desperate, de Quadra looked his misfortune in the face. He went to Elizabeth, told her (with so worldly wise a person it was unnecessary to mince matters) that he had spared the life of the man to prevent disturbance, and requested her to send him out of the realm. Elizabeth, who as yet was imperfectly informed about Borghese's revelations, said that she had every desire to gratify the bishop, but that she could not send a man away merely for revealing secrets of state to her own ministers. Two days after she sent him word that his servant was arrested, and if he had any complaint to bring she was ready to hear it. He replied that he had not asked for the man's arrest, but for his expulsion. He discovered that his secretary was at large in the palace and that Cecil was busy daily taking down his information. He demanded an audience again and it was refused.

"What the man will reveal," he wrote to Philip, "will be the names of the persons who come to my house to talk with me, and certain letters of my own which they will be too happy to read. Of actual designs, of actual engagements or promises made by your majesty, this man can tell nothing for he knows nothing. The worst which he can say is that I have endeavoured to obtain information on the state of the realm by all the means in my power." [2]

The noblemen chiefly implicated in the exposure were Lord Montague and the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland. There was some uncertainty about Lord Derby; and to try his loyalty a letter purporting to be written by Philip and containing large promises of favour was left at his house by an unknown hand. The earl, who believed it authentic, sent to de Quadra for an explanation; de Quadra put him on his guard and saved him from committing himself.

To Cecil the most distressing and in every way agitating part of the matter was the account, which till that moment he had never thoroughly understood, of the propositions which Elizabeth and Lord Robert had made to the King of Spain. He saw the delicate ground on which he was treading; while on the other hand the insolence with which the bishop had written habitually of Elizabeth herself could be made the most and the worst of.

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[1] "Y el acabarle la vida como su maldad merecia, tenia consigo tantos inconvenientes que aunque yo quisiera consentirlo y atravesarme à la regla del habito no fuera sino irritar mas à estos."—De Quadra to Granvelle, June 8: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] De Quadra to Philip, June 6: Ibid.

When the case was complete the queen again sent for the ambassador, and calmly but coldly said that she had to complain of the language which he had used about her to the King of Spain.

The situation was too desperate for excuse. Looking her straight in the face, de Quadra answered that having been pleased to listen to the stories of a servant who had betrayed his trust, she had heard things which there was no occasion for her to have known. He could not but call the precedent a bad one. Whatever he had said or done—good or bad—had risen from occasions which she had herself created. He had acted to the best of his ability, and if the result had been unsatisfactory to her, he had discharged his conscience to God and his master.

"She said," he continued, in reporting the scene to Philip, "that I could not deny that I had sent Doctor Turner to Flanders to concert measures to take her crown from her and to give it to Lady Lennox.

"I answered that I had sent Doctor Turner on business of my own, that I had availed myself of the opportunity to inform the Duchess of Parma of the state of England and of the designs of France; Lady Lennox's name might very likely have been mentioned; the French wished to attach her to their party and to marry her son in France, that if the Queen of Scots died they might have another candidate. England and France at that time had appeared to be on the edge of a war; and I had but done my duty in apprising your majesty of such things. The public peace of Europe was likely to be broken. I was bound to inform myself of the rights of the different pretenders to the throne, of their plans and their connections, and to prepare your majesty for all contingencies. This however was all previous to the death of King Francis. Since that time my letters had been occupied entirely with her majesty's marriage with the Lord Robert, the reception or non-reception of the nuncio, and of the representation of England at the Council of Trent. If her wishes had been defeated in these matters the fault was not mine: she could herself judge between me and others, which had been her truest friends.

"She tried to answer me but she could not. At last I said I should be glad to know what my servant had revealed which had so offended her: I would then tell her the plain truth: I should satisfy her if she wished to be satisfied; if not I must set myself right with your majesty."[1]

The bishop calculated rightly that Elizabeth could not afford to quarrel with him. Both she and Lord Robert had committed themselves with him too deeply. A list of charges was drawn out which he enclosed with his answer to Philip,[2] where the

[1] De Quadra to Philip, June: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Articles alleged against the Spanish ambassador by Lord William Howard and Doctor Wotton, with the answers of the said ambassador:—

1. "That you the ambassador did send to the King of Spain a book of the heretic Doctor Bale, in which the King of Spain and the Spanish nation were evil spoken of; and that you did say that his majesty might judge from it what was the disposition of the queen towards him."

Answer: "It is true that I did send such a book. I had remonstrated till I was weary of the perpetual books, plays, and songs which were written in the king's dishonour. The queen had promised many times to stop them, and had not done so."

2. "That you the ambassador complained that the queen had given the Spanish heretics a church, and that they were much favoured both by her and by the council."

Answer: "I wrote that a large house belonging to the Bishop of London had been given to the Spanish heretics, where they preached three times a week. And this is true; and it is true also that they have received favour from the queen. Money was given to Cassiodorus to enable him to be present at the Conference of Poissy."

3. "That you have allowed Shan O'Neil and other persons to attend mass in your house."

Answer: "O'Neil attended mass in his own house, and not in mine. My chaplain gave his chaplain, at his desire, twelve consecrated cakes for the Holy Sacrament. It is true that Englishmen and women communicate in my house. I have told the queen again and again that I cannot refuse to admit them."[1]

4. "That you the ambassador wrote to the King of Spain that the queen was his mortal enemy."

Answer: "I do not remember to have used these words of the queen herself, but of her as directed by Cecil and the rest of the council. In this connection the words are too true. Would to God I could say with a good conscience that it was not so."

5. "That you the ambassador have told the King of Spain that the queen intended to foment heresy in the Low Countries with a view of depriving him of those countries and of dividing them among certain heretic lords there whom she herself would rule: and that you wrote to Cardinal Granvelle bidding him look to what Doctor Haddon was doing there, who had gone over on no visible business."

Answer: "The queen has given us serious cause to fear that this is her intention; and the words which she made use of when the Spanish troops were withdrawn implied as much. The heretics who come hither from Flanders are warmly received. Upwards of 30,000 of them are now

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[1] Shan O'Neil had attended mass with much else in the bishop's house, but De Quadra was afraid of getting him into trouble. "Lo de Shan O'Neil," he says, "lo he negado absolutamente diciendo que en mi casa no se ha comulgado por no hacerle daño; pero ya creo que le habrán prendido y que no aprovechará escusarle porque este traydor habrá dicho lo demas que sabe que el dicho O'Neil me habia enviado á decir."

Turner papers on which alone a serious charge could be built were studiously omitted. The arrest of the noblemen whom Borghese had named would have been dangerous; and since immediate action was impossible, Cecil did not wish de Quadra to know how much his secretary had betrayed lest he should warn those whom it concerned. To the accusations which were actually brought against the ambassador he replied chiefly by insisting that he had written nothing but the truth; and prudence or necessity compelled Cecil to let the matter drop.

The explosion however was not without its good effects. The queen probably was ill-pleased that her secret dealings with de Quadra should have reached the council. There were no more confidential conversations, and the marriage was removed to a greater distance than ever. Lord Robert was mortally offended at the tone in which the bishop had written of him, and was half irritated into Protestantism. The storm passed away leaving the air purified.

The time was now fast approaching for the proposed interview with Mary Stuart. Elizabeth's views were generous and

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settled in London and Sandwich; at which latter place, so convenient for them to come and go, they have a second church. The mischief in the Netherlands is daily increasing, owing to the encouragement of the exiles here. As to Doctor Haddon, he is the queen's master of requests and one of the four commissioners for the prosecution of Catholics in this country. He professes to have gone over on some insignificant business at Bruges; and inasmuch as this Haddon was one of those who two years ago wrote a scandalous and insolent letter to the officials of one of our towns in favour of certain Flemings who were burnt there, I did but my duty in telling Cardinal Granvelle who he was. Such a man was not likely in the middle of winter to have undertaken a tour through the principal towns of the Low Countries only for his amusement. If the council here are so suspicious of me that they arrest and examine every one who comes to my house, they need not be surprised if I too have my suspicions in similar cases elsewhere."

6. "That you the ambassador told the king of Spain that the queen had privately married Lord Robert in the Earl of Pembroke's house."

Answer: I wrote what I said to the queen herself, that it was reported all over London that the marriage had then taken place. She betrayed neither surprise nor displeasure at my words. She told me merely that not only the world outside the palace believed it, but that the same evening the ladies of her own bedchamber, when they saw her enter with Lord Robert, asked whether they were to kiss his hand as well as hers. She had told them that they were not to do so, and that they should not credit such stories. Two or three days after, Lord Robert informed me that the queen had promised to marry him, but that it could not be this present year. She said herself to me with an oath that if she married an Englishman it should be him. Had I so pleased, I might have written all this to his majesty; nor do I think I should have done wrong had I told him the world's belief that she was married already. I did not write it however, and sorry I am that I cannot write it with truth."—*MS. Simancas.*

reasonable. Could she reconcile Condé and the Catholics she would secure toleration in France. She proposed to use the pretensions of the Queen of Scots as a means by which to work upon the house of Guise. Mary Stuart's promises, with the moderation of her proceedings since her return, had gone far to win Elizabeth's confidence. She believed that fenced round with conditions and to secure a great object, the coveted recognition might be ventured.

It was a point on which she stood almost alone in her opinion. Cecil was convinced that Mary Stuart was playing false, and dreaded that the acknowledgment of her claims would bring after it her marriage with Don Carlos. The moderate party in France believed the effect would be only to exaggerate the power of the Duke of Guise; while Catherine de Medici, on the traditionary grounds of French policy, opposed a step which promised to unite Scotland with England,[1] or yet more formidably—should the Carlos marriage succeed—unite both Scotland, England, and Ireland to Spain. All the fears entertained by French statesmen against the marriage of Philip and Mary applied with treble force to this yet larger and more threatening combination.[2]

By Lord Robert alone Elizabeth was encouraged in her own views. Lord Robert believed—and Elizabeth may have shared the impression—that the recognition of the Queen of Scots would increase the anxiety of the English Protestants for their own queen's marriage, that it might induce them, in despair of her forming any other connection, to acquiesce in her own wishes.

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[1] "Here is great work to impeach the interview betwixt your majesty and the Queen of Scotland; well I am assured the queen-mother and the French councillors do the best they can by all means to set it back."—Throgmorton to Elizabeth, July 12: *Conway MSS.*

[2] Paul de Foix, the French ambassador in England, drew out for the queen-mother a sketch of the efforts of the House of Valois to prevent the union of England and Scotland. He urged upon Catherine the necessity of persevering in the same course; and he continued—"Il est vraysemblable que la Royne d'Escosse cuyde que l'asseurance de la succession de ce Royaulme d'Angleterre luy aidera au marriage du Prince d'Espaigne; lequel seroit très dangereux et dommageable au Roy tant du vivant de ceste Royne, estant très certain que l'espérance de la succession feroyt que le Prince d'Espaigne auroit les Angloys à sa devotion, que après son décès par l'union de ceste Isle avec le Bas Pays."—Teulet, vol. ii. p. 187.

On the 3rd of July, De Quadra wrote to Philip that Catherine de Medici so much dreaded the marriage of the Queen of Scots with the Prince of Spain that she was encouraging the rival marriage with Darnley; and for the same reason, he believed it possible that Elizabeth, though so irritated with Lady Lennox, would consent also. "Esta Reyna (Elizabeth) no se como vendrá en este casamiento por la poca satisfacion que de Miladi Margarita tiene; pero es tanto lo que teme el del Principe N. S. que pienso que podrá ser que por asegurarse de aquel consienta en esta."—*MS. Simancas.*

The Queen of Scots had passed a troubled winter: the Earl of Arran could not part with the hope with which he had been inflated; the Hamilton family with all their dependants pressed her to marry him, and Elizabeth herself would have gladly seen her secured from continental ambitions.[1] Arran however was moody, incapable, and weak; and the Queen of Scots detested the very thought of him; he would lie in bed a week at a time brooding over his wrongs till he grew distracted, and at length he began to talk wildly of carrying her off from Holyrood by force. In the Earl of Bothwell he had a dangerous companion in discontent. In common with the other Catholic noblemen, Bothwell had found his services to Mary of Guise rewarded with apparent neglect; and being a fierce, reckless man, he perhaps worked on Arran's folly to contrive a scheme for the murder of Lord James, of Maitland, and Argyle, and for the transfer of the queen to their own custody at Dumbarton. To carry off the sovereign was the usual expedient of the Scotch nobles when they desired a change of policy, and the project suited the character of the brave and careless Bothwell.

But Arran, already more than half insane, was a bad conspirator. Chatelherault having discovered what he intended, confined him in a turret at Hamilton Castle; he let himself down out of a window ninety feet from the ground by a cord, and flying to Knox confessed his guilt; from Knox he went to Lord James Stuart, and from Lord James to the queen.

What the exact truth was is hard to say, for Arran changed his story from day to day: at one time he said he had been deluded by Lord James's mother, who was a witch; at another he charged his father with having encouraged him; at another he asserted that the plot had originated wholly with the Earl of Bothwell.

Chatelherault, "the tears trickling from his cheeks as if he had been a child beaten," protested his own innocence;[2] Bothwell haughtily insisted that the entire story was a fabrication; and Arran was evidently mad. "Something however there was in it," so Cecil eventually concluded, "though not so much as was supposed;" and Mary Stuart realised for the first time the wild risks to which she had exposed herself in her return to Scotland.

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[1] "Randolph told Cecil that he had been asked by the Duke of Chatelherault whether, if the Lords pressed Mary Stuart to marry his son, the Queen of England would oppose it. He replied that he had no doubt she would be much pleased."—Randolph to Cecil, February 22: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[1] Randolph to Cecil, April 25: Ibid.

Nor did she fare better with Knox and Knox's friends. She was lectured from the pulpits, admonished by the assembly, requested by petition to leave "her idol of the mass." The measure of virtue in the Scotch ministers was the audacity with which they would reproach their queen; if they were silent, they said that they would make themselves "criminal of her blood;" they told her "she was perishing in her iniquity;" they saw through her schemes; "they would not behold the House of God demolished, which with travail and danger God had created by them;" they "admonished her plainly of the danger to come;" and, descending to special grievances, they required "the twa parts" to be taken from "the dumb dogs"—the bishops and priests—and given, with the manses and glebes, to themselves.

In vain Maitland protested that this was not language for subjects to use to sovereigns; and essentially, after all, Knox was right. He suspected that Mary Stuart meant mischief to the Reformation, and she did mean mischief. Maitland said that if Knox had a grievance he should complain of it modestly. "If the sheep," he answered, "complain to the wolf that the wolves' whelps have devoured their lambs, the sheep may stand in danger; but the offenders shall have liberty to hunt after their prey." On the day on which the news arrived of the massacre of Vassy—so frightful a confirmation of Knox's fears—the queen by accident or design gave a ball at Holyrood. St. Giles's pulpit rung with it, as may be supposed, the succeeding Sunday; and when the preacher was called to answer for his language, he told Mary Stuart "that she was dancing like the Philistines for the pleasure taken in the displeasure of God's people."

And she endured all this: she even diminished her amusements in deference to the declamation. Could she but secure first the object on which her heart was fixed, she could indemnify herself afterwards at her leisure. The preachers might rail, the fierce lords might conspire; a little danger gave piquancy to life, and the air-drawn crowns which floated before her imagination would pay for it all.

On the 19th of May, Maitland went to London to make arrangements for the interview. He was directed to ascertain whether if the Queen of Scots came to England she would be compelled to ratify the treaty. If the treaty was to be insisted on without change or qualification, "then the meeting was nothing profitable, but rather dangerous than otherwise;" and she stipulated for an escort of English noblemen from the border to Elizabeth's presence, with permission to use, while in England, her own religion.

As bad news came thicker from France, she took warning from Knox's passion. She affected to Randolph the deepest sorrow for her uncles' excesses; she hoped that her sister would not blame her for others' faults. She loved her uncles, she said; she had trusted that they would have been her support in seeking the union of the realms; but, she protested "with passion, that she would no more think about her uncles;" her only confidence was in her good sister, and to her alone she would cling.[1]

Mary Stuart's anxiety for the meeting, and the terms of it on which she insisted, were not calculated to work favourably on the English council. "The matter is liked here by the queen," wrote Cecil on the 8th of June, "but, being pondered in council, it is found to have so many difficulties in it as I doubt what will come thereof. Except the trouble in France shall be ended before the last of this month without our prejudice here, the meeting shall not be this year; the queen may not by any interview give countenance to the house of Guise; other difficulties are overweighed by the queen's affection to see her sister."[2]

"The queen," wrote Sir H. Sidney on the same day, "saith she will to York to meet the Scottish queen, and yet I believe not to see them meet this year. Our queen's affection is great to see her, but I think it will not be."[3]

And yet Elizabeth was determined that it should be, and determined if possible to obtain the sanction of the council. Maitland brought with him an autograph letter from Mary, which made her personally more anxious than ever. At last, at a formal meeting and in the queen's presence, the desirableness of the interview was considered and debated at length. Elizabeth answered the unfavourable opinions "with such fineness of wit and excellency of utterance as for the same with great admiration she was commended;"[4] yet the council voted, without one dissentient voice, on the other side. A speech of Sir Nicholas Bacon made on this occasion survives, to explain the reluctance of the English Reformers and the slight confidence which the Queen of Scots had as yet succeeded in obtaining from them.

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[1] "In uttering these words the tears fell from her cheek, which she coloured not so well but some, though they stood far enough off, perceived them."—Randolph to Cecil, May 29: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Cecil to Chaloner, June 8: *Spanish MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Sidney to Throgmorton, June 8: *Conway MSS.*

[4] Sidney to Throgmorton, June 14: *MS.* Ibid.

The lord keeper assumed as certain—whatever she might profess to the contrary—that Mary Stuart was under the direction of the house of Guise. The advantage or disadvantage of the interview depended on the real disposition of herself and her uncles towards England.

What that disposition had been there was no occasion for him to repeat. England was Protestant, the house of Guise were fanatically Catholic. They had challenged Elizabeth's crown in the face of the world; and they had proposed to take it from her by force. Was there any proof that this disposition had been changed?

They had been foiled by the expulsion of the French from Scotland: they were unlikely to have forgiven their disappointment. By that means "the Queen of Scots had not the governance in Scotland which she and they desired—a matter in itself sufficient to continue old displeasures or breed new." She had not forgotten the refusal to allow her to pass through England, "nor the sending of ships to sea at the time of her transportation." These offences alone would have made her an enemy if before she had been a friend, "specially seeing her affection was joined with ambition to a kingdom."

As to any change of feeling, was it to be found in the refusal to ratify the treaty? She had promised and promised—but the thing was still undone, though with it every ground for suspicion would have disappeared; and for any other symptom, where was it to be looked for? "The words were one way, the acts another;" and "dulce and pleasant speeches" were not materials on which wisdom would rely.

The meetings of princes were so rare that when they occurred they were "manifestations of great amity." So open an evidence of an alliance between England and the house of Guise could not but greatly strengthen that house at a moment when the Guises were in arms to support the authority of the Church of Rome, while it would equally weaken and discredit those who had banished that authority; and if the Catholic faction succeeded in France the cause of the Reformation would be shaken through all Christendom.

"The governance of France once again obtained by that house," Bacon continued, "it is greatly to be feared that Spain and other princes, given as they be, will join in the common cause of Rome; and that being done, then may we assure ourselves that no force or violence shall be left unoffered, no practice unproved, to bring about a change of religion in England; then are we to look for new legates; then will sedition, moved by Romish men, be many ways attempted—for seeing our maintainers of Rome at the present neither love nor like the state here, nor yet stand in any fear thereof, what will they then do, trow you?

"Then are we to look for no aid of any Protestant prince, because we have not only forborne the Protestants in France in this their need and ours and their common cause of religion, but also by this interview strengthened their adversaries and weakened them; and then who doubts but that the house of Guise, being by their prevailing brought aloft, will, under pretence of religion, set abroad all their old titles and quarrels, or at the least violently prosecute the cause of religion here; and what by foreign force and what by devices at home, their enterprises for these titles shall thereby be made more sensible, and shall have for their bringing to pass less danger and difficulty; and what the Scots will then do in furtherance of these quarrels is hard now to know. Yea, although an Englishman can make himself believe otherwise than I can that the house of Guise coming to such governance as they desire, yet considering what tokens of private love and affection have passed between the princes, that therefore neither the old ambition to this kingdom, neither the matter of religion, could make them do anything that might tend to the trouble of the queen and state here—if honour can make abode where ambition to a kingdom, and occasion by power of some hope to achieve, comes in place—although I say this might for some respects be believed, yet who can believe that the Queen of Scots would not have the governance of Scotland otherwise than she now hath, or that her uncles will not do their uttermost to bring her to it; or that they, coming to the rule before remembered with the party which the Queen of Scots is able to make in Scotland, shall not be of sufficient power to bring to pass in Scotland what they will, except the Scots be by this realm assisted? And then are the Queen of Scots and her uncles discharged of their bond in honour, and so will become enemies to us, and therefore take occasion to set forth their former titles; and so this realm driven to the defence both of England and Scotland against these their friends and allies, and all the fauterers of Rome both at home and abroad—wherein albeit we have a sea for our defence, and besides, thanks be to God, be well furnished with ships and munitions of war, yet the foreign enemy being by such conjunction so strong and ourselves at home so divided, it cannot but breed very great peril to the realm.

"Thus in my opinion it is very evident that no hope of good and great fear of ill is to be conceived by this interview, and therefore for my part I cannot allow of it."[1]

Elizabeth listened, but she was not convinced; she persisted in her purpose in spite of remonstrance and in defiance of advice. She gave her answer and "allowed no replication;" "and although her resolution was groaned at of the best and wisest,"[2] she sent Maitland back to Edinburgh with a promise that she would meet the Queen of Scots at Nottingham on the 3rd of September. The conditions which he had demanded were all acceded to. Mary Stuart while in England would not be pressed to anything which she might conceive to be prejudicial to her interests. Orders were sent to Nottingham to prepare for the reception of the two sovereigns, whose retinues it was calculated would amount to four thousand persons;[3] and so far as de Quadra could learn, Elizabeth and the Scottish minister had arranged between themselves that the Queen of Scots should be recognised at the interview as next in succession; and then and not till then the Treaty of Edinburgh should be ratified.[4]

In vain the council again insisted that in the humour of the northern counties the passage of the Queen of Scots through them would be in a high degree perilous.[5] Lord Robert's entreaties were more effectual than the remonstrances of Bacon and Cecil.[6] The Queen of Scots was to be received at Berwick by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, whose disaffection to the existing government was now notorious; and all her expenses while in the realm were to be borne by the English treasury.[7]

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[1] Speech of Sir N. Bacon before the queen, Midsummer, 1562: *Harleian MSS.* 398.

[2] Sidney to Throgmorton, June 14: *Conway MSS.*

[3] *Privy Council Register MS.*

[4] "Lo que en estas vistas se ha de tratar es la ratification de la paz que la de Scocia ha de hacer—con tener primero alguna promesa o certification que muriendo esta sin hijos la recibiran aqui á la sucesion deste Reyno."—De Quadra to the Duchess of Parma, July 3: *MS. Simancas.*

[5] De Quadra to Granvelle, June 27: Ibid.

[6] "Lord Robert is anxious for this interview, because he thinks it will bring the queen to a resolution to marry."—Ibid.

[7] Paul de Foix to Catherine de Medici, July 11: TEULET, vol. ii.

Elizabeth's behaviour could be interpreted only as one of those periodic oscillations towards the Catholics to which she was continually liable: and her resolution as soon as it was known produced a burst of excitement among them. "The Papists have a great voice here—the more it is to be lamented;" wrote an agent of Throgmorton to him from London. "I have not, since I came last over, come in any company where almost the greater part have not in reasoning defended Papistry, allowed the Guisian proceedings, and seemed to deface the prince's (Condé's) quarrel and design."[1] A few days later a singular letter was betrayed into Cecil's hands. It was addressed to Sir Francis Englefield, one of Queen Mary's council, who had refused the oath of allegiance to Elizabeth and was now in exile. The burden of it was that the Catholic bishops, Heath, Bonner, Thirlby, with Abbot Feckenham, and Englefield's other friends in and out of the Tower, "sent him their commendations," "and all trusted to see him in England shortly and to have as great authority as ever he had."[2] Lady Margaret Lennox with clamour and almost menace demanded her own and her husband's release. The Catholics were showing their hands already in expectation of the results of the interview, and to Mary Stuart herself a Jesuit emissary hastened prematurely across the Channel, believing that all was safe. The Queen of Scots, elated at the answer brought back by Maitland, forgot her caution and commissioned Lord Seton to bring the man to her. Lord James Stuart happily heard of it in time. Partially unclosing his eyes he told his sister that "to see any such man might put her life in peril, and lead to the subversion of the whole state!" "and somewhat more was said to her grace, that she might know in what case she stood with her subjects at home and her neighbours abroad."[3]

Simultaneously there came accounts of movements of Spanish troops towards the French frontier. The garrisons of Fontarabia and Pampeluna were increased. De Quadra, by Philip's command, informed Elizabeth officially that his master was about to interfere in France; while Alva at Madrid, after some angry words on the affair of de Quadra's secretary, told Sir Thomas Chaloner that religion throughout Europe was made a cloak for anarchy and revolution, and that the Spanish government would take order in time for its own security.[1] These symptoms and many more confirmed the arguments of Bacon. The Guises from time to time had affected a readiness to treat with the Prince of Condé, but every day made their insincerity more evident. Elizabeth's chief political virtue was the perception of the limits within which she might rely on her own opinion; and pressed on all sides and compelled to look the situation in the face, after driving the council to desperation she at last gave way and consented to relinquish her project. Sir Henry Sidney was chosen to carry to Holyrood the intimation of the change. Elizabeth, he was instructed to say, had agreed to the interview in the belief that Condé and the Duke of Guise could have been reconciled. Of this there was no longer any hope. Instead of peace she heard of nothing but murder and ferocity. The Duke of Guise with the assistance of the Spaniards was preparing to exterminate the Protestants; and she therefore felt herself, though with deep regret, compelled for the present summer to abandon a journey to which she had looked forward with so much pleasure.[2]

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[1] William Hawes to Throgmorton, July 15: *Conway MSS.*

[2] John Payn to Sir F. Englefield, July 24: *Domestic MSS.* vol. xxi., *Rolls House.*

[3] Randolph to Cecil, June 26: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

With this message Sidney reached Edinburgh on the 21st of July. The purport of it was communicated first to Lord James and Maitland, by whom it was privately made known to their mistress; and "it drove her into such a passion that she did keep her bed all that day." Her schemings, so laboriously constructed, had collapsed like a child's card castle.

Yet Mary had schooled herself in patience; she had felt her power over Elizabeth, and delay was not refusal. Forcing herself into self-restraint she admitted Sidney to an audience the day after; and although "the demonstration of her grief still appeared in words, countenance, and watery eyes," she professed herself satisfied with Elizabeth's excuses and willing to believe her assurances of perpetual friendship.[3]

While however Elizabeth still wrote affectionately to "her good sister," her ministers found it necessary to come to an understanding with Maitland and Lord James—and to Maitland especially, who had professed himself his especial friend, Cecil wrote out his displeasure in plain terms. So anxious was Maitland to secure the Queen of Scots' interests that he appeared to have forgotten his earlier opinions and the claims of the English Protestants upon him. Even after such an evidence as Elizabeth had given, in her long resistance to her council, of her desire to gratify Mary, he had affected to be dissatisfied with her offered concessions, and to consider a mere promise of recognition an inadequate price for the ratification of the treaty. In a tone of affected humility he wrote in answer to Cecil to deprecate his displeasure.[1] But he was no longer dealing uprightly either with his English friends or with his Protestant colleagues in Scotland. "The Jesuit," whom Lord James had prevented his sister from seeing, was conveyed secretly by Maitland into her presence, where "he remained long in purpose." The man's business was supposed to be connected with the Council of Trent; but Randolph, who had shaken himself clear of Mary's fascinations, "suspected that there was more in it;" and he "assured" Cecil that the Queen of Scots "could well enough keep her own counsel when she had no will that any man should be privy of her doings."[2]

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[1] Philip II. to de Quadra, June 7: *MS. Simancas.* Chaloner to Cecil, Mason and Elizabeth, June 3 and July 10. One of Chaloner's expressions deserves recording. Alva had questioned him on the increase of the English fleet. Chaloner answered that it meant nothing; "but," he said, "according to the ancient discipline of England, when the French arm we also arm."

[2] Minute to Sir H. Sidney, July 15: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

[3] Sir Henry Sidney to Cecil, July 25: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

Meanwhile the Protestants in the English council were improving their victory. Sir Edward Warner was directed to cause "the late bishops, now prisoners in the Tower," "to be more straitly shut up, so as they might not have such common conference as they used to have;" "much trouble being likely to grow to the commonwealth if their practices might take effect."[3] The laws against persons attending mass were set in force more strictly again, and at the beginning of September Grindal and Coxe, two of the opposition prelates, suggested the use of torture as a fitting means of obtaining evidence.[4] Cecil himself in a series of brief notes sketched the danger to England if Condé was overthrown. "Philip and the Guises would become the dictators of Europe; Spain would have Ireland;

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[1] "It was easy to judge by your letter that your choler was stirred; yet I pray you let it not be extended further than is reasonable," etc.—Maitland to Cecil, July 29: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Randolph to Cecil: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] *Privy Council Register*, July 26.

[4] "On a search of Lady Carew's house, neither the priest nor any of his auditors, not even the kitchen maid, would tell anything. Some thought that if the priest were put to some kind of torment, and so driven to confess what he knoweth, he might gain the queen's majesty a good mass of money."—The Bishops of London and Ely to the Council, September 13: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i. Intimations of such a kind make Elizabeth's dislike of her episcopal creatures less unintelligible.

the Queen of Scots would marry Don Carlos; the Council of Trent would pass a general sentence against all Protestants, and the English Catholics, directed and supported from abroad, would rise in universal rebellion."[1] He desired Throgmorton to assist him in counteracting the Bishop of Aquila, whose influence was still dangerously powerful, by setting the condition of France before Elizabeth in plain colours.

Throgmorton had but to tell the truth; he could say nothing more alarming. One after another the towns which had declared for the Huguenots had fallen. Angers, Tours, Poictiers, Bourges were taken in rapid succession, and in every instance the capture was followed by indiscriminate massacre. The Duc d'Aumale failed at Rouen, and Condé threw in reinforcements; but the siege was only suspended; the Catholics were preparing to return in overwhelming force.

From the south the accounts were even more dreadful; both sides becoming savage there as the famished wolves of the Pyrenees. Later in the summer the Huguenot town of Orange fell into the hands of the Catholics. The inhabitants were hacked in pieces, burnt at slow fires, or were left infamously mutilated to bleed to death. Young wives and maidens, after suffering first what made death welcome to them, were hung out of the windows as targets for the musketeers. Noble ladies first sacrificed to the lust of the soldiers were exposed in the streets to die—either naked or pasted over in devilish mockery with the torn leaves of their Geneva Bibles—the word of a God who for His own purposes left them to endure their agony. Old men and children, women and sick, all perished—perished under cruelties unexampled even in the infernal annals of religious fanaticism. Des Adrets, a Huguenot leader, surprised a detachment of the men who had been concerned in this business at Orange while fresh from the scene. With the cowardice of villains they durst not defend themselves in a fort which was otherwise impregnable—and des Adrets hurled them down over the rocks, dashed them limb from limb; burnt, tore, and tortured them with a rage which tried yet failed to satisfy the cravings of justice. Still parched for blood the Calvinist chief appeared before Montbrisson. It surrendered without a blow; but a plank was run out from the battlements of the castle, and the garrison man by man were driven out upon it and over it—des Adrets sitting below watching the ghastly heap as it rose and shouting to the victims to make haste as they shivered at the hideous leap.

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[1] "Perils if the Prince of Condé be overthrown." In Cecil's hand.—Forbes, vol. ii.

Des Adrets had a life charmed against steel or ball, and a career charmed against defeat; but his successes were on a small scale, while his cruelties were paraded in the Catholic camps and shouted from Catholic pulpits. Guise's progress was swift, broad, and steady. Toulouse fell next amidst horrors of which a Catholic archbishop—so true to his type is the prelate of the holy Roman Church—but lately invited his flock to celebrate the third centenary. The German help was slow in coming; Condé's troops fell from him, and by the middle of August the Protestant cause appeared to be hopeless.

Desperately pushed, the prince had only England to look to. Normandy was still in his hands; and renewing the proposals which had before been hinted at, and which Elizabeth was once inclined to welcome, he offered to place in her hands the towns of Havre and Dieppe, to be held as securities for Calais, if she on her part would send him men and money. For a French prince to re-introduce the English into Normandy was a kind of treason. Even among the Calvinists there were men to whom their country was dearer than their creed; and the chivalrous Morvillier, who had defeated the Duc d'Aumale before Rouen, when he heard what Condé proposed, resigned his command.[1] Disinterested assistance however was not to be looked for; and without support of some kind the Reformation in France was lost. An Englishman, calling himself John Stirrell,[2] gave Cecil notice that the proposal would be made [3] on the 3rd of August. Throgmorton wrote to Lord Clinton that Havre would be a cheap bargain "though it should cost a million of crowns." The recovery of Calais was the smallest of the advantages which it promised. The queen would dictate peace on her own terms and have nothing more to fear.[4] In the middle of the month the Vidame of Chartres appeared in London with powers from Condé to conclude the bargain, and the keys of the two towns in his hands.

Elizabeth as usual was uncertain and reluctant. On the 17th Cecil "feared the worst." He "doubted much of the queen's majesty." He felt assured she would send no men to Condé; he could scarcely hope that she would lend money.[5] She consented to send a fleet into the Channel under a plea of protecting English commerce, and she sent Henry Knowles to feel the temper of the Germans; but alone and till Knowles's return she refused to move further.

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[1] VARILLAS.

[2] Probably an assumed name.

[3] *Conway MSS.*

[4] Throgmorton to the Lord Admiral, August 3: Ibid.

[5] Cecil to Throgmorton, August 17: Ibid.

But events were again too strong for her. Gresham reported from Antwerp that her hesitation was ruining her credit. It was said on the Bourse that if she lost the opportunity she might count her crown as lost. He had applied for a loan, but "the Fuggers had lent their money elsewhere." "The moneyed men were afraid to deal further with her." "There was none other communication, but that if M. de Guise had the upper hand of the Protestants, the French king, the King of Spain, the pope, and all those of that religion, would set upon the queen's majesty for religion's sake." Therefore "great doubt was cast upon her estate and credit." The English nation was at stay; and "glad was the man that might be quit of an Englishman's bill." [1]

Gresham could only recommend Elizabeth to buy saltpetre and set her powder-mills to work without delay.

To arguments like these Elizabeth was singularly accessible. On the 25th Cecil was able to tell Throgmorton that he thought she would give way; on the 29th he wrote that the agreement was concluded. An English army would occupy Havre till Calais was restored. The queen would lend Condé a hundred thousand crowns, and spend forty thousand more on the defence of Rouen.

No time was to be lost. As soon as the agreement was known it was supposed that Guise would make some desperate effort, and Throgmorton's life had been already threatened in Paris. Guise himself with Navarre and Montmorency were at Blois. The queen-mother and the king, not daring "to commit themselves into the hands of the furious Parisians," lay with a strong guard at the Bois de Vincennes; while in Paris itself the people "did daily most cruelly use and kill every person, no age or sex excepted, that they took to be contrary to their religion." [2]

Elizabeth's intention was to profess to be at war merely with "the tyrannical house of Guise," to deliver from their hands her friend and ally the King of France. Her ambassador therefore would still remain at the court. But Throgmorton being personally obnoxious to all parties except the Huguenots, and his life being unsafe, it was determined to send Sir Thomas Smith in his place and to recall him to England.

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[1] Gresham to Cecil, August 8 and August 16: *Flanders MSS.*

[2] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, August: *Conway MSS.*

As the news of the English intervention however would precede the arrival of his successor, Throgmorton durst not remain in Paris to face the consequences. He applied for leave to follow the king to the camp of the Duke of Guise; and he attached himself to a convoy of artillery and powder on its way to the Catholic army—the fate of which he perhaps foresaw. It was intercepted by the admiral and was carried with the ambassador into Orleans.

Neither Elizabeth nor Condé, prepared as they were for some outcry, anticipated the rage with which the conditions of the English alliance were received by the French. Guise first attempted to march on Havre before the English arrived; then finding it impossible to save Havre while Rouen was untaken, and ready to sacrifice every other interest for France, he offered Condé the Edict of January and universal toleration sooner than permit a prince of the blood royal to betray his country. Even Condé himself, staggered by the name of traitor and the desertion of Morvillier, began to hesitate; and Throgmorton had to insist that after allowing Elizabeth to commit herself he could not honourably accept Guise's offer without Elizabeth's consent.[1]

Elizabeth herself too seemed more careful of her own interests than of the interests of religion. Desirous only of securing an equivalent for Calais, she declined to send troops to Rouen or to allow them to pass beyond the lines of Havre and Dieppe, while Condé's object was to have an English contingent in the field with him. "The prince and the admiral," Throgmorton wrote to the queen, "say it will be a great note of infamy in them thus to have introduced the English into Normandy only to hold certain towns which they may detain at their pleasure. They would have your majesty serve their turn as well as your own." He warned Elizabeth, with a prescience of the inevitable future, that if she thought only of herself, and if the two parties were eventually reunited, she "would have the whole force of France combined against her."[2]

Unfortunately the warning was thrown away. Elizabeth wished well on the whole to freedom, and was ready at the last emergency to fight for it; but truth and right in her mind were never wholly separated from advantage. She drove hard bargains and occasionally over-reached herself by excess of shrewdness. Condé when he understood her resolution sent to

[1] Throgmorton to Cecil, September 9: *Conway MSS.*

[2] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, September 24: FORBES, vol. ii.

Havre to charge the governor not to allow the English to enter. Either the Vidame however or some one else was not so scrupulous. "It stood upon us," said Cecil, "not to neglect the matter, and by other means we obtained a probability to receive us if we would enter."[1]

On the 2nd of October the first detachment of the English army sailed from Portsmouth, and on the 4th Sir Adrian Poynings with 3000 men was in possession of the town. The command in chief was given to the Earl of Warwick, Lord Robert Dudley's elder brother, who was to follow at leisure with the remainder of the troops.

Simultaneously the Catholics had re-formed the siege of Rouen. On the 28th of September Guise sat down before it in force, accompanied by Navarre, St. André, the constable, the queen-mother, and the boy king. The garrison was too small by far for the works which they had to defend; and the first step taken by Poynings was to risk Elizabeth's anger and to allow 500 volunteers to ascend the river and attempt to make their way through Guise's lines. Killigrew of Pendennis, "Strangways the rover," young Leighton of Shropshire, friends of Peter Carew and Wyatt, were the leaders of the expedition. The men were chiefly the west country privateers who on Mary's death had emerged from their pirate nests into Elizabeth's service. The boats were fired on at the shallows of Caudebècque; Killigrew was hurt and Strangways was mortally wounded. A barge ran on the sands; the crew were taken prisoners and carried into Guise's camp, where they were hanged on trees with a scroll above their heads—"pour avoir venus contra la volunté de la Royne d'Angleterre au service des Huguenotz."[2] The rest cut their way into Rouen, to play the part of brave men there before they joined their lost companions; while the troops left at Havre worked day and night entrenching and fortifying, and endeavouring by strictness of demeanour and discipline to conciliate the inhabitants.[3]

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[1] Cecil to ——, October 11: WRIGHT'S *Elizabeth*, vol. i.

[2] Sir T. Smith to Sir N. Throgmorton, October 17: FORBES, vol. i.

[3] Order to be observed by the English soldiers now serving in New Havre, set forth by Sir Adrian Poynings, lieutenant to the queen, in the absence of the Earl of Warwick:—

1. That every captain and soldier, immediately after their arrival in the church or market-place, shall devoutly together yield thanks to God by singing of some psalm or other prayer that shall be appointed for their good passage and safe arrival.

2. That every soldier behave himself towards the French in all loving, courteous, and gentle manner; and that no man, of what degree soever

Elizabeth herself meanwhile was endeavouring to justify her interference to her brother-in-law of Spain. A Spanish army was already in Guienne; a Spanish contingent was on its way to join Guise; and Philip in a solemn letter had adjured Elizabeth if she valued her throne to give no countenance to rebels and traitors, and to allow herself to be guided by de Quadra.[1]

Elizabeth in reply insisted that the Duke of Guise was and ever had been an enemy of England. He had conspired against her own title in favour of his niece; he had "evicted Calais from the English crown;" which, although bound to restore by treaty, he made no secret of his intention to keep. The disturbance in France gave her an opportunity of recovering it which she refused to neglect; Calais alone she protested was her object; and in pursuit of it she expected rather countenance and help from her allies than menace and opposition. When Calais was restored she promised to recall her troops from French soil.[2]

In England the irritation of the Catholics bubbled over in an

he be of, presume to lodge himself other than shall be appointed by such officers as have authority for the same, pain of imprisonment.

3. That no soldier presume to take any victual or any other thing by violence or otherwise from the French without agreeing and paying for the same, upon pain of death.

4. No soldier make quarrel or broil with the French upon pain of death.

5. No Englishman to draw weapon in the town on pain of death.

6. No Englishman upon any quarrel outside the town to draw weapon upon pain of loss of his right hand and banishment from the town.

7. No blow to be struck *without* weapons, either day or night, pain of loss of right hand.

8. No soldier to pass the gates without licence.

9. No soldier to steal or embezzle weapon or armour, pain of death.

10. That soldier that is taken swearing any detestable or horrible oath, or shall be found drunk, shall receive six days' imprisonment for the first time, and pay a day's wages to him that shall present him, so the same be presented within three hours after; and for the second default shall receive ten days' imprisonment and be banished the town as a disordered person.

11. That no soldier use any unlawful game, as dice, cards, tables "making or marring," pain of six days' imprisonment.

12. Soldier taken outside his lodgings without his sword and dagger, one day's imprisonment.

13. No soldier shall lend any money upon any weapon or armour, ten days' imprisonment and loss of the money lent.

14. Sentinels leaving their post on the walls, death.

15. That no soldier keep any woman other than his wedded wife.—*Rolls House, MS.*

[1] Philip II. to Elizabeth, September 11: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "To the recovery whereof we do heartily require you to be such a mean as may stand with the indifferency of your friendship, and with the opinion that the world had conceived how ready you ought to be to procure the restitution of the town of Calais to this our crown; and in so doing we assure you we shall be found most ready to revoke our forces, and to live as we did before these troubles in full and perfect rest."—Elizabeth to Philip II., September 30: *MS.* Ibid.

abortive movement on the part of a nephew of Reginald Pole. The grandchildren of the Countess of Salisbury retained the appellation and something of the interest of "the White Rose."[1] The Earl of Huntingdon, the child of Lady Salisbury's daughter, was the Protestant candidate for the succession. Geoffrey Pole, Reginald's brother, who had turned queen's evidence against his mother and Lord Montague, had left two sons behind him, Arthur and Edward. Arthur the eldest, an extravagant and profligate youth, had married a daughter of the Earl of Northumberland; though ready to be guided by his friends, he held his title to be as good as or better than his cousin's; and growing discontented with England, he proposed to de Quadra to enter the service of Philip, with a dozen other gentlemen.

De Quadra, to whose caution young Pole did not recommend himself, declining his advances, he went next to the French ambassador and professed an anxiety to join the Duke of Guise.

Paul de Foix, to whom he appeared but a wild hare-brained boy, advised him to keep out of mischief, and added that the Duke of Guise would not regard with much favour a rival pretender who might interfere with Mary Stuart. De Foix however afterwards consulted de Quadra. Pole pretended that he could carry with him the good wishes of half the peerage. He agreed to make over such claims as he possessed to the Queen of Scots, if on coming to the throne she would revive in his favour the dukedom of Clarence; and as he professed himself able to raise Wales in insurrection, Guise considered that he might possibly be useful, and offered to receive him. With his brother, his brother-in-law Antony Fortescue, and a number of other youths, he attempted to escape from the Thames; but he was betrayed, taken, and thrown into the Tower. His intention he did not attempt to conceal. He was tried for treason and condemned to die; but Elizabeth wisely spared him.[2]

A far graver danger threatened the country a few days after the arrest of Arthur Pole.

The queen, spending October at Hampton Court, felt herself one day faint and unwell. Never suspecting that her sensations were the first symptoms of smallpox, she went into the air, caught cold, and in a few hours was in high fever. The eruption was checked. She grew rapidly and alarmingly worse. On the night of the 15th Cecil was sent for in haste, and the physicians told him that unless there was a change for the better she had but a few days to live. The following morning there was no improvement. The council were called down from London; and such of the peers as were within reach hastened to join them. The solitary cord which held England together was threatening to snap; and all the passions, doubts, fears, jealousies, distrusts, and superstitions which distracted the country were soon represented within the palace. Should the queen die no ray of light or hope could have been seen through the black mass of impending cloud. In the evening she sank into a stupor, "without speech;" and with blank faces, in the ante-chamber of the room where she was believed to be dying, the council sat into the night to consider the fatal question of the succession.

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[1] Viniendo la corona á los de aquella casa del Duque de Clarencio que llaman de la Rosa Blanca.—De Quadra to Philip: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] De Quadra to Philip, September and December, 1562: Ibid.

So far as de Quadra could learn there were three opinions. One group of statesmen (he does not mention their names) took their stand on the will of Henry VIII., and declared for Lady Catherine Grey. Bedford, Norfolk, and Pembroke, disliking their experience of female sovereigns, were in favour of Huntingdon, and so was Lord Robert Dudley, who was now on good terms with him. The Queen of Scots was barely named. "The wisest and most dispassionate protested against deciding anything with haste and dividing the realm." The aged Winchester recommended that the conflicting titles should be examined by the crown lawyers and judges; and that they should all bind themselves to maintain that person, whoever it might be, who should be found to have the soundest claim. In this last opinion the rest were said to have concurred.[1]

In a matter of European importance the Spanish ambassador was likely to have been well informed. His account may be accepted as substantially correct: and it speaks well for the good sense of Elizabeth's advisers: but their moderation was not exposed to further trial; at midnight the fever cooled, the skin grew moist, the spots began to appear, and after four hours of unconsciousness Elizabeth returned to herself. The council crowded round the bed. She believed that she was dying: her first words before she had collected her senses were of Lord Robert, and she begged that he might be made protector of the realm. As she grew more composed, her mind still running on the same subject, she said she loved Lord Robert dearly, and had long loved him; but she called God to witness that "nothing unseemly" had ever passed between them.[1] She commended her cousin Lord Hunsdon to the care of the council, and still in expectation of immediate death, mentioned others of her household for whom she wished provision to be made. She was then left to rest.

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[1] De Quadra to the Duchess of Parma, October 16 and 17: De Quadra to Philip, October 25: *MS. Simancas.*

By the morning the eruption had come out—and the danger was over. The queen rallied as rapidly as she had sunk, and England breathed again; only the succession question, having been brought so close with its tremendous issues, demanded solution with louder peremptoriness; the cry rose that Parliament must meet, and in some way or other put an end to the uncertainty; the country would endure no longer a protraction of its present peril.[2]

For many days the queen remained confined to her room, unable to attend to business. Meanwhile a letter arrived from Spain, and de Quadra demanded an audience of the council to communicate its contents.

He was received with unusual form, the Bishop of Rochester as grand almoner leading him in, which he interpreted into an intended insult. The letter was a command from Philip more positive than before that England should take no part in the French war, and that the troops—if troops had already been despatched—should be recalled on the instant.

Cecil replied that Elizabeth could not allow the house of Guise to become dominant again. The queen-mother and the king were prisoners in their hands; and going bravely to the point he said that England would not sit still and see the Protestants murdered.

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[1] "Protestó la Reyna en aquel punto que aunque amaba á Milord Roberto ya le habia siempre amado mucho, era Dios testigo que no habia pasado entre ellos cosa desconveniente."

[2] Rumours—true, false, or a mixture of both—informed de Quadra six weeks later that a meeting was held at the house of Lord Arundel to reconsider the question. Norfolk was present, and Lord William Howard; and the object was to further the claims of Lady Catherine Grey, to whose son Norfolk's infant daughter was to be betrothed. The discussion lasted till two in the morning, and ended without result. When the queen heard of it she cried for anger. She sent for Arundel to reproach him; and Arundel, de Quadra was told, replied that if she intended to govern England with her caprices and fancies, the nobility would be forced to interfere.—De Quadra to Philip, November 30: *MS. Simancas*. Whether these and similar stories were fictions or realities, it is to be remembered that they were related by an ambassador who was in close and daily intercourse with Elizabeth, that they were addressed to Philip, who was intimately acquainted with her; and the laws of human imagination forbid men to invent under such circumstances what is wholly inconsistent with probability.

De Quadra answered that he knew nothing of the Guises; but this he knew, that to call in question the existing government in France was alike frivolous in itself and an insult to his own master, who considered it so good that he would support it if necessary with the whole strength of Spain. To encourage subjects in rebellion for a heretical creed was a scandal which could lead only to a general war in Christendom; and those, he said, were ill friends to their sovereign who encouraged her in forsaking the duties of a Christian prince.

Cecil, who knew that on this point half the council agreed with the bishop, turned the discussion upon Calais, where he was more sure of sympathy. Calais, he said, had been lost in the King of Spain's quarrel. The Guises had taken it, and meant to keep it; and come what would it should be wrested out of their hands.

Both sides were losing temper. The bishop said that Calais was lost through no fault of the King of Spain; it was lost by the folly and incapacity of those who had charge of the town, and those who said otherwise to make his master odious lied.

There was not a man in England, Cecil fiercely retorted, who did not know that the war had been undertaken solely to please Philip.

Pembroke, Arundel, and Clinton, who had been on Mary's council, declared that Cecil was right. They had done their best to prevent the war; but the king and queen had insisted upon it. De Quadra again contradicted them, and the meeting broke up in a storm of reproach and menace.[1]

Yet there was a party, and a large party, who disapproved on principle of the expedition to Havre as cordially as they had disapproved of the wars of Philip and Mary. The occupation of Boulogne had promised fairly and had ended in disaster.[2] Poynings for the present held Havre firmly, and a thousand men were in Dieppe; but at Dieppe the English had been received with outcry and opposition, and if Rouen fell might look to be immediately attacked there.

Whether Rouen could be relieved appeared every day more doubtful. Rochefoucault, who was to have joined Condé from the south, had been intercepted and cut up by the Spaniards. A promised German contingent could not march for want of money; and the prince wrote pressingly to Elizabeth for an additional 5000 men. Elizabeth, however, afraid of committing herself with Spain, would not, or durst not, venture deeper than she had already entered. Condé, seeing her centring her strength exclusively in the coast towns, believed justly that she was thinking more of Calais than of him; while Guise and Navarre again promised the Protestants a "peaceable assurance of their religion" if they would join in "expelling the English from the realm as the antient enemies of the crown."[1]

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[1] De Quadra to Philip, October 25: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] "What account I may make of these doings I must require time to teach me. Sir John Raynsford, when Boulogne was gotten, seeing every man to rejoice and laugh thereat, said he would keep his laughing till two years were past. If, those two years expired, he saw the thing liked as well as then it was, he would laugh too. What the end thereof was, a great many be alive that can remember."—Mason to Chaloner, October 12: *Spanish MSS.*

The prince, notwithstanding his suspicions, sent an honourable refusal; and before he despatched his letter let the English ambassador read it. Yet a correspondence continued with Guise's camp. "There is great fear," reported Throgmorton, "great dissimulation, or much inconsistency." "I do well perceive," he said, "that the divorce among these folks is not so desperate but that the same may be soon enough accorded, and the same little to serve our purpose." He advised Elizabeth to reinforce her garrisons at Havre and Dieppe, that if the Protestant leaders proved to be "other men than they ought to be," "she might be in case to have reason at their hands."[2]

Meanwhile the work at Rouen grew hourly hotter. A German army under d'Andelot was at last on its way to Condé; and Guise was determined to take the place before they could come up. The numbers engaged were no longer so unequal; the garrison, after the entry of the English volunteers, were almost 6000 men, and the besiegers were 10,000 at the most. But Guise had contrived to surprise St. Catherine's Hill, the most commanding of all the defences, and covered by the batteries erected there, thinned the numbers of the defenders by a succession of desperate assaults. One fortunate accident occurred to cheer the Protestant party. On the 15th of October Navarre, whom they hated as an apostate, was shot in the trenches through his shoulder. The ball could not be extracted, for he could not endure the pain. When he thought himself better he had his mistress with him in his tent; he was an inveterate sensualist, and the wound inflamed and mortified. He received the last sacraments from a priest, but his physician, a Calvinist in disguise, avenged the cause which he had deserted by working on his terrors; and the wretched man died in the anguish of darkness.[1]

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[1] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, October 23: *Conway MSS.*

[2] Ibid.

The loss of Navarre was a heavy blow to Guise, for Condé succeeded his brother as first prince of the blood. But it came too late to save Rouen: on the 21st the besieged made a successful sally, destroying batteries and carrying off guns; on the 25th a general assault all along the lines was led by Guise in person, which though not immediately successful left few of the defenders in a condition for further resistance, except the English and a handful of Scots. Again with daylight the storming columns came on. Alone and uncommanded—for their leaders were wounded or dead—these few gallant men held their ground till noon, when they were cut down almost to the last man, and the Duke of Guise entered Rouen over their bodies. Killigrew was taken half dead, and eventually recovered; about forty escaped down the river and made their way to Havre; the rest were killed.[2]

The expected atrocities of course followed. A few of the principal citizens were kept alive to be hanged in cold blood as traitors. The town was given up to the indiscriminating ferocity of the Catholic soldiers, who massacred till they were weary.

The Protestants in France were consoled by the death of Navarre. The loss of so many English soldiers, present as they were against her orders, it was feared would exasperate Elizabeth beyond comfort or endurance.

Elizabeth, however, showed invariably to advantage in serious trials. So much afraid were the council of the effect upon her that Lord Robert was set to prepare the way. He told her that there had been a terrible assault, and that it was doubted whether the town could hold out. He supposed that the queen would have blamed the English commander for having allowed his men to go on the service; but she said only that if Poynings had broken his orders he had better have sent a larger force; "his blame would have as much for five hundred as for a thousand;" and "she showed a marvellous remorse that she had not dealt more frankly" herself.[3]

The truth, when she knew the worst, confirmed her resolution. She hurried off Warwick to his command, and determined to "stuff Newhaven with men." Dieppe being exposed and the inhabitants dangerous, it was relinquished, and the force of the expedition was concentrated. Seven ships and a fast galley were kept at sea to command the Channel, and at the beginning of December 7000 men were within the lines at Havre. As usual with English expeditions the troops were sent but half-provided, and when they arrived they were ill-clothed and ill-lodged. The winter was cold, and wood and coal were largely wanting. Sickness set in, and Warwick wrote for "two thousand mattresses with speed, or a third of the men would be unfit for service."[1] Still the government, eager and confident, clung tenaciously to what they had undertaken.

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[1] VARILLAS.

[2] VARILLAS.—John Young to Cecil, November 2: *Domestic MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] Lord R. Dudley to Cecil, October 30: Ibid.

By this time Condé had received his long-looked-for reinforcements. The plague had broken out in Orleans and forced him to the field; and on the 8th December he marched out, accompanied by the admiral and Throgmorton at the head of 8000 men—a small force after all in numbers, but composed of the best troops in France. Before leaving the city he hanged an abbot and a member of the Parliament of Paris, in return for the massacre at Rouen. He then moved on Pluvieres, which he took in two days, "putting the captains, soldiers, and all such as bare arms, to the sword." There d'Andelot joined him with the Germans; and he advanced towards Paris, closely watched at a distance by Guise. Both sides were unwilling to risk a battle. Condé paused at the suburbs not venturing to enter the city; and Catherine de Medici supported by Montmorency made a last effort for peace. Commissioners met on the 1st of December. The terms which the prince demanded were an "interim" till the close of the Council of Trent; Catholics and Protestants "to live according to their consciences;" a general amnesty; and his own recognition as the prince next to the crown.

All this the queen-mother was ready to grant. The difficulty was the English alliance and the promise of Calais to Elizabeth. The blood of the volunteers at Rouen gave his allies claims upon him which the generous Condé would not repudiate; but he showed Throgmorton his evident desire that the Queen of England would content herself with having earned the gratitude of the Huguenots, and not "seek to mix particular causes in quarrel for religion." A courier was instantly despatched to London. Elizabeth answered that "the prince had bound himself by a solemn act under his hand;" if he broke faith with her he should never count upon her help again; and she trusted he would give the world no cause to accuse him of ingratitude. If he would be constant to his engagements she would assist him further; but she said pointedly that she had sent orders to Warwick to keep Havre against all comers Protestant or Catholic.[1]

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[1] Warwick to Cecil, December 3: FORBES, vol. ii.

In the same despatch—as a fatal weapon to punish Condé if he flinched—the secret articles which he had signed in his extremity, binding himself to the restoration of Calais, were enclosed to Throgmorton to be used as occasion might require.[2]

The conference broke up. The Catholics fiercely withdrew their promises of toleration. Condé, true to his faith and false to France, fell back from Paris, closely followed by Guise, the constable, and St. André, intending to retire to the coast of Normandy, where the English army would take the field with him.

Far wiser as well as nobler it would have been could Elizabeth have forgotten those "particular causes." Her true policy, which the Spaniards dreaded that she might pursue, was to leave Calais to its fate, throw her influence into the scale of moderation, and establish a peace which would paralyse the power of the Guises. She could have done it had she pleased; and then de Quadra said she would have placed herself beyond reach of danger. A government at Paris composed of Catherine de Medici, Montmorency, and Condé, would have joined with Elizabeth in holding down the ambition of the Queen of Scots. The English Catholics would cease to conspire from a sense of the hopelessness of their cause, and the Reformation could establish itself in Europe.[3]

It is remarkable that the first serious blunder of Elizabeth's government was the one measure on which both the great parties in the country were agreed. The blind anxiety of national pride refused to rest till England recovered a town which it could hold only to its own injury, which would and must be a never-ceasing irritation to France, and an open wound. Elizabeth, though not incapable of a more generous policy, preferred an object which seemed practicable, direct, and tangible; and her shrewdness for once overreached itself. The Spanish government with adroit insight changed their tone as they saw her strike into the false road. They knew, what she refused to see, that neither Condé nor Châtillon would surrender permanently to England an acre of French soil; and as they saw Elizabeth commit herself they withdrew their menaces, and encouraged her warmly "to secure a pawn for the recovery of Calais." "I have to do with curious men," wrote Chaloner from Madrid; "so as we make not religion the cause of our stir they seem well contented."[1] The Duke of Alva complimented Elizabeth's ambassador on the skill with which the English had chosen their opportunity; and assuring him that Philip was sincerely anxious for the success of the enterprise at Havre, expressed a fear only that it might fail for want of strength to carry it out.[2]

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[1] Elizabeth to Throgmorton, December 14: *Conway MSS.*

[2] Ibid.

[3] "Soy de opinion que se hará algun concierto pernicioso del qual resulte que la religion in Francia no quede remediado y aqui se pierda del todo; porque como estos Catolicos ven flaqueza en lo de Francia, descaecerán totalmente de la esperanza que tenian de ser favorecidos, y se rindirán â la fuerça; o si tal concierto no se hiciese á lo menos se asegurará esta Reyna de los de Guysa y de la Reyna de Escocia, de manera que se pierda la esperanza que los dichos Catolicos de aqui tienen de ser remediados por aquel medio; lo quel podria ser facilmente que hiciese ligandose y juntandose el Rey de Francia con esta Reyna contra la de Escocia, caso que aquella se casase con algun principe que les de sospecha á entrambos; porque como otras veces tengo dicho en este articulo, son muy concordes y conformes la Reyna de Francia y esta, y ahora anda esta sospecha mas que nunca."—De Quadra to Philip, November: *MS. Simancas.*

To prevent Condé from joining Warwick, Guise determined to force a battle, and clung to his rear, watching for some opportunity when the magnificent cavalry of the admiral would have least room to act. On the 18th of December the armies were but a few miles apart, near Dreux. The Eure divided them, and the rough woody country on the banks of the river was almost what the Catholics desired. A narrow strip of open ground lay in front of Condé's position, but closed in as it was all round with scrub and brushwood, Guise supposed that he had found what he wanted; and to prevent the Protestants from renewing their retreat he crossed the river on the night of the 18th, occupied a small village in the line by which Condé would have to pass, and prepared to attack him at daybreak. Two hours before dawn he heard mass and took the sacrament; with the first streaks of light he had his men strongly posted among copsewood and hedges, with the river in his rear.

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[1] Chaloner to Cecil, November 21: *Scotch MSS.*

[2] Alva's conversation with Chaloner throws some light on the strength of England in the sixteenth century—"If the French quarrel was made up," the duke said, "England might perhaps feel what the power of France did import; I confess your men are hardy and want not courage, but in discipline and furniture of war they are far to seek."

"Which objection of the duke," says Chaloner, "I thought not meet at that present to leave wholly unreplied to; I told him that the state of things was lately so redubbed, as he should have cause to be of another opinion. *In number of apt bodies to make soldiers, I think you will confess, I said, that we be on as fair footing as France, or rather before them, accounting but their own race.* As for the power of France, I wist not what more account we should now make of their force, divided and ruled by a child, that proof showeth we made of them aforetime."—Chaloner to Cecil December: *Spanish MSS.*

Had it been possible Condé would have declined the engagement. He was outnumbered; three-fourths of his infantry were Germans, and he did not trust them; but except through Guise's lines there was no escape. The action opened with artillery. The Germans, as the prince had foreseen, were instantly thrown into confusion; and Montmorency, who commanded the Catholic centre, believing that a single charge would end the battle, dashed forward into the open ground where neither Guise nor St. André on the right and left wing could support him. Drawn up in reserve, with four thousand horse from the old army of Italy, Châtillon saw his enemy throw himself into the single spot where a horse could gallop. Down came the Protestant cavalry with levelled lances; the Catholics, out of breath with running, could not form to receive them, and through and through their broken ranks Châtillon rode. The constable fell shot through the cheek, and was borne off a prisoner; the Duc d'Aumale was mortally wounded; eight cannon were carried off in triumph, and the whole centre was dashed into ruins.

If the rest of the army had behaved tolerably a victory was within Condé's grasp which would have ruined Guise's fame and ended the war. The duke however with St. André drew together upon the ground which Montmorency had left vacant. The Germans advancing in disorder, and finding themselves opposed by an unbroken force, turned back without a shot or a blow. In vain d'Andelot laboured to rally them. They threw away their arms and allowed themselves to be chased from the field.

The fight was renewed by the reserve; but the Calvinist infantry were far overmatched. Condé, fighting desperately, was borne to the ground; his horse was killed under him and he was taken; while the Catholic horse, composed chiefly of the French nobles and their retinues, took courage and engaged Châtillon. With these however, wanting as they did all qualities of soldiers except courage, the admiral's trained troopers made rapid work; and then turned on Guise in time to rescue the few companies of foot who were struggling against overwhelming numbers. Thrice Châtillon charged upon the solid squares. The third time St. André was made prisoner, and killed by accident as he was borne away over a horseman's saddle-bow. The squadrons were forming for a final effort to rescue Condé when their pikes were found bent and twisted, their swords broken, their pistols clogged and useless, from the hard service of that desperate day. The short winter's afternoon was closing; and sullenly and slowly the admiral gave the order to withdraw.

The loss on both sides was about equal. Out of 30,000 who had been engaged 8000 lay dead upon the field. Of the Catholic Triumvirate Guise only remained. The constable was a prisoner and St. André dead; the young counts and gentlemen who had formed the Catholic cavalry were killed or taken. On the other hand the Prince of Condé was a prisoner also. The Germans had been broken into a rabble; and of the whole Calvinist army the horse only held together in effective force—capable perhaps if they had hurled themselves once more on Guise's thinned and wearied masses of crushing them in pieces; but unable any longer to keep the field as an army. The admiral pursued his way unmolested towards Havre; d'Andelot conducted Montmorency into Orleans; the Duke of Guise was left in possession of the field of battle; and Throgmorton, who was parted from his friends during the action, was two days later brought into the Catholic camp.

So ended the battle of Dreux, remarkable for the carnage, which, considering the numbers engaged, was beyond example; and for the capture on either side of the chief leaders of the opposing factions. After a drawn battle, in the already lukewarm humour of Condé, the war was likely to assume a new phase unfavourable to the hopes of England.

It is time to return to the Queen of Scots. After the failure of the interview, her uncles, by whose advice she had been labouring hitherto to disarm suspicion, recommended her to throw off the mask and fall back upon the Catholics. She had gained little by conciliation: their own successes at the end of the summer promised again to give them the disposal of the force of France; and while Maitland still affected to be blind and kept his eye fixed on the English succession, Lord James, a less able but a truer and far nobler man, saw that his confidence in his sister perhaps had been mistaken, and that Knox had been more right than himself.

Of all the reactionary noblemen in Scotland the most powerful and dangerous was notoriously the Earl of Huntly. It was Huntly who had proposed the landing at Aberdeen; it was

Huntly who had sworn that if the queen would but speak the word the mass should be "set up again." In his own house the chief of the house of Gordon had never so much as affected to comply with the change of religion; and to him and his policy the Duke of Guise now advised Mary to incline.

A number of causes combined at this moment to draw attention to Huntly. He had refused to part with the lands of Murray which had been given to Lord James. One of his sons, Lord John Gordon, commonly called Laird of Finlatter, who had been imprisoned for murder, had escaped to the north, and was supported by his father in setting the law at defiance;[1] and uneasy about Mary's intentions, and fearing what Huntly might do next if he was left unpunished, Lord James—or to call him henceforth by the name under which he is so well known, the Earl of Murray[2]—resolved to anticipate attack, to carry the queen with him to visit the recusant lord in his own stronghold, and either to drive him into a premature rebellion or force him to submit to the existing government.

Murray's reasons for such a step are intelligible. It is less easy to understand why Mary Stuart consented to it.

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[1] Lord John Gordon's history throws singular light on the inner life of the Scotch nobility. Randolph writes to Cecil—"Touching the Laird of Finlatter, there is here a strange story. If your honour call it to remembrance, there was one Finlatter, master of the household to the queen-mother, that had commission many times to confer with your honour and the rest of the commissioners at your being at Edinburgh. This Finlatter was disinherited by his father, and his land given to John Gordon, second son to the Earl of Huntly. Two principal causes there were that moved Finlatter's father thus to do: the one that he solicited his father's wife being his mother-in-law to dishonesty, not only with himself but with another man; the other, which is marvellous strange, that he took purpose with certain as well-conditioned as himself, to take his father and put him into a dark house, and there to keep him waking until such time as be became stark mad; and that being done, thought to enter himself in possession of the house and lands. This being revealed, and sure token given unto his father that this was true, he having no other issue, by persuasion of his wife, who was a Gordon, gave the whole land unto John Gordon, who after the death of the said Finlatter married her and so had right unto the whole living. To see how God hath plagued the iniquity of this same woman—in one month after his marriage John Gordon casteth his fantasy unto another, and because that he would not depart from the land which was hers for her lifetime, he locketh her up in a close chamber where she yet remaineth; and for the deliverance of her and for the unjust dealing of John Gordon towards her much controversy is risen in this country, and are of the chief causes why he enterprised such things as he hath done, thinking he shall be forced to put her to liberty and forego the land as long as she liveth."—September 30, 1562: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] The earldom was his, although he had not yet assumed the title. At this time he was styled Earl of Mar, but his repeated change of name creates confusion.

"Whether," says Knox, "there was an agreement between the Papists of the north and the Papists of the south, or to speak more plainly between Huntly and the queen, was not known; but suspicion was wondrous vehement that no good will was borne to the Earl of Murray." Huntly's family, in explanation of the events which followed, affirmed that "the trouble which happened to the Gordons" was "for the sincere and loyal affection which they had to the queen's preservation;" and that throughout there was a secret understanding between the queen and the earl. It may be that Mary Stuart was prepared for either contingency. She was going with but a moderate escort to that Aberdeen to which she had been before invited. If the Catholic noblemen were as powerful as they pretended, they could destroy her brother and set her at liberty from the thraldom in which she had been held. If Huntly had overrated his strength she would gain a step in the confidence of Elizabeth, and allay the rising suspicions of Murray and his friends. Divided between her zeal for orthodoxy and her hope of the English succession, she might account either conclusion as an advantage gained, and it was essential for her to test the relative powers of the different parties among her subjects.

The expedition itself she thoroughly enjoyed. The northern autumn was wet and cold; but Mary Stuart was as much at her ease galloping a half-broken stallion over the heather as when languishing in her boudoir over a love-sonnet; to Randolph who accompanied the party she said she wished she was a man, "to know what life it was to lie all night in the field or to walk on the cawsey with a Glasgow buckler and a broad-sword;" and the glittering cavalcade swept gaily through the country, knight and yeoman, lord and dame, in all 3000 horse.

On the 31st of August they reached Aberdeen, where an invitation met them from Huntly to visit his house at Strathbogie. "It was the fairest and best in all the country;" and the earl had made large provision for the queen's reception; but the reply was a demand only for the surrender of his fugitive son; and when Lord John Gordon did not appear, the queen willingly or unwillingly passed on through the heart of the Huntly clan to Inverness. The Earl of Sutherland—another Gordon—who was in the royal train, was secretly in league with his kinsman; and Lord John hung on the skirts of the march watching an opportunity to carry Mary off; but the chance did not present itself.

Having the disposition of the authority of the sovereign

Murray's object was to make his power felt. On reaching Inverness he required the castle gates to be opened. The Gordon in command, more loyal to Huntly than to the queen, refused to admit her, and though the earl made haste to apologise, and sent orders the next day to place the castle and all in it at her disposal, the captain was hanged over the battlements.

Having strangled a wolf cub thus in the heart of the den, Murray had accomplished one part of his purpose; and not caring to remain longer where the horses and perhaps their riders also would soon have starved, he turned back upon his steps. The Earl of Huntly, finding that if he meant to do anything he must do it promptly and by force, made an effort to intercept him. A thousand Gordons lay in a wood on the banks of the Spey the night before the queen passed. But their hearts failed them, and they scattered before she appeared. On the 24th of September she was again at Aberdeen. The time of reckoning was now come for the earl himself. Murray was resolved not to leave the country till he had brought him on his knees, and though Huntly still affected loyalty and "laid the fault on his son," yet as his son was known to be with him either in Strathbogie or the neighbourhood, he was informed that the court would remain at all risks in Aberdeen till Lord John was taken or had surrendered.

In the quadrangle of Huntly's house stood a single cannon —an awful emblem of power and sovereignty. It had been dismounted and concealed in a cellar. Murray sent for it; and the earl, "with very humble words and tears and sobs," promised that it should be given up. Lady Huntly—reported by the Protestants to be a witch—"led the messenger into the chapel of the house," furnished with crucifix, candle, and altar. "Good friend," she said to him, "you see here the envy that is borne unto my husband: would he have forsaken God and his religion as those that are now about the queen, my husband would never have been put at as he now is. God and he that is upon this altar will preserve us and let our true hearts be known. Tell your mistress my husband was ever obedient to her and will die her faithful subject."[1]

A fortnight passed. The house where the court lodged was one night almost burnt over their heads by the Gordons. Young Kirkaldy of Grange on the 9th of October made a dash on Strathbogie, and would have made the earl prisoner had he not "scrambled over a low wall without a boot or sword," and escaped by the speed of his horse. Lord John in revenge destroyed an outlying party of the queen's guard; Huntly himself was reported to have retired to Badenoch, "where neither men nor guns could be taken in the winter;" while from the south came news that Bothwell had escaped out of Edinburgh Castle, not, it was supposed, without the queen's knowledge. Lord Gordon, Huntly's eldest son and Chatelherault's son-in-law, was reported to be working on the irritation of the Hamiltons at Arran's imprisonment; and the duke and his whole house were expected to rise in insurrection.

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, September 30: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

There was matter in this news for grave anxiety; and had Huntly remained in the Highlands Murray might have found the work which he had taken in hand too hard for him. But fortune stood his friend. Misled by a false report that the queen's escort had been tampered with, the earl came down again from the mountains. Information was brought into Aberdeen that he was but a few miles off with not more than seven hundred men about him. Swift as lightning Murray, Morton, and Grange were on his track. He was surrounded in a bog called Corrichie Burn, from which there was no escape; and after a sharp skirmish, in which two hundred of his followers were killed, he was taken with his two sons Lord John and Lord Adam.

His own fate was a strange one. "The earl without blow or stroke, being set on horseback before him that was his taker, suddenly fell from his horse stark dead without word that ever he spoke."[1] Adam Gordon, being then but a boy of seventeen, was dismissed to be the scourge in manhood of the northern Protestants. Lord John after a full confession was beheaded in the market-place at Aberdeen. "The queen took no pleasure in the victory and gloomed at the messenger who told of it." Her brother read her a cruel lesson by compelling her to be present at the execution; while Maitland for once "remembered that there was a God in Heaven," and made a speech on the ways of Providence.[2]

Mary Stuart might have preferred a different result. She made haste to turn to her advantage Murray's triumph. Elizabeth, the day before she was taken ill, had written to her a remarkable letter—not, like so many others, prepared by Cecil and signed by herself, but an original composition altogether peculiar and characteristic. Though the style was confused the tone was noble. The object was to explain the interference in France and to deprecate Mary's resentment.[1] One defect however there was in this letter: it contained no word upon the subject nearest to the heart of the Queen of Scots, while rumours reached her of the discussions of the council on the succession when Elizabeth was supposed to be dying, in which her name and claim had been passed by almost in silence.

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, October 28 and November 2: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Knox.

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[1] "MY OWN DEAR SISTER,—Were it not a thing impossible for us to forget our own hearts, I should fear you might think that I had drunk the waters of Lethe; but there is I assure you no such river in England; and of the fault, if fault there be, you are yourself the chief cause; for if your messenger who you told me long ago was coming had not delayed so long, I should have written to you as usual; but when I heard that you were going so long a pilgrimage and so far from the English border, I thought that this had perhaps hindered you; while on my part I was kept silent by another motive—I feared to distress you with the tale of the tragedies with which each week my own ears were grieved. Would to God they had been as unknown to others as they were passed over in silence by me; and I promise you on my honour that till the ravens cried out upon me I would have stopped my ears with oblivion. But when I saw that all my advisers and my subjects considered me too blind—too dull—too improvident—I roused myself from that slumber. I thought I was unworthy to rule such a realm as this which I possess, did I not make Prometheus as familiar with my councils as I had long made Epimetheus. And when I remembered that it touched your interests also—my God, how did it gnaw my heart! not for myself, you know it well, but for her to whom I wish all the good that can be devised, fearing lest you should think that the old sparks are kindled into new flame.

"Notwithstanding when I saw that necessity has no law, and that we must guard our own homes when those of our neighbours are on fire, I had no such suspicion of you as that you would refuse to take off the veil of nature and regard the naked cause of reason.

"Far sooner would I pass over those murders on land; far rather would I leave unwritten those noyades in the rivers—those men and women hacked in pieces; but the shrieks of the strangled wives, great with child—the cries of the infants at their mothers' breasts—pierce me through. What drug of rhubarb can purge the bile which these tyrannies engender? My own subjects in many places have lost goods, ships, and life, and have been baptised with another name than their sponsors gave them at their baptism—a name till late unknown to me, now too familiar—too often heard—the name of Huguenots. The blame of this treatment has been cast on the poor soldiers, but the fault rests with the wicked leaders of the quarrel, who, when complaint is made to them, instead of correcting one ill deed commit twenty.

"I received letters from the king and queen—letters which they cannot deny—from which I learn clearly that the king is but king in name, and that others have the power. And seeing this I have set myself to prevent the evils which might follow if the quarry of this realm was in their talons. But I shall so rule my actions that the king shall hold me a good neighbour, who rather protects than destroys. Your kinsmen shall have no cause to deem me vindictive. I shall do them no hurt unless they commence with me. You shall have no ground to charge me with deceit. I have even accomplished more than I have promised wherever it has been possible; and I promise you it shall not stand with me, but there shall be soon a sound peace between all who will be ruled by reason. I send my fleet, and I send my army, but with no thought except to do

Maitland therefore was at once set to work. He wrote to Cecil to say that although Huntly's rebellion had been crushed, his mistress was in "perplexed case." With reason or without reason England was at war with France; and France, which at all times had befriended Scottish liberty—France, whose alliance Scotland could not afford to lose—was calling on her for assistance. The Queen of Scots herself had an interest in her dowry which she would forfeit by refusal, while from England it appeared that she was to receive nothing but Elizabeth's regard, which did not go "beyond her person." Had Elizabeth died in her last illness the Queen of Scots would have sacrificed the friendship of France and have gained nothing in exchange. Could she but have confidence that "quarrels should never rise between herself and any person in that realm," she would value the English alliance "more than all the uncles in the world:" but the only security which could give her that confidence was the recognition of her title; and "it was whispered in the late storm" that the English council intended to prefer another candidate. Maitland for his part said he could ill believe it, "seeing none was so worthy or had so good a title." The union of the realms was of priceless moment: and "if religion moved anything," the late appearance of his mistress in arms against the leader of the Papists ought to disarm suspicion.[1]

A fortnight later Randolph said that Scotland was full of rumours traced to the authority of the clerk of the English council, that "during the late discussion one voice only had been raised for the Queen of Scots, and that in the Parliament about to be held she would be debarred from the succession."[2] Unable to endure the suspense longer, Mary Stuart at last despatched Maitland to press her claims openly on Elizabeth;

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good to the king, and to all, unless they will first injure me; and that the world may know the desire I have for peace, and remove all suspicions which may be engendered of me, I make this declaration without any reserve whatever. I trust therefore you will think as honourably of me as my goodwill towards you deserves; and though I am not ignorant what arts will be or have been used with you in this respect to induce you to withdraw from the affection which I am assured you bear me; I nevertheless have such trust in this heart which I hold so precious,* that I think the rivers will sooner run upwards to the mountains than it shall change towards me. The fever under which I am suffering forbids me to write further."—Queen Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, October 15: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.* Translated from the French original.

[1] Maitland to Cecil, November 14: *Cotton. MSS.*, CALIG. B. 10.

[2] Randolph to Cecil, November 28: *MS.* Ibid.

* The Queen of Scots had sent to Elizabeth a heart set with diamonds.

"to demand access to the Parliament House" and declare her title before the Estates of the realm; and if the Lords and Commons refused to entertain it, to "tell them plainly that she would seek her remedy elsewhere."[1]

So wrote Mary grasping fiercely at the prize which she trusted to have purchased by Huntly's blood; while Randolph informed Cecil that the distrust of Knox was still as fixed as ever. "He had no hope that she would ever come to God, or do good in the commonwealth; he was so full of mistrust in all her doings, words, and sayings, as though he were either of God's privy council, that knew how he had determined of her from the beginning, or knew the secrets of her heart so well that he was assured she neither did or would have for ever one good thought of God or of his true religion."[2]

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[1] "You shall in our name and in our behalf publicly and solemnly protest that we are thereby injured and offended, and [must seek] such remedy as the law and consuetude has provided for them that are enormously and excessively hurt."—Instructions given by the Queen of Scots to Maitland: KEITH, vol. ii.

[2] Randolph to Cecil, December 16: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

CHAPTER VI

END OF CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE

In the face of enormous difficulties Elizabeth and her ministers had restored England to its rank in Europe. They had baffled Spain, wrested Scotland from the Guises, and played with accomplished dexterity on the rivalries and jealousies of the Romanist powers. By skill and good fortune they had brought the Catholics at home to an almost desperate submission; and now, with the country armed to the teeth, they were subsidising a Protestant rebellion in France, and fastening themselves once more upon the French soil.

The expenses of so aggressive and dangerous a policy had been great, yet Elizabeth's talent for economy had saved her from deep involvements; and while courtiers whined over her parsimony, the burden of public debt bequeathed by Mary had received no increase, and was even somewhat diminished. The wounds were still green which twenty years of religious and social confusion had inflicted on the commonwealth; but here too there were visible symptoms of amendment: above all, the poisonous gangrene of the currency, the shame and scandal of the late reigns, had been completely healed.

No measure in Elizabeth's reign has received more deserved praise than the reformation of the coinage. The applause indeed has at times overpassed her merit; for some historians have represented it as accomplished at the cost of the crown; whereas the expense, even to the calling in and recoining the base money, was borne to the last penny by the country. Elizabeth and her advisers deserve the credit only of having looked in the face, and of having found the means of dealing with, a complicated and most difficult problem.

When the ministers of Edward VI. arrived at last at the conviction that the value of a shilling depended on the amount of pure silver contained in it, and that the base money therefore with which the country had been flooded must be called down to its natural level, the people it was roughly calculated had lost something over a million pounds. An accurate computation however was impossible, for the issues of the government, large as they were, had been exceeded by those of private coining establishments in England and abroad, where the pure coin left in circulation was melted down and debased.

The evil had been rather increased than diminished by the first efforts at reformation. The current money was called down to an approach to its value in bullion, and it was then left in circulation under the impression that it would no longer be pernicious; but the pure shillings of Edward's last years could not live beside the bad, and still continued either to leave the country or to be made away with by the coiners. The good resolutions of further reform with which Mary commenced her reign disappeared as she became straitened for money; the doctrinal virtues superseded the moral; and relapsing upon her father's and her brother's evil precedents, she poured out a fresh shower of money containing but three ounces of silver with nine of alloy, and attempted to force it once more on the people at its nominal value.

The coining system acquired at once fresh impetus; and Elizabeth on coming to the throne found prices everywhere in confusion. Amidst the variety of standards and the multitude of coins recognised by the law, the common business of life was almost at a stand-still. Of current silver there was such as remained of Edward's pure shillings, containing eleven ounces and two pennyweights of silver in the pound; the shillings of the first year of Mary containing ten ounces; and the old shillings of Henry VIII. containing eleven ounces.

Of testers or sixpences, the coin in common use, there were four sorts: the tester of eight ounces of silver in the pound, the tester of six, the tester of four, and the tester of three; with groats, rose pence, and other small coins, of which the purity varied in the same proportion. The testers of eight, six, and four ounces had been issued originally as shillings, and had been called down to sixpences. These three kinds were all of equal value, "for that which lacked in fineness exceeded in weight,"[1] and they were really worth fourpence halfpenny. The fourth kind, the tester of three ounces, was worth only twopence halfpenny; but "the worst passed current with the best" in the payment of the statute wages of the artisan or labourer. The working man was robbed without knowing how or why, while the tradesmen and farmers, aware that a sixpence was not a sixpence, defied the feeble laws which attempted to regulate the prices of produce, charged for their goods on a random scale, and secured themselves against loss by the breadth of margin which they claimed against the consumer.

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[1] Paper on Coinage: endorsed in Cecil's hand, Mr. Stanley's opinion: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xiii.

The earliest extant paper on the subject in the reign of Elizabeth is the composition of the queen herself. With the rise in prices the landowners generally had doubled their rents, while the rents of the crown lands had remained unchanged. The ounce of silver in the currency of the Plantagenets, instead of being coined into the five shillings of later usage, had been divided only into a quarter of a mark, or three shillings and fourpence. Elizabeth proposed to return to the earlier scale, and retaining the same nominal rent of which she found herself in receipt, to allow "the tenants of improved rents to answer their lords after the rate of the abatement of value for every pound a mark;"[1] while all outstanding debts or contracts might be graduated in the same proportion.

The objections to this project, it is easy to see, would have been infinite. It fell through—was heard of no more. But in their first moments of serious leisure, immediately after the Scotch war, in September, 1560, the council determined at all hazards to call in the entire currency, and supply its place with new coin of a pure and uniform standard. Prices of all kinds could then adjust themselves without further confusion.

The first necessity was to ascertain the proportions of good and bad money which was in circulation. A public inquiry could not be ventured for fear of creating a panic, and the following rudely ingenious method was suggested as likely to give an approximation to the truth. "Some witty person was to go among the butchers of London, and to them rather than to any other, because they retailed of their flesh to all manner of persons in effect—so that thereby of great likelihood came to their hands of all sorts of money of base coin: and to go to a good many of them—thirty-six at least—and after this manner, because they should not understand the meaning thereof, nor have no suspicion in that behalf—requiring all of them to put all the money that they should receive the next forenoon by itself, and likewise that in the afternoon by itself, and they should have other money for the same; promising every one of them a quart of wine for their labours, because that there was a good wager laid whether they received more money in the afternoon—whereof nine score pounds being received of the butchers, after the manner aforesaid, being all put together, then all the shillings of three ounces fine and under, but not above, should be tried and called out—as well counterfeits after the same stamp and standard as others; and after the rest of the money might be perused and compared one with another."[1]

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[1] "Wherein," she said, "the lord shall not be much hindered, being able to perform almost every way as much with the mark as he was with the pound."—(Opinion of her majesty for reducing the state of the coin, 1559): *Domestic MSS. Elizabeth.*

Either by this or some other plan, the worst coin in circulation was found to be about a fourth of the whole, while the entire mass of base money of all standards was guessed roughly at £1,200,000. How to deal with it was the next question. Sir Thomas Stanley offered several schemes to the choice of the government.

1. The testers, worse and better together, might be called down from sixpence to fourpence; a period might be fixed within which they must be brought to the Mint, and paid for at that price. The £1,200,000 would be bought in for £800,000; the bullion which it contained, being recoined and reissued at eleven ounces fine, would be worth £837,500; and the balance of £37,500 in favour of the government, together with the value of the alloy, would more than cover the expenses of the process. If the queen wished to make a better thing of it, the worst money might be sent to Ireland, as the general dirt heap for the outcasting of England's vileness.

2. The bad coin might be called in simply and paid for at the Mint according to its bullion value, a percentage being allowed for the refining.

3. If the queen would run the risk she might relieve her subjects more completely by giving the full value of fourpence halfpenny for the sixpence, three halfpence for the half groat, and so on through the whole coinage, allowing three-quarters of the nominal value, and taking her chance—still with the help of Ireland—of escaping unharmed.[2]

Swiftness of action, resolution, and a sufficient number of men of probity to receive and pay for the moneys all over the country, were the great requisites.[3] The people were expected to submit to the further loss without complaint if they could purchase with it a certain return to security and order. Neither of Stanley's alternatives were accepted literally. The standard for Ireland had always been something under that of England. But the queen would not consent to inflict more suffering on that country than she could conveniently help. The Irish coin should share in the common restoration, and be brought back to its normal proportions.

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[1] "A manner to make a proof how many sorts of standards are current commonly within this realm:" *Lansdowne MSS.* 4.

[2] Mr. Stanley's opinion: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xiii. *Rolls House.*

[3] Bacon to Cecil, October 14, 1560: *MS.* Ibid. vol. xiv.

On 27th of September the evils of an uneven and vitiated currency were explained by proclamation. The people were told that the queen would bear the cost of refining and recoining the public moneys if they on their side would bear cheerfully their share of the loss; and they were invited to bring in and pay over to persons appointed to receive it in every market town the impure silver in their hands. For the three better sorts of tester the crown would pay the full value of fourpence halfpenny, and for the half groats and pence in proportion. For the fourth and most debased kind, which was easily distinguishable, it would pay twopence farthing.

To stimulate the collection a bounty of threepence was promised on every pound's worth of silver brought in. Refiners were sent for from Germany; the Mint at the Tower was set to work under Stanley and Sir Thomas Fleetwood; and in nine months the impure stream was washed clean, and a silver coinage of the present standard was circulating once more throughout the realm.

Either a large fraction of the base money was not brought in, or the estimate of the quantity in circulation had been exaggerated. The entire weight collected was 631,950 lbs.; £638,000 (in money) was paid for it by the receivers of the Mint, and it yielded when melted down 244,416 lbs. of silver, worth in the new coinage of eleven ounces fine £733,248. So far therefore there was a balance in favour of the crown of £95,135; but the cost of collection, the premiums, and other collateral losses reduced the margin to £49,776 9*s.* 3*d.* Thirty-five thousand six hundred and eighty-six pounds, fifteen shillings and sixpence (£35,686 15*s.* 6*d.*) was paid for the refining and re-minting; and when the whole transaction was completed Elizabeth was left with a balance in her favour of fourteen thousand and seventy-nine pounds, thirteen shillings, and ninepence (£14,079 13*s.* 9*d.*).[1]

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[1] "Charges of refining the base money received into the Mint since Michaelmas 1560 until Michaelmas 1561, and of the charges of the workmanship on coining to fine money thereof made; with a note of the provisions and other charges incident to the same, the waste of melting and blemishing being borne."—*Lansdowne MSS.* 4.

Thus was this great matter ended, not as it has been represented by means of two hundred thousand crowns raised by Gresham in Flanders. The two hundred thousand crowns indisputably were raised there, but it was to buy saltpetre, and corselets, and harquebusses; and the reform of the coin cost nothing beyond the thought expended on it.

But the country was sick of other disorders less easy to heal. The silent change in the relations of rich and poor, the eviction of small tenants, the erection of a new race of men on the ruins of the abbeys, whose eyes were more on earth than heaven, the universal restlessness of mind, and the uprooting of old thought on all subjects divine or human, had confused the ancient social constitution of the English nation. Customs and opinions had vanished, and laws based upon them had become useless or mischievous. The under-roll of the peasant insurrection was still perceptible in the weakness of the government and the anarchy of the country population.

The petty copyholders dispossessed of their tenures had contracted vagrant habits; the roads were patrolled by highwaymen who took purses in broad daylight in the streets of London itself; and against these symptoms was contending the reactionary old English spirit which had gathered strength under Mary, the single good result of her reign. Grass lands were again browning under tillage, farm-houses were re-built, and the small yeomen fostered into life again; but a vague unrest prevailed everywhere. Elizabeth's prospects during her first years were so precarious that no one felt confident for the future; and the energy of the country hung distracted, with no clear perception what to do or in what direction to turn.

The problem for statesmen was to discern among the new tendencies of the nation how much was sound and healthy, how much must be taken up into the constitution of the state before the disturbed elements settled into form again.

A revolution had passed over England of which the religious change was only a single feature. New avenues of thought were opening on all sides with the growth of knowledge; and as the discoveries of Columbus and Copernicus made their way into men's minds, they found themselves, not in any metaphor, but in plain and literal prose, in a new heaven and a new earth. How to send the fresh blood permeating healthily through the veins, how to prevent it from wasting itself in anarchy and revolution—these were the large questions which Elizabeth's ministers had to solve.

In this as in all else Cecil was the presiding spirit. Everywhere among the state papers of these years Cecil's pen is ever visible, Cecil's mind predominant. In the records of the daily meetings of the council Cecil's is the single name which is never missed. In the queen's cabinet or in his own, sketching Acts of Parliament, drawing instructions for ambassadors, or weighing on paper the opposing arguments at every crisis of political action; corresponding with archbishops on liturgies and articles, with secret agents in every corner of Europe or with foreign ministers in every court, Cecil is to be found ever restlessly busy; and sheets of paper densely covered with brief memoranda remain among his manuscripts to show the vastness of his daily labour and the surface over which he extended his control. From the great duel with Rome to the terraces and orange groves at Burghley nothing was too large for his intellect to grasp, nothing too small for his attention to condescend to consider.

In July 1561, under Cecil's direction, letters went round the southern and western counties desiring the magistrates to send in reports on the working of the laws which affected the daily life of the people, on the wages statutes, the acts of apparel, the poor laws, the tillage and pasture laws, the act for "the maintenance of archery," and generally on the condition of the population. A certain Mr. Tyldsley was commissioned privately to follow the circulars and observe how far the magistrates either reported the truth or were doing their duty; and though the reports are lost Tyldsley's letters remain, with his opinion on the character of the English gentry.

If that opinion was correct the change of creed had not improved them. The people were no longer trained in the use of arms because the gentlemen refused to set the example. "For tillage it were plain sacrilege to interfere with it, the offenders being all gentlemen of the richer sort;" while "the alehouses"—"the very stock and stay of false thieves and vagabonds," were supported by them for the worst of motives. The peers had the privilege of importing wine free of duty for the consumption of their households. By their patents they were able to extend the right to others under shelter of their name; and the tavern-keepers "were my lord's servants, or my master's servants; yea, and had such kind of licences, and licence out of licence to them and their deputies and assignees, that it was some danger to meddle with them."[1] The very threat of interference either with that or any other misdemeanour in high places caused Cecil to be generally detested.[1] Go where he would, Tyldsley said, "he could find no man earnestly bent to put laws in execution;" "every man let slip and pass forth:" so that "for his part he did look for nothing less than the subversion of the realm, to which end all things were working."

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[1] The intention of the exemption had been the encouragement of "hospitality" in the great country houses. Times were changing, and

Equally unsatisfactory were the reports of the state of religion. The constitution of the Church offended the Puritans; the Catholics were as yet unreconciled to the forms which had been maintained to conciliate them; and to the seeming cordiality with which the Liturgy was at first received, a dead inertia soon succeeded in which nothing lived but self-interest. The bishops and the higher clergy were the first to set an example of evil. The friends of the Church of England must acknowledge with sorrow that within two years of its establishment the prelates were alienating the estates in which they possessed but a life interest—granting long leases and taking fines for their own advantage. The council had to inflict upon them the disgrace of a rebuke for neglecting the duties of common probity.[2]

The marriage of the clergy was a point on which the people were peculiarly sensitive.[3] Though tolerated it was generally

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the old-fashioned "open house" was no longer the rule. Without abolishing the privilege the council restricted the quantity which each nobleman was allowed to import. Dukes and archbishops were allowed ten pipes annually; marquises nine pipes; earls, viscounts, barons, and bishops, six, seven, and eight.—*Domestic MSS.*, *Elizabeth*, vol. xx.

[1] "This be you most sure of, that as much evil as can be invented by the devilish wit of them that be nought is spoken against you.

"It is not yet four days past since one of my men said unto me, 'Sir, would to God ye would not meddle so much as ye do, nor be so earnest;' for, said he, 'if ye heard so much as I do hear, ye would marvel. For even they that do speak you most fairest to your face do name you behind your back to be an extreme and cruel man, with a great deal more than shall need to rehearse; and they say,' said he, 'that all these doings is long of Mr. Secretary Cecil. I do know,' said he, 'all this to be truth, for I do hear it amongst their servants, and belike they have heard it of their masters at one time or another. And further,' said he, 'when I was last in London, there was a business in hand as touching what wages watermen should take going from one place to another, which thing was much cried out upon; and they say that Mr. Cecil was all the doer of that matter too. Surely,' said he, 'he is not beloved; and therefore for God's sake, sir, be you ware. I have not spoken any of this to the intent that I would have you either to leave off or to slack any part of all your godly doings, but rather if I could to sharp you further against the devil and all his wicked instruments.'"—Mr. Tyldsley's Report, September 3, 1561: *Domestic MSS.*, *Elizabeth*, vol. xix.

[2] Articles for the Bishops' obligations, 1560: *Domestic MSS. Elizabeth.*

[3] The frequent surnames of Clark, Parsons, Deacon, Archdeacon, Dean, Prior, Abbot, Bishop, Frere, and Monk, are memorials of the stigma affixed by English prejudice on the children of the first married representatives of the sacred orders.

disapproved and disappointing especially in members of cathedrals and collegiate bodies who occupied the houses and retained the form of the religious orders. While therefore canons and prebends were entitled to take wives if they could not do without them, they would have done better had they taken chary advantage of their liberty. To the Anglo-Catholic as well as the Romanist a married priest was a scandal, and a married cathedral dignitary an abomination.

"For the avoiding of such offences as were daily conceived by the presence of families of wives and children within colleges, contrary to the ancient and comely order of the same," Elizabeth, in 1560, forbade deans and canons to have their wives residing with them within the cathedral closes under pain of forfeiting "their promotions." Cathedrals and colleges, she said, had been founded "to keep societies of learned men professing study and prayer;" and the rooms intended for students were not to be sacrificed to women and children.[1]

The Church dignitaries treated the queen's injunction as the country gentlemen treated the statutes. Deans and canons, by the rules of their foundations, were directed to dine and keep hospitality in their common hall. Those among them who had married broke up into their separate houses, where, in spite of Elizabeth, they maintained their families. The unmarried "tabled abroad at the ale-houses." The singing-men of the choirs became the prebends' private servants, "having the Church stipend for their wages." The cathedral plate adorned the prebendal side-boards and dinner-tables. The organ-pipes were melted into dishes for their kitchens; the organ-frames were carved into bedsteads, where the wives reposed beside their reverend lords; while the copes and vestments were coveted for their gilded embroidery, and were slit into gowns and bodices. Having children to provide for, and only a life-interest in their revenues, the chapters like the bishops cut down their woods, and worked their fines, their leases, their escheats and wardships, for the benefit of their own generation. Sharing their annual plunder, they ate and drank and enjoyed themselves while their opportunity remained; for the times were dangerous, "and none could tell what should be after them."

"They decked their wives so finely for the stuff and fashion of their garments as none were so fine and trim." By her dress and "her gait" in the street "the priest's wife was known from a hundred other women;" while in the congregations and in the cathedrals they were distinguished "by placing themselves above all other the most ancient and honourable in their cities;" "being the church—as the priests' wives termed it—their own church; and the said wives did call and take all things belonging to their church and corporation as their own;" as "their houses," "their gates," "their porters," "their servants," "their tenants," "their manors," "their lordships," "their woods," "their corn."[1]

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[1] Proclamation by the Queen for the eviction of wives out of colleges (In Cecil's hand): *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xix.

Celibacy had been found an unwholesome restriction; married clergymen might have been expected to do their duties the better rather than the worse for the companionship; and such complaints as these might be regarded as the inevitable but worthless strictures of malice and superstition. But it was not wholly so. While the shepherds were thus dividing the fleeces the sheep were perishing. In many dioceses in England a third of the parishes were left without a clergyman, resident or non-resident. In 1561 there were in the Archdeaconry of Norwich eighty parishes where there was no resident incumbent; in the Archdeaconry of Norfolk a hundred and eighty parishes; in the Archdeaconry of Suffolk a hundred and thirty parishes were almost or entirely in the same condition.[2] In some of these churches a curate attended on Sundays. In most of them the voices of the priests were silent in the desolate aisles. The children grew up unbaptised; the dead buried their dead. At St. Helen's in the Isle of Wight the parish church had been built upon the shore for the convenience of vessels lying at the anchorage. The Provost and Fellows of Eton were the patrons, and the benefice was among the wealthiest in their gift; but the church was a ruin through which the wind and the rain made free passage. The parishioners "were fain to bury their corpses themselves." And "joining as it did hard to one of the chief roads of England, where all sorts of nations were compelled to take succour and touch, the shameful using of the same church caused the queen's council and the whole realm to run in slander."[3]

"It breedeth," said Elizabeth in a remonstrance which she addressed to Archbishop Parker, "no small offence and scandal to see and consider upon the one part the curiosity and cost bestowed by all sorts of men upon their private houses; and on the other part the unclean and negligent order and spare keeping of the houses of prayer, by permitting open decays and ruins of coverings of walls and windows, and by appointing unmeet and unseemly tables with foul cloths, for the communion of the sacrament; and generally leaving the place of prayer desolate of all cleanliness and of meet ornament for such a place, whereby it might be known a place provided for divine service."[1]

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[1] Complaints against the Dean and Chapter of Worcester: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth,* vol. xxviii.

[2] STRYPE'S *Annals of the Reformation,* vol. i.

[3] Presentation of George Oglander: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth, Rolls House.*

Nor again were the Protestant foreigners who had taken refuge in England any special credit to the Reformation. These exiled saints were described by the Bishop of London as "a marvellous colluvies of evil persons, for the most part *facinorosi, ebriosi, et sectarii.*" Between prelates reprimanded by the council for fraudulent administration of their estates, chapters bent on justifying Cranmer's opinion of such bodies—that "they were good vianders, and good for nothing else"—and a clergy among whom the only men who had any fear of God were the unmanageable and dangerous Puritans, the Church of England was doing little to make the queen or the country enamoured of it. Torn up as it had been by the very roots and but lately replanted, its hanging boughs and drooping foliage showed that as yet it had taken no root in the soil, and there seemed too strong a likelihood that, notwithstanding its ingenious framework and comprehensive formulas, it would wither utterly away.

"Our religion is so abused," wrote Lord Sussex to Cecil in 1562, "that the Papists rejoice; the neuters do not mislike change, and the few zealous professors lament the lack of purity. The people without discipline, utterly devoid of religion, come to divine service as to a May-game; the ministers for disability and greediness be had in contempt; and the wise fear more the impiety of the licentious professors than the superstition of the erroneous Papists. God hold his hand over us, that our lack of religious hearts do not breed in the meantime his wrath and revenge upon us."[2]

Covetousness and impiety moreover were not the only dangers. The submission of the clergy to the changes was no proof of their cordial acceptance of them. The majority were interested only in their benefices, which they retained and neglected. A great many continued Catholics in disguise: they remained at their post scarcely concealing, if concealing at all, their true creed, and were supported in open contumacy by the neighbouring noblemen and gentlemen.

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[1] The Queen to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1560 (Cecil's hand): *Domestic MSS.*, vol. xv.

[2] Sussex to Cecil, July 22, 1562; from Chester: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

In a general visitation in July 1561 the clergy were required to take the oath of allegiance. The Bishop of Carlisle reported that thirteen or fourteen of his rectors and vicars refused to appear, while in many churches in his diocese mass continued to be said under the countenance and open protection of Lord Dacres: and the clergy of the diocese generally he described as wicked "imps of Antichrist;" "ignorant, stubborn, and past measure false and subtle." Fear only, he said, would make them obedient, and Lord Cumberland and Lord Dacres would not allow him to meddle with them.[1]

The border of Wales was as critical as the border of Scotland. In August of the same year "the Popish justices" of Hereford commanded the observance of St. Lawrence's day as a holyday. On the eve no butcher in the town ventured to sell meat; on the day itself "no gospeller" durst work in his occupation or open his shop. A party of recusant priests from Devonshire were received in state by the magistrates, carried through the streets in procession, and so "feasted and magnified as Christ himself could not have been more reverentially entertained." [2]

In September, Bishop Jewel going to Oxford reported the fellows of the college so malignant that "if he had proceeded peremptorily as he might," he would not have left two in any one of them; and here it was not a peer or a magistrate that Jewel feared, but one higher than both, for the colleges appealed to the queen against him; and Jewel could but entreat Cecil with many anxious misgivings to stand by him. He could but protest humbly that he was only acting for God's glory.[3]

The Bishop of Winchester found his people "obstinately grovelled in superstition and popery, lacking not priests to inculcate the same daily in their heads;" and himself so unable to provide ministers to teach them, that he petitioned for permission to unite his parishes and throw two or three into one.[4]

The Bishop of Durham called a clergyman before him to take the oath. The clergyman said out before a crowd, "who much rejoiced at his doings," "that neither temporal man nor woman could have power in spiritual matters but only the Pope of Rome;" and the lay authorities would not allow the bishop to punish a man who had but expressed their own feelings; more than one member of the council of York had refused the oath and yet had remained in office; the rest took courage when they saw those that refused their allegiance "not only unpunished but had in authority and estimation;" and distracted "with the poisonful and malicious minds about him," the bishop said that "where he had but little wit at his coming he had now almost none left him, and wished himself a sizar at St. John's again."[1]

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[1] The Bishop of Carlisle to Cecil: *Domestic MSS.*, vol. xviii.

[2] The Bishop of Hereford to Cecil: *MS.* Ibid., vol. xix.

[3] Jewel to Cecil: *MS.* Ibid., vol. xix.

[4] *MS.* Ibid., vol. xxi.

Finally, in 1562, the Bishop of Carlisle once more complained that between Lord Dacres and the Earls of Cumberland and Westmoreland, "God's glorious gospel could not take place in the counties under their rule." The few Protestants "durst not be known for fear of a shrewd turn;" and the lords and magistrates looked through their fingers—while the law was openly defied. The country was full of "wishings and wagers for the alteration of religion;" "rumours and tales of the Spaniards and Frenchmen to come in for the reformation of the same:" while the articles of the secret league between the Guises and Spain for the extirpation of heresy circulated in manuscript in the houses of the northern gentlemen.[2]

The queen's own conduct had been so uncertain, she had persisted so long in her determination to invite the Queen of Scots into England, with a view, in some form or other, of acknowledging her as her successor, she had given so marked an evidence of her retrogressive tendencies in appointing these very Earls of Westmoreland and Cumberland to receive Mary Stuart on the border, that no one ventured to support a spiritual authority which in a year or two might vanish like a mist. And it was not till Elizabeth had been driven at last into the French quarrel, had given up the interview, and had sent her troops to Havre to co-operate with the Huguenots, that the reforming party recovered heart again; and the Romanists discovered that unless they were prepared for immediate rebellion they must move more cautiously.

The first effect of their disappointment was a curious one. On the 7th of August 1562, de Quadra wrote to the Spanish minister at Rome begging him to ask the pope in the name of the English Catholics whether they might be present without sin at "the common prayers." "The case," de Quadra said, "was a new and not an easy one, for the prayer-book contained neither impiety nor false doctrine. The prayers themselves were those of the Catholic Church, altered only so far as to omit the merits and the intercession of the saints; so that, except for the concealment, and the injury which might arise from the example, there would be nothing in the compliance itself positively unlawful. The communion could be evaded: on that point they did not ask for a dispensation. They desired simply to be informed whether they might attend the ordinary services." The bishop's own opinion was that no general rule could be laid down. The compulsion to which the Catholics were exposed varied at different times and places; the harm which might arise to others varied; nor had all been equally zealous in attempting to prevent the law from passing or in afterwards obstructing the execution of it. While therefore he had not extenuated the fault of those who had given way to the persecution, he had in some cases given them a hope that they had not sinned mortally. At the same time he had been cautious of weakening the resolution of those who had been hitherto constant. If the pope had more decided instructions to give, he said he would gladly receive them. There was another class of cases also which there was a difficulty in dealing with. Many of the English who had fallen into heresy had repented and desired to be absolved. But the priests, who could receive them back, were scanty and scattered; and there was extreme danger in resorting to them. In some instances they had been arrested, and under threat of torture had revealed their penitents' names. The bishop said he had explained to the Catholics generally that allowance was made for violence, but they wished for a general indulgence in place of detailed and special absolution; and although he said that he did not himself consider that this would meet the difficulty, he thought it right to mention their request.[1]

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[1] *Domestic MSS.*, vol. xix.

[2] *MS.* Ibid., vol. xxi.

The question of attendance on the English service was referred to the inquisition, where the dry truth was expressed more formally and hardly than de Quadra's leniency would have preferred.

"Given a commonwealth in which Catholics were forbidden under pain of death to exercise their religion; where the law required the subject to attend conventicles; where the Psalms were sung and the lessons taken from the Bible were read in the vulgar tongue, and where sermons were preached in defence of heretical opinions, might Catholics comply with that law without peril of damnation to their souls?"

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[1] De Quadra to Vargas, August 7: *MS. Simancas.*

Jesuitism was as yet but half developed. The inquisition answered immediately with a distinct negative.

Although the Catholics were not required to communicate with heretics, yet by their presence at their services they would assume and affect to believe with them. Their object in wishing to be present could only be to pass for heretics, to escape the penalties of disobedience; and God had said, "Whosoever is ashamed of me and of my words, of him will I be ashamed." Catholics, and especially Catholics of rank, could not appear in Protestant assemblies without causing scandal to the weaker brethren.

In giving this answer Pope Pius desired to force the Catholics to declare themselves, and precipitate the collision which Philip's timidity had prevented.

On the other point he was more lenient. He empowered de Quadra, as a person not amenable to the English government, to accept himself the abjuration of heretics willing to forsake their errors, and to empower others at his discretion to do the same whenever and wherever he might think good.[1]

Before the order of Pius had reached England, the impatience of the Catholics had run over in the abortive conspiracy of the Poles. In itself most trivial, it served as a convenient instrument in the hands of Cecil to irritate the Protestants. The enterprise in France appealed to the loyalty of the people, who flattered themselves with hopes of Calais, and the elections for the Parliament, which was to meet at the spring of the new year, were carried on under the stimulus of the excitement. The result was the return of a House of Commons violently Puritan; and those who were most anxious to prevent the recognition of the Queen of Scots found themselves opportunely strengthened by the premature eagerness with which her claims had been pressed.

Maitland's intended mission to London had been postponed till the meeting; but meanwhile Sir William Cecil had ominously allowed all correspondence between them to cease;[2] and Randolph, on the 5th of January 1563, wrote from Edinburgh of the general fear and uneasiness that "things would be wrought in the approaching Parliament which would give little pleasure in Scotland."[1] Diplomacy however still continued its efforts. Notwithstanding the rupture with the Guises, the admission of Mary Stuart's right was still played off before Elizabeth as a condition on which France might be pacified and Calais restored: and there was always a fear that Elizabeth might turn back upon her steps and listen. To end the crisis, Sir Thomas Smith advised her to throw six thousand men, some moonlight night, on the Calais sands. The garrison had been withdrawn after the battle of Dreux to reinforce the Catholic army, and not two hundred men were left to defend the still incomplete fortifications.[2] But Elizabeth was as incapable as Philip of a sudden movement, and she had no desire to exchange her quarrel with the Guises—which after all might be peaceably composed—for a declared war with a united France. She knew that she had not deserved the confidence of the Huguenots, and she had already reason to fear that they might turn against her.

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[1] Pius IV. to de Quadra: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Maitland to Cecil, January 3: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

The day after the battle of Dreux, Throgmorton, unable to rejoin the admiral, was brought in as a prisoner into the Catholic camp. The Duke of Guise sent for him, and after a long and conciliatory conversation on the state of France, spoke deprecatingly of the injustice of Elizabeth's suspicions of himself and his family, and indicated with some distinctness that if she would withdraw from Havre Calais should be given up to her.[3]

Elizabeth, catching at an intimation which fell in with her private wishes, replied with a promise "that nothing should be done in Parliament to the displeasure of the Queen of Scots." Mary Stuart had recovered credit by her expedition to the north; and her confidence in Elizabeth's weakness again revived: not indeed that Elizabeth was really either weak or blind, but in constitutional irresolution she was for ever casting her eye over her shoulder, with the singular and happy effect of keeping the Catholics perpetually deluded with false expectations, and of amusing them with hopes of a change which never came.

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[1] Randolph to Cecil: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Sir T. Smith to Elizabeth, January 2: Forbes, vol. ii. The beneficial effects of the French conquest had already been felt in the Pale. Before the expulsion of the English it was almost a desert. Sir Thomas Smith held out as an inducement for its recovery, that it had become "the plentifullest country in all France."

[3] "If they cannot accord among themselves, then I perceive they mind to treat with you favourably, and I believe to satisfy your majesty about Calais, provided that from henceforth you do no more aid the prince and the rebels."—Throgmorton to Elizabeth, January 3: *Conway MSS.*

"These men have two strings to their bow—to accord with the prince and to accord with her majesty also; but not with both at once to both's satisfactions."—Throgmorton to Cecil, January 3: Forbes, vol. ii.

Her resolution about the Scottish succession promised a stormy and uneasy session; and Cecil before its commencement, still uncertain how far he could depend upon her, made another effort to rid the court of de Quadra. The Spanish ambassador was suspected without reason of having encouraged the Poles. He was known to have urged Philip to violence, and to be the secret support and stay of the disaffected in England and Ireland. Confident in the expected insurrection of the Low Countries, Cecil was not unwilling to risk an open rupture with Spain, which would force Elizabeth once for all on the Protestant side.

A few days before Parliament was to meet, an Italian Calvinist, in the train of the Vidame of Chartres, was passing Durham Place when a stranger, who was lounging at the gate, drew a pistol and fired at him. The ball passed through the Italian's cap and wounded an Englishman behind him. The assassin darted into the house with a crowd at his heels; and the bishop, knowing nothing of him, but knowing the Italian to be a heretic, bade his servants open the water gate. The fugitive sprung down the steps, leapt into a boat, and was gone. Being taken afterwards at Gravesend, he confessed under torture that he had been bribed to commit the murder by the Provost of Paris. De Quadra, who had made himself an accomplice after the fact, was required to surrender the keys of his house; and his steward refusing to comply, the mayor sent workmen who changed the locks.

De Quadra went to the palace to complain; but the queen, without permitting herself to be seen, referred him to the council; and Cecil at last told him that he could not be allowed to remain at Durham Place. All the Papists in London attended mass there; every malcontent, every traitor and enemy of the government, came there at night to consult him. The disturbance which had broken out in Ireland was due to the advice given by de Quadra when O'Neil was in London; and but for the care which the queen had taken of him he would probably have long before been murdered by the mob.[1]

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[1] De Quadra to Philip, January 10: *MS. Simancas*. The account of the matter sent by the English council to Sir Thomas Chaloner, agrees closely with that of de Quadra, dwelling only in fuller detail on the midnight conferences of conspirators and traitors held at Durham Place; *Spanish MSS.*, January 7: *Rolls House.*

De Quadra was not a man to be discomposed by high words. He replied that whatever he had done he had done by his master's orders; and complaints against himself were complaints against the King of Spain. If he had seemed to act in an unfriendly manner, the times were to blame; if he did not profess the English religion, he professed the religion of Christendom; and those noble and honourable men who came to his house to mass came where they had a right to come and did not deserve Cecil's imputations.

Hot words passed to and fro. Cecil charged the bishop with maintaining traitors and rebels. De Quadra said it was not he or his master who were most guilty of using religion as a stalking-horse to disturb their neighbours' peace.

Cecil said the bishop had encouraged Pole and Fortescue. The bishop answered truly enough that he had had nothing to do with them or their follies.

"The meaning of it all," de Quadra wrote to Philip, "is this: they wish to dishearten the Catholics whom the Parliament will bring together from all parts of the realm. I am not to remain in this house because it has secret doors and entrances which we may use for mischief. They are afraid, and they have cause to be afraid. The heretics are furious at seeing me maintain the Catholics here with some kind of authority, and they cannot endure it; but a few days ago the lord keeper said that neither the crown nor religion were safe so long as I was in the realm. It is true enough, as Cecil says, that I may any day be torn in pieces by the populace. Ever since this war in France, and the demonstrations in Paris against the heretics, the Protestant preachers have clamoured from the pulpit for the execution of "Papists." Even Cecil himself is bent on cruelty; and did they but dare they would not leave a Catholic alive in the land.

"But the faithful are too large a number, and if it comes to that they will sell their lives dear. London indeed is bad enough: it is the worst place in the realm: and it is likely—I do not say it in any fear, but only because it is a thing which your majesty should know—that if they force me to reside within the walls of the city something may happen to me. The council themselves tell me that if I am detected in any conspiracy my privilege as ambassador shall not save me. They wish to goad me on to violence that they may have matter to lay before the queen against me."[1]

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[1] De Quadra to Philip, January 10: *MS. Simancas.*

Believing or pretending to believe that de Quadra, notwithstanding his denial, was really implicated in the affair of the Poles, Cecil overshot his mark. Chaloner was instructed to demand the bishop's recall; and meanwhile he was allowed still to reside in Durham Place, but with restrictions upon his liberty. The water gate was closed, sentinels were posted at the lodge, the house was watched day and night, and every person who went in or out was examined and registered.[1]

While this fracas was at its heat, on the 12th of January Parliament opened, and with it the first Convocation of the English Church. The sermon at St. Paul's was preached by Day, the Provost of Eton; that at Westminster by Dr. Nowell. The subject of both was the same: the propriety of "killing the caged wolves"—that is to say, the Catholic bishops in the Tower—with the least possible delay.[2]

The session then began. The lord keeper in the usual speech from the throne dwelt on the internal disorders of the country, the irreligion of the laity, the disorder and idleness of the clergy. He touched briefly on the events of the three last years; and in speaking by name of the House of Guise, he said that if they had not been encountered in Scotland they must have been fought with under the walls of York.

Then passing to France, he said that the queen by the same cause had been compelled to a second similar interference there. He alluded pointedly to a disloyal faction in England, by whom the foreign enemies were encouraged. He spoke shortly of the late devilish conspiracy, and then concluded with saying that reluctant as they knew the queen to be to ask her subjects for money, they would be called upon to meet the expenses which she had incurred in the service of the commonwealth.

Sir Thomas Williams, the Speaker of the Lower House, followed next in the very noblest spirit of English Puritanism. With quaint allegoric and classical allusions interlaced with illustrations from the Bible, he conveyed to the queen the gratitude of the people for a restored religion and her own moderate and gentle government. He described the country however as still suffering from ignorance, error, covetousness, and a thousand meaner vices. Schools were in decay, universities deserted, benefices unsupplied. As he passed through the streets, he heard almost as many oaths as words. Then turning to the queen herself he went on thus:—

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[1] De Quadra to Philip, January 27: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] "El Martes se abrió el Parlamento, y lo que se predicó tanto en Westminster en presencia de la Reyna como en San Pablo en el sinodo ecclesiastico fué principalmente persuadir que se matassen los lobos encerrados; entendiendo por los obispos presos."—De Quadra to——, January 14: *MS.* Ibid. It is mournful to remember that Nowell was the author of the English Church Catechism in its present form. See note at the end of this chapter.

"We now assembled, as diligent in our calling, have thought good to move your majesty to build a fort for the surety of the realm, to the repulsing of your enemies abroad: which must be set upon firm ground and steadfast, having two gates—one commonly open, the other as a postern, with two watchmen at either of them—one governor, one lieutenant, and no good thing there wanting; the same to be named the Fear of God, the governor thereof to be God, your majesty the lieutenant, the stones the hearts of your faithful people, the two watchmen at the open gate to be called Knowledge and Virtue, the two at the postern gate to be called Mercy and Truth.

"This fort is invincible if every man will fear God; for all governors reign and govern by the two watchmen Knowledge and Virtue; and if you, being the lieutenant, see Justice and Prudence, her sisters, executed, then shall you rightly use your office; and for such as depart out of this fort let them be let out at the postern by the two watchmen Mercy and Truth, and then shall you be well at home and abroad."[1]

All that was most excellent in English heart and feeling—the spirit which carried England safe at last through its trials—spoke in these words. Those in whom that spirit lived were few in number: there was never an age in this world's history when they were other than few; but few or many they are at all times the world's true sovereign leaders; and Elizabeth, among her many faults, knew these men when she saw them, and gave them their place, and so prospered she and her country. The clergy cried out for the blood of the disaffected; the lay Speaker would let them go by the postern of Mercy and Truth.

These introductions over, the House proceeded to business. The special subject, of which all minds were full, had been passed over both by Bacon and Williams; but the Commons fastened upon it without a moment's delay. There were no signs of the queen's marrying, notwithstanding her half promise to her first Parliament. She had been near death, and the frightful uncertainty as to what would follow should she die indeed was no longer tolerable.

On the 18th the question was talked over: the different claimants and their pretensions were briefly considered, and as had been anticipated the tone of feeling was as adverse as possible to the Queen of Scots. The Scottish nobles had not been forgiven for having supported her in refusing to ratify the treaty. To secure their sovereign the reversion of the English crown they were held to have repaid the assistance which had saved them from ruin with the basest ingratitude. Sir Ralph Sadler broke out with a fierce invective upon the "false, beggarly, and perjured" nation, whom "the very stones" in the English streets would rise against.[1] Another speaker challenged Mary Stuart's pretensions on the ground of English law. It was admitted on all sides, this person said, that the Queen of Scots' succession had been "barred" by the will of Henry VIII.; but some people pretended that the will had not been signed with his hand, some that he had never made a will at all; there was no mention of it on the Patent Rolls;[2] and if the original had existed why was it not produced? This last question could not be answered;[3] but there was proof enough of the reality of the will; there were abundant entries of this and that detail of it which had been acted upon; and of the executors there were still many who survived. The dispute however was not narrowed to that single issue. The Queen of Scots was an alien, and no person could inherit in England who was not born of English parents on English soil. Lady Lennox was an alien also; for though she was born at York it was but in a passing visit; her father Angus was a Scot, and when he married her mother he had another wife living. The only legal heir was the heir appointed by Henry VIII.—Lady Catherine Grey, the injured and imprisoned wife of Hertford.[4]

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[1] Speech of Sir Thomas Williams: DEWES' *Journals*, pp. 64, 65.

The result of the first discussion was the resolution to prepare an address to the crown. But de Quadra was able to learn that the question would not be settled; the queen was determined to keep her promise to Mary Stuart; and Cecil, on the

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[1] *Sadler Papers*, vol. iii. p. 303.

[2] This is true. Neither is there any record of the will on the Roll, nor any sign of erasure where the entry ought to have been.

[3] This mysterious concealment can only be explained as the deliberate act of Elizabeth, who was determined to maintain Mary Stuart's rights, and who felt that it would be impossible if the will was produced.

[4] Oration spoken in Parliament.—*Domestic MSS.*, *Elizabeth*, vol. xxvii. Lady Catherine Grey's popularity had been increased by an accident which had redoubled Elizabeth's displeasure. Sir Edmund Warner, taking pity on his young prisoner, had allowed her husband to have access to her room; the result was a second infant; and fecundity was a virtue especially valued in an English princess. "Este negocio de Catalina," wrote de Quadra on the 27th of January, "va cobrando fuerças entre estos de la nueva religion, y el parir la hace bien quista del pueblo."—De Quadra to Philip. *MS. Simancas.*

14th, wrote to Sir Thomas Smith that however Parliament might press her "the unwillingness of her majesty to have a successor known" would prevent a conclusion.[1] The strength of Elizabeth's resolution would soon be tried. Meanwhile, on the 20th, Cecil explained to the Commons the cause of the interference in France.[2] On the 25th he was heard at the bar of the House of Lords on the same subject; and his speech was chiefly directed against Philip, whom he accused of having entangled England in war while its titular king, and then of having betrayed it at Cambray; of having taken part with the queen's enemies in every difficulty in which she had been involved; and of having lent his strength to make the Duke of Guise sovereign of France and Mary Stuart Queen of England —"Queen of England," "as she was already styled by her household at Holyrood."[3]

A penal Bill against the Catholics was next laid before the Upper House. It was described as "a law against those who would not receive the new religion," bloody in its provisions as the preachers desired, and contrived rather as a test of opinion than of loyalty.

At once and without reserve or fear the Catholic lords spoke out: Northumberland said the heretics might be satisfied with holding other men's bishoprics and benefices without seeking their lives; when they had killed the clergy they would kill the temporal lords next; and the earl swore that he would speak as his conscience bade him; he would protest against the law; and he believed that most of the lords who heard him were of the same opinion with himself.[4]

Montague followed on the same side and at greater length:—

"A law was proposed," he said, "to compel Papists, under pain of death, to confess the Protestant doctrine to be true. Such a law was neither necessary nor was it just. The Catholics were living peaceably, neither disputing nor preaching nor troubling the commonwealth in any way. The doctrine of the

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[1] Cecil to Sir T. Smith, January 14: WRIGHT'S *Elizabeth and her Times*, vol. i.

[2] DEWES' *Journals*.

[3] De Quadra to Philip, January 27: *MS. Simancas*.

[4] De Quadra to Philip: *MS. Simancas*. The Supremacy Bill, which ultimately passed, was brought into the House of Lords on the 25th of February. De Quadra's letter, describing Northumberland's speech, was written on the 27th of January, and must therefore refer to some other Bill—unnoticed in the meagre journals—which was thrown out. The ambassador distinctly says that there was a vote—"viniendo á votare los Señores."

Protestants, if they had a doctrine, had been established against the consent of the ecclesiastical estate; and it was absurd, so long as the world was full of disputes and the opinions of those best able to judge were divided, for one set of men to compel another to accept their views as true or to pretend that there was no longer room for doubt. The Protestants might be content with what they had got without forcing other men to profess what they did not believe and to make God a witness of the lie. To take an oath against their consciences or else to be put to death was no alternative to be offered to reasonable men; and if it came to that extremity the Catholics would defend themselves. A majority might be found to vote for the law if the bishops were included; but the bishops were a party to the quarrel and had no right to be judges in it. The bishops had no business with pains and penalties; they should keep to their pulpits and their excommunications and leave questions of public policy to the lay lords."[1]

Had Montague been despotic in England the Protestants would have had as short a shrift as the Huguenots were finding in France; but even a Catholic of the sixteenth century, when in opposition, could be more temperate than a Protestant in power. The Bill was lost or withdrawn to reappear in a new form: and the peers who had checked the zeal of Bonner and Gardiner had the credit of staying in time the less pardonable revenge of their antagonists.

On the French question there were analogous differences of opinion. When the temper of Parliament had been felt it was found that, notwithstanding the Puritan constitution of the Lower House, the feeling was in favour only of the recovery of Calais. The Lords and Commons "resolved to yield their whole power in goods and bodies to recover Calais, to maintain Newhaven and any war which might arise thereof;" but they were not so ready to contribute to the charge "of supporting the army of the Protestants."[2] The disposition of the people was the same as the disposition of the queen; and Elizabeth, warned on many sides that she could not trust Condé, and only half trusting Châtillon, wrote to Sir Thomas Smith that in a doubtful quarrel she could not press her subjects too far. He need not hint to the admiral that there was "any slackness" on her part; but "she would be glad if some indirect means could be devised" to compose the religious difficulties—though

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[1] *Annals of the Reformation:* STRYPE, vol. i.

[2] Elizabeth to Sir T. Smith, January 25: FORBES, vol. ii.

"toleration was not stablished so universally as the admiral desired"—provided England could have "its right in Calais and the members thereof," and the money which she had lent Condé partially, if not wholly, repaid.[1]

Both queen and country were falling back on the "hollow dealing" which she had regretted so bitterly on the fall of Rouen; and then as ever it was found dangerous to follow private objects behind an affected zeal for a noble cause. Six thousand Englishmen paid with their lives for this trifling with Châtillon, while the coveted Calais was forfeited for ever; the Huguenots obtained the half-toleration which Elizabeth desired for them; and they found the value of it on the day of St. Bartholomew.

But to return to the succession.

In the interval of these discussions the address of the Commons was drawn; and on the 28th the Speaker with the whole House attended to present it in the gallery of the palace. Commencing with an elaborate compliment on the queen's services to the country, Sir Thomas Williams proceeded to say that the nation required for their perfect security some assurance for the future. Her majesty had been dangerously ill, and the Commons had supposed that in calling them together so soon after her recovery she had intended to use their assistance to come to some conclusion. He reminded her of Alexander's generals; he reminded her—more to the purpose—of York and Lancaster; and the realm, he said, was beset with enemies within and without. There was "a faction of heretics in her realm—contentious and malicious Papists—who, most unnaturally against their country, most madly against their own safety, and most treacherously against her highness, not only hoped for the woeful day of her death, but also lay in wait to advance some title under which they might revive their late unspeakable cruelties. The Commons saw nothing to withstand their desires but her only life; they feared much to what attempt the hope of such opportunity—nothing withstanding them but her life—might move the Catholics; and they found how necessary it was that there should be more set and known between her majesty's life and the unkindness and cruelty they intended to revive." Ignorant as they were to whom the crown ought to descend, and being unable to judge of the limitation of the succession in King Henry's will, their first desire was that her majesty would marry, their second that she would use the opportunity of the session to allow some successor in default of heirs of her body "to be determined by Act of Parliament;" while they, on their part, "for the preservation and surety of her majesty and her issue," would devise "the most penal, sharp, and terrible statutes to all who should practise against her safety."

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[1] Elizabeth to Sir T. Smith, January 25: Forbes, vol. ii.

By the nomination of a Protestant successor Elizabeth had everything to gain; while, if Mary Stuart was acknowledged, her life would not be safe for a day. Her policy in every way was to acquiesce in the prayer of the Commons; and yet she listened with ill-concealed impatience. She said briefly that on a matter of such moment she could give no answer without further consideration, and she then abruptly turned her back on the deputation and withdrew.[1]

If de Quadra was rightly informed she had been half prevailed on to name the Earl of Huntingdon, with the condition that she herself should have Lord Robert. But Dudley had made no advances in the favour of the peers, and Huntingdon was a Puritan and Dudley's brother-in-law; Lord Arundel, with the Howards, still inclined to Lady Catherine Grey, of whom the queen could not endure to hear; and thus all parties were at issue.

The Upper House followed the Lower with an address to the same purpose. Elizabeth said bitterly that "the lines which they saw in her face were not wrinkles but small-pox marks; God had given children to St. Elizabeth, and old as she was he might give children to her; if she appointed a successor it would deluge England in blood."[2]

Both Houses were profoundly angry. The Protestants supposed that the queen was sacrificing the Reformation and the country to her secret passion for Lord Robert; that she was studiously allowing the Scottish queen's pretensions to drift into tacit recognition. Day after day throughout the session the subject continued to be harped upon. A Bill was proposed by Cecil by which, if the queen died, the privy council were to continue in office with imperial authority till Parliament could decide on the future sovereign. But this too came to nothing,[3] and the queen continued to give evasive answers till the prorogation of Parliament should leave her free again.

And yet the Protestant party were determined to carry something which should answer their purpose; and at once—though the first penal law had been lost—enable them to hold down the Catholics, and in case of Elizabeth's death, to prevent Mary Stuart's succession.[1] To check the exultation of Montague and his friends at their first success in Parliament, Cecil contrived another demonstration against de Quadra. On the day of the Purification the foreign Catholics in London came as usual in large numbers to hear mass at Durham Place. The guard at the gate took their names as they passed in; and before the service was over an officer of the palace guard entered from the river, arrested every Spaniard, Fleming, and Italian present, and carried them off to the Fleet. They were informed on their release that thenceforward no stranger, not even a casual visitor to the realm, should attend a service unsanctioned by the laws.[2]

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[1] "Con tanto les volvió las espaldas y se entró en su aposento."—De Quadra to Philip, February 6: *MS. Simancas.*

[1] Ibid.

[1] Draft of an Act of Parliament, in Cecil's hand: *Domestic MSS.* vol. xxviii.

On the 20th of February a Bill was introduced, by which, without mention of doctrine, Protestant or Catholic, all persons who maintained the pope's authority or refused the oath of allegiance to the queen, for the first offence should incur a premunire, for the second the pains of treason. Should the Bill pass it was believed to be the death-warrant of the imprisoned bishops; and even in the Lower House voices were raised in opposition. Cecil in a passionate speech declared that the House was bound in gratitude not to reject what was necessary for the queen's security. Her life was in danger because she was the defender of English liberty; the King of Spain desired her to send representatives to Trent; she had refused, and he was threatening her with war; and the pope was offering millions of gold to pay the cost of an invasion of England. The queen herself would die before she would yield, but her subjects must stand by her with laws and lives and goods. There was no help elsewhere. The Germans used fine words, but they failed at the pinch. The emperor had been gained over by the pope. Their reliance must be on themselves and their own arms, and nowhere else.

After Cecil, rose Sir Francis Knowles, who said that there had been enough of words: it was time to draw the sword. The Commons were generally Puritan. The opposition of the Lords had been neutralised by a special provision in their favour, and the Bill was carried. The obligation to take the oath was extended to the holder of every office, lay or spiritual, in the realm. The clergy were required to swear whenever their ordinary might be pleased to tender them the oath; the members of the House of Commons were required to swear when they took their seats; members of the Upper House were alone exempt, the Act declaring, with perhaps designed irony, that the queen was otherwise assured of the loyalty of the Peers.[1] Without this proviso de Quada was assured that they would have refused to consent; and even with it he clung to the hope that the Catholic noblemen would be true to themselves. But he was too sanguine, and Cecil carried his point.

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[1] "Esta ley contra los Catolicos no se ha hecho con otra fin mas principal que de excluir la de Escocia desta sucession por via indirecta."—De Quadra to Philip, February 20.

[2] De Quadra to Philip, February 6 and February 20.

Heath, Bonner, Thirlby, Feckenham, and the other prisoners at once prepared to die. The Protestant ecclesiastics would as little spare them as they had spared the Protestants. They would have shown no mercy themselves, and they looked for none.

Nor is there any doubt what their fate would have been had it rested with the English bishops. Immediately after the Bill had received the royal assent, the hated Bonner was sent for to be the first victim. Horne, Bishop of Winchester, offered him the oath, which it was thought certain that he would refuse, and he would then be at the mercy of his enemies. Had it been so the English Church would have disgraced itself; but Bonner's fate would have called for little pity. The law however stepped in between the prelates and their prey—as Portia between Shylock and Antonio—and saved them both. By the Act archbishops and bishops might alone tender the oath; and Bonner evaded the dilemma by challenging his questioner's title to the name. When Horne was appointed to the See of Winchester his predecessor was alive; the English bishops generally had been so irregularly consecrated that their authority, until confirmed by Act of Parliament, was of doubtful legality; and the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench caught at the plea to prevent a needless cruelty. Bonner was again returned to the Marshalsea, and Horne gained nothing by his eagerness but a stigma upon himself and his brethren.[2]

The remaining business of the session passed over without difficulty: the grant of money was profusely liberal;[3] an Act was passed for the maintenance of the navy, which will be mentioned more particularly in a future chapter; a tillage Act revived the statutes of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. for the rebuilding of farm-houses and breaking up the large pastures.[1] The restoration of the currency made a wages Act again possible, but the altered prices of meat and corn required a revision of the scale. The magistrates in the different counties were empowered to fix the rate according to the local prices, their awards being liable to revision by the Court of Chancery, to which returns were to be periodically made.[2] Other remarkable provisions were added to restore the shaken texture of English life. During the late confused time the labourer had wandered from place to place doing a day's work where he pleased. Masters were now required to hire their servants by the year, neither master to part with servant nor servant with master till the contract was expired, unless the separation was sanctioned by two magistrates.

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[1] 5 *Elizabeth*, cap. 1.

[2] *Annals of the Reformation:* STRYPE, vol. i. part 2, pp. 2 to 8.

[3] "Two fifteenths and tenths on personal property, and an income tax of ten per cent. for two years."

These acts all indicated a recovered or recovering tone. The solid English life, after twenty years of convulsion, was regaining consistency.

The well-being of the people however turned on the success of Elizabeth's policy, and hung on the thread of her single life; while neither Lords nor Commons had as yet received an answer to their addresses. On the 16th of February she sent a message by Cecil that she had not forgotten them, and entreating their patience: but ten days passed and nothing was done; and by that time Maitland had arrived from Scotland with an offer from his mistress—of course as a condition of recognition—to make herself "a moyenneur of a peace" with France, which would give back Calais to England. There was a hope that by such an offer even the unwillingness of Parliament might be overcome; and Maitland was prudently feeling his way when one of those strange adventures occurred which so often crossed the path of the Queen of Scots, and gave her history the interest—not perhaps of tragedy, for she was selfish in her politics and sensual in her passions—but of some high-wrought melodrama.

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[1] 5 *Elizabeth*, cap. 2.

[2] 5 *Elizabeth*, cap. 4. Wages varied with the time of year, and the rates were read out every month in the parish churches. The average in 1563 may be gathered with tolerable accuracy from the scale which was ruled for the county of Bucks before the passing of the Act. The price of food after the restoration of the currency was found to have risen a third. The penny, which in terms of bread, meat, and beer, had been worth under Henry VIII. twelve pence of our money, was now worth eight pence. The table of wages in Bucks in 1561 was for the common labourer sixpence a day from Easter to All Hallows; five pence a day from All Hallows to Easter; and eight pence a day in the hay and corn harvest.—Tyldsley's Report: *Domestic MSS.*, vol. xix.

In the galley in which she returned to Scotland there was present a young poet and musician named Châtelar. Gifted, well-born, and passionate, the handsome youth had for some months sighed at her feet in Holyrood. He went back to France, but he could not remain there. The moth was recalled to the flame whose warmth was life and death to it. He was received on his return with the warmest welcome. Mary Stuart admitted him to her labours in the cabinet, and he shared her pleasures in the festival or the dance. "So familiar was he with the queen early and late that scarcely could any of the nobility have access to her."[1] She leant upon his shoulder in public, she bewitched him in private with her fascinating confidence;[2] and interpreting her behaviour and perhaps her words too favourably, he one night concealed himself in her bedroom. He was discovered by the ladies of the bedchamber before the queen retired; and the next morning she commanded him with a sharp reprimand to leave the court. But Mary Stuart pardoned easily the faults of those whom she liked. Châtelar was forgiven, and again misconstruing her kindness, four nights later the poor youth repeated his rash adventure. He came out upon the queen while she was undressing, and "set upon her with such force and in such impudent sort that she was fain to cry out for help."

Hearing her shrieks Murray rushed into the room. Châtelar was of course seized and carried off and tortured. Confessing the worst intentions with wild bravado, he was executed a week after in the Market Place at St. Andrew's, chanting a love-song as he died; and the queen after some natural distress recovered her spirits.

She had probably nothing worse to accuse herself of than thoughtlessness; and the truth might have been told without danger of compromising her. It is strange that Maitland, in a fear that it might affect the success of his mission, thought it worth his while to cover the story with an incredible lie. Maitland had two objects in London—one, to secure the succession for his mistress by assuring Elizabeth that she had nothing to fear from so true a friend; the other, to consult the Spanish ambassador on the marriage with the Prince of Spain, which of all things on earth Elizabeth most dreaded for her. It was this last object chiefly which he thought the Châtelar affair might hinder; he therefore told de Quadra that Châtelar before his death had declared that he had been employed by the Huguenots to compromise Mary Stuart's reputation; he had concealed himself in her room, intending to be seen in leaving it, and then to escape.[1]

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[1] KNOX.

[2] Randolph, who was describing what he had himself seen, said in a letter to Cecil, "Your honour heareth the beginning of a lamentable story, whereof such infamy will arise as I fear, howsoever well the wound be healed, the scar will for ever remain. Thus your honour seeth what mischief cometh of the over-great familiarity that any such personage showeth unto so unworthy a creature and abject a varlet, as her grace used with him. Whatsoever colour can be laid upon it, that it was done for his master's sake (Châtelar had been in the train of M. d'Amville), I cannot but say it had been too much to have been used to his master's self by any princess alive."—*Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

Two days after Châtelar was executed Mary Stuart lost a far nobler friend. A pistol-ball fired from behind a hedge closed the career of the Duke of Guise under the walls of Orleans. The assassin Poltrot was a boy of nineteen. Suspicion pointed to the admiral and Theodore Beza as the instigators of the crime; and Châtillon never wholly convinced the world of his innocence, for Poltrot himself accused him while the horses were tearing him in pieces. However it was, that single shot shattered the Catholic confederacy and changed the politics of Europe. The Guise family fell with their head into sudden ruin. The Duc d'Aumale, badly wounded at Dreux, lived but to hear of his brother's murder, and followed him in a few hours. The Grand Prior died of a cold caught in the same battle.[2] Of the six brothers, who but a few months before held in their hands the fortunes of France, three were dead; of the three remaining the Marquis d'Elbœuf was shut up in Caen Castle, closely besieged by Châtillon; the Cardinal of Lorraine was absent at Trent; and the Cardinal of Guise was the single member of the family who had no capacity. The other great leaders of France had disappeared with equal suddenness: Montmorency was a prisoner in Orleans, Condé a prisoner in Paris; St. André was dead, Navarre was dead; Catherine found herself relieved of rivalry and able to govern as she pleased. The Queen of Scots had no longer a friend in France who cared to stand by her; and well indeed after this blow might she lament to Randolph the misery of life, and say with tears "she perceived now the world was not that which men would make it, nor they the happiest that lived the longest in it."[1]

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[1] "Las personas," de Quadra adds, "que le enviáron á esta tan gran traycion, dice Ledington que han sido mas de una; pero la que principalmente le dió la instruccion y el recaudo fué Madame de Curosot."—De Quadra to Philip, March 28. Madame de Curosot was probably Charlotte de Laval, the wife of the admiral. This preposterous story passed current with the Spaniards, and reappears in a despatch of de Chantonnay to Philip.—TEULET, vol. v. pp. 2, 3.

[2] VARILLAS.

Mary Stuart's prospects in England had been on the eve of arrangement, when Elizabeth, relieved of the dread of the Duke of Guise, believed herself again at leisure to trifle, or to insist on new conditions on which the recognition should be made.

The following letters and abstracts of letters for a moment lift the veil of diplomacy, and reveal the inward ambitions, aims, and workings of the different parties:—

SUMMARY OF A LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF AQUILA TO THE KING OF SPAIN[2]

March 18.

The Bishop of Aquila understanding that Maitland the secretary of the Queen of Scots desired to speak with him, invited the said secretary to dinner. The conversation turned chiefly on two points—the succession of his mistress to the English crown and her marriage.

On the first Maitland said that with the Queen of England's permission he had discussed with Cecil the terms on which the Queen of Scots would relinquish her present claim on the English crown, provided the succession was secured to her in the event of the Queen of England's death without children.

The conditions he said had been arranged; and the two queens were to have met to conclude the agreement; when the death of the Duke of Guise changed all, and he could no longer hope that his mistress's right would ever be admitted.

The bishop, seeing that Maitland was perplexed, and wishing to learn whether he had anything more on his mind, said that if his mistress would marry where the Queen of England wished she might then no doubt have all that she desired.

Maitland replied that to this there were two objections: in the first place the Queen of Scots would never marry a Protestant; in the second place she would marry neither Catholic nor Protestant at the will of or in connection with the Queen of England, not though the succession could be absolutely made sure to her. The husband whom Elizabeth would give her would be but some English vassal; and if she married below her rank her difficulties would remain as great as ever. To be nominated as successor would be of no use to her unless she had power to enforce her rights;[1] while she would forfeit the good will of the Catholics by seeming to give way. The Earl of Arran she abhorred; the Duke of Ferrara, whom the Queen-mother of France proposed to her, she despised. She would sooner die than marry any one lower in rank than the husband whom she had lost.

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, April 1: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] The original letter of de Quadra is not preserved. The translation is from a contemporary abstract.

The bishop asked what she would think of the Archduke Carlos of Austria.

Maitland replied that the archduke would satisfy neither his mistress nor her subjects. He was a mere dependent on the King of Spain, and could not be thought of unless the King of Spain—as was not likely—would interfere in England on a large scale, emphatically and effectually.

The secretary then spoke at length of the fears of the Queen of England lest the Prince of Spain should marry his mistress. The queen-mother too, he said, feared it equally and with good reason, for if the King of Spain would consent he might add England, Ireland, and Scotland to his dominions. Nothing could be more easy, so great was the anxiety of the English Catholics for that marriage and for the union of the crowns. When the bishop objected that the Scots might oppose it on the ground of religion, the secretary admitted that the nobility of Scotland were generally Protestant; but they were devoted to the queen, and would be content that she should marry a Catholic if it was for the interests of the realm. Means could be found to work upon them. The Catholics at first might be allowed mass in their private houses—by and by they would have churches. Lord James was most favourable to the marriage, and if the bishop wished he would come to London and speak with him.

As to the feeling in England, the bishop confirms Maitland's account from his own knowledge. One nobleman offers, if it can be brought about, to serve the King of Spain with a thousand horse; others are almost as forward; and the state of the realm is such that the union of the island under a single powerful and Christian prince is the sole means by which religion can be reformed. The whole body of the English Catholics desire the bishop to represent this in their names to the King of Spain as spoken from their very heart and soul; they assure him that it is their universal wish, and that no obstacle can prevent it from being carried into effect if his majesty will only consent.

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[1] "Porque sin fuerças proprias nunca podria executar la declaration que se hiciese."

DE QUADRA TO PHILIP II.

LONDON *March* 28.

"Maitland tells me that four or five days ago, speaking of the affairs of France and of the Queen of Scots' marriage, the Queen of England said that if his mistress would be guided by her she would give her a husband that should be all which she could desire; the Queen of Scots should have Lord Robert, on whom God had bestowed so many charms that were she herself to marry she would prefer him to all the princes in the world.

"Maitland by his own account replied that her majesty was giving a wonderful proof of her affection for the queen his mistress in offering to bestow upon her an object so dear to herself. If his mistress came to love Lord Robert as much as her majesty loved him, he feared even so she might not marry him for fear of depriving her majesty of what she so much valued.

"After more of these courtesies the queen said, 'Would to God the Earl of Warwick was as charming as his brother—we might then each have had our own.' Maitland would not understand the hint; but she kept to the subject and went on, 'Not that my Lord Warwick is ill-looking or ungraceful, but he is rough, and lacks the sweet delicacy of Robert; he is brave enough and noble enough to deserve the hand of a princess.'

"Maitland did not like the ground on which he found himself, so to end the conversation he said that the queen his mistress was still young; her majesty had better first marry Lord Robert herself; if she had children it would be all which the realm required of her; should no such event happen, and should God call her to his mercy, his mistress might inherit both crown and husband; and with one or the other of them there could be no doubt of a family. The queen laughed, and the subject dropped.

"There has been a proposal in the Upper House to limit the succession to the heads of four or five English families, leaving the queen to choose among them. The plan was Cecil's, and the object was of course to secure the crown to some one of his own party; while the pride of the great houses named would be flattered with the distinction, whether her choice rested on them or not. The queen herself wishes to be allowed to bequeath the crown by will. They will perhaps pass a resolution excluding women, to make sure of keeping out the Queen of Scots."

SUMMARY OF A LETTER FROM DE QUADRA TO THE KING OF SPAIN[1]

April 3.

"The queen is really anxious for this marriage between the Queen of Scots and Lord Robert; but she is not likely to succeed. Maitland demands the recognition, and threatens great things if it is not conceded. With the succession secured to her, he tells the queen that she will be content to remain on good terms. If she is left in uncertainty, he says that she must seek other friends abroad.

"Cecil answers that if means can be found to provide for his mistress's safety during her lifetime, and to prevent a religious revolution from following afterwards, the claims of the Queen of Scots shall be admitted forthwith. Maitland rejoins that this is nothing but words. He has now gone to France. At parting he told me that if his mistress could not have our prince she would do what she could to obtain the King of France. The Archduke Carlos she will not hear of. Her own subjects and the English Catholics alike object to the archduke, and would prefer Lady Margaret's son Lord Darnley.

"Rawlet, the secretary of the Queen of Scots, assures de Quadra that the Lord James and the whole Scotch nobility, Protestant as well as Catholic, wish for the Prince of Spain. Ten or twelve English peers and knights also have memorialised the bishop about it, and some of them are willing to swear fealty to the prince and the Queen of Scots together."[2]

Unaware of the pit which threatened to open under her feet, and warming herself with the project of the Lord Robert marriage, which would elevate her favourite and, as she supposed, would be a shelter to herself, Elizabeth meanwhile felt herself able to dismiss the Parliament and to answer the addresses of the Houses before they separated.

On Saturday the 10th of April she went down to the Lords to give her assent to the Acts of the session. Sir Thomas Williams paid her the usual compliments, comparing her to the great queens of fable or history—to "Palestina," who reigned before the deluge, to Ceres who followed her, and other benefactresses of mankind real or imaginary; without entering again upon painful subjects, he contented himself with expressing a wish at the close of his speech to see her happily married.

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[1] Contemporary abstract.

[2] *MS. Simancas.*

A formal answer of a corresponding kind was read by Bacon —and then Elizabeth rose and in her own style spoke as follows:

"Since there can be no duer debt than prince's word, to keep that unspotted, for my part, as one that would be loth that the self thing that keeps the merchant's credit from craze, should be the cause that prince's speech should merit blame, and so their honour quail: an answer therefore I will make, and this it is:

"The two petitions that you presented me, in many words expressed, contained these two things in sum as of your cares the greatest—my marriage and my successor—of which two, the last I think is best to be touched; and of the other a silent thought may serve; for I had thought it had been so desired as none other tree's blossoms should have been minded ere hope of my fruit had been denied you. But to the last, think not that you had needed this desire, if I had seen a time so fit, and it so ripe to be denounced. The greatness of the cause therefore and need of your returns doth make me say that which I think the wise may easily guess—that as a short time for so long a continuance ought not to pass by rote, as many telleth tales, even so as cause by conference with the learned shall show me matter worthy utterance for your behoof, so shall I more gladly pursue your good after my days, than with my prayers be a means to linger my living thread.

"And this much more will I add for your comfort. I have good record in this place that other means [1] have been thought of than you mentioned, perchance for your good as much, and for my surety no less, which if presently could have been executed had not been deferred. But I hope I shall die in quiet with *Nunc Dimittis*, which cannot be without I see some glimpses of your following after my graved bones. And by the way, if any doubt that I am as it were by vow or determination bent never to trade that life (of marriage), put out that heresy; your belief is awry—for as I think it best for a private woman, so do I strive with myself to think it not most meet for a prince—and if I can bend my will to your need, I will not resist such a mind." [2]

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[1] *i.e.*—The Lord Robert marriage as the condition of the recognition.

[2] A manuscript version of this speech, at Hatfield, leaves little doubt that the text as given by Dewes is substantially correct. The few varieties of reading do not affect the more complicated passages, and we are obliged to conclude that Elizabeth really spoke with these intricate and strange involutions. A date upon the MS., April 10, 1563, fixes the occasion on which the speech was delivered.

With this oration Parliament was prorogued; and Elizabeth had kept her word to the Queen of Scots.

With the Parliament ended also the first Convocation of the English Church—of the doings of which something should be said—although what Convocation might decide affected little either the stability or the teaching of the institution which it represented.

The Church of England had been reproached with teaching no definite doctrine. It was proposed that "Nowell's Catechism," "Edward's Articles," and "Jewel's Apology," lately written at Cecil's instigation, should be bound together and receive authoritative sanction—"whosoever should speak against the same to be ordered as in cases of heresy." An effort was made to get rid of vestments and surplices, organs and bells—"the table to stand no more alterwise;" the sign of the cross to be abolished in baptism; and kneeling at the Communion to be left indifferent, or discountenanced as leading to superstition.

The more advanced Calvinists demanded the reinvigoration of that aged iniquity, the Ecclesiastical Courts, with a new code of canon law; the clergy meanwhile to have power to examine into the spiritual condition of their parishioners; to admonish them if their state was unsatisfactory; to excommunicate them if admonition failed; and excommunication to mean the loss of civil rights, imprisonment, fine, and the secular arm. Adulterers and fornicators were to be put to open shame, flogged at the cart's tail, banished or imprisoned for life; and moral offences generally were to be dealt with by similar means.

It was no doubt well that English people should understand the faith which they professed; it was well that they should be prevented so far as possible from committing sin; but it would not perhaps have contributed in the long run to the end desired, if the clergy had been again empowered to deal with these things in their own peculiar manner.

This last ambition was quenched and did not reappear. Six formulas committing the Church to ultra-Protestantism were lost by the near majority of fifty-nine to fifty-eight, while the discussion generally resulted in the restoration of thirty-nine of the original forty-two articles of Edward as a rule of faith for the clergy. The Bishop of Worcester introduced a measure to prevent his order from making away with the Church property. Petitions were presented for a more strict observance of Sunday, which came to nothing. This, in the main, was the work aimed at or accomplished by Convocation: more moderate than might have been expected from the spirit in which the session had opened. The clergy were learning their position, and as a body were willing to work heartily on the narrow platform to which their pretensions had been limited. They too disappeared with the Parliament, and the queen was left to extricate herself as she could from the imbroglio in France.

Although she knew nothing of the overtures of the Scots to Spain, there was much in Philip's attitude which was seriously menacing. His ambassador in Paris was advising the government to refuse the restoration of Calais, while he himself professed to Chaloner his hope that England would recover it. Many thousand Spaniards were serving in the French army, while more were preparing to join them; and it seemed as if his chief anxiety was to stimulate the war.

The King of Spain had deeply resented the treatment of his ambassador. The Bishop of Aquila, he told Elizabeth, had been placed in England to preserve the alliance between his subjects and hers; and in what he had done had but obeyed the orders which he had received with his appointment.[1] Gresham reported from Flanders, as the belief on the Bourse, that "there would be much ado with the summer for religion, when King Philip would disturb all he could to maintain Papistry;" and Gresham's own uniform advice to Elizabeth was to buy saltpetre, cast cannon, and build ships.[2]

More important and far more alarming was the likelihood of a peace in France in which England, as the phrase went, "was to be left out at the cart's tail." To the extent to which Elizabeth had been seeking objects of her own behind her affectation of a desire to help the Huguenots, the Huguenot leaders felt themselves entitled to desert her could they obtain the toleration which was of moment to themselves. Elizabeth had been ready to sacrifice them could she recover Calais by it. The Prince of Condé must have felt his conscience easy in repaying her in her own coin.

On the 7th of March Sir Thomas Smith believed that he had obtained what Elizabeth wanted; and that he would have peace and Calais in a month.[3] The queen-mother had been ingeniously deluding him, that she might have evidence of treachery to lay before Condé, whom, on the 8th of the same month, she met with the constable on an island in the Loire.

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[1] Philip II. to Elizabeth, April 2, 1563: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Gresham to Cecil, March 21: *Flanders MSS.*
[3] Smith to Cecil, March 7: Forbes, vol. ii.

The eclipse of the Guises enabled the interest of France once more to be preferred to the interest of Rome. Catherine offered Condé his brother's place as lieutenant-general, with a moderate toleration—something perhaps in advance of that of which Elizabeth had advised the acceptance—for the Calvinists. The Calvinists should pray to God as they pleased if they would cease to molest the Catholics. The "strangers" on both sides should be sent home; the Spaniards should retire from the south, the English should evacuate Normandy. The prince had promised Elizabeth that he would agree to no terms without giving her notice—and he kept his word. He wrote both to her and to Sir Thomas Smith, saying that he had taken arms for the freedom of conscience, which was now conceded; he assumed, without mentioning Calais, that Elizabeth had assisted him for the same object; and the object being secured there was no longer occasion for continuing the war.[1]

In vain Elizabeth required him to remember his honour and promise; in vain she bade him beware "how he set an example of perfidy to the world." She was but receiving the measure which she had prepared for her allies. Peace was signed in France on the 25th of March, and notice was sent to Warwick that the purpose of the war being happily accomplished, he was expected to withdraw from Havre.[2]

The prince however was unwilling to press matters to extremity. On the 8th of April he protested in a second and more gracious message, that neither by him nor by the admiral had the town been placed in English hands; but he offered, in the name of himself, the queen-regent, and the entire nobility of France, to renew solemnly and formally the clause in the Treaty of Cambray for the restoration of Calais in 1567; to repay Elizabeth the money which she had lent him, and to admit the English to free trade and intercourse with all parts of France.

Could Elizabeth have temperately considered the value of these proposals she would have hesitated before she refused them; but she was irritated at having been outwitted in a transaction in which her own conduct had not been pure. The people, with the national blindness to everything but their own injuries, were as furious as the queen. The garrison at Havre was only anxious for an opportunity of making "the French cock cry cuck."[3] They promised Elizabeth that "the least molehill about her town should not be lost without many bloody blows;" and when a few days later there came the certainty that they would really be besieged, they prayed "that the queen would bend her brows and wax angry at the shameful treason;" "the Lord Warwick and all his people would spend the last drop of their blood before the French should fasten a foot in the town."[1]

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[1] Condé to Elizabeth, March 8; Condé to Sir T. Smith, March 11: FORBES, vol. ii.

[2] Warwick to the Council, March 31: FORBES, vol. ii.

[3] Pelham to Throgmorton, April 5: *Conway MSS.*

The French inhabitants of Havre had almost settled the difficulty for themselves. Feeling no pleasure, whatever they might affect, in having "their antient enemies" among them, they opened a correspondence with the Rhingrave. A peasant passing the gates with a basket of chickens was observed to have something under his clothes. A few sheets of white paper was all which the guard could discover; but these, when held to the fire, revealed a conspiracy to murder Warwick and admit the French army.[2] The townspeople, men, women, and children, were of course instantly expelled; and the English garrison in solitary possession worked night and day to prepare for the impending struggle.

It was with no pleasure that Condé felt himself obliged to turn against Elizabeth the army which her own money had assisted him to raise. She had answered his proposals by sending to Paris a copy of the articles which both the prince and the admiral had subscribed. "No one thing," she said, "so much offended her as their unkind dealing after her friendship in their extremity;" while Sir Thomas Smith, on the other side, described Condé as a second King of Navarre going the way of Baal Peor, and led astray by "Midianitish women." Yet, had Elizabeth's own dealings been free from reproach, it was impossible for Condé, had he been ever so desirous of it, to make the immediate restoration of Calais a condition of the peace. Had the war been fought out with the support of England in the field till the Catholics had been crushed, even then his own Huguenots would scarcely have permitted the surrender. Had he held out upon it when the two factions were left standing so evenly balanced, he would have enlisted the pride of France against himself and his cause, and identified religious freedom with national degradation. Before moving on Havre he made another effort. He sent M. de Bricquemaut to explain his position and to renew his offers enlarged to the utmost which he could venture. The young king wrote himself also accepting Elizabeth's declaration that her interference had been in no spirit of hostility to France, entreating that she would continue her generosity, and peace being made, recall her forces.[1] The ratification of the Treaty of Cambray was promised again, with "hostages at her choice" for the fulfilment of it, from the noblest families in France.

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[1] Pelham to Throgmorton, April 15: *Conway MSS.*

[2] Henry King to Chaloner: *Spanish MSS.*

But it was all in vain. Elizabeth at first would not see Bricquemaut. She swore she would have no dealings with "the false Prince of Condé," and desired, if the French king had any message for her, that it should be presented by the ambassador Paul de Foix. When de Foix waited on her with Charles's letter she again railed at the prince as "a treacherous, inconstant, perjured villain."[2] De Foix, evidently instructed to make an arrangement if possible, desired her if she did not like the prince's terms to name her own conditions, and promised that they should be carefully considered. At first she would say nothing. Then she said she would send her answer through Sir Thomas Smith; then suddenly she sent for Bricquemaut, and told him that "her rights to Calais being so notorious, she required neither hostages nor satisfaction; she would have Calais delivered over; she would have her money paid down; and she would keep Havre till both were in her hands."

Bricquemaut withdrew, replying briefly that if this was her resolution she must prepare for war. Once more de Foix was ordered to make a final effort. The council gave him the same answer which Elizabeth had given to Bricquemaut. He replied that the English had no right to demand Calais before the eight years agreed on in the Treaty of Cambray were expired. The council rejoined that the Treaty of Cambray had been broken by the French themselves in their attempt to enforce the claims of Mary Stuart, that the Treaty of Edinburgh remained unratified, and that the fortifications at Calais and the long leases by which the lands in the Pale had been let proved that there was and could be no real intention of restoring it; "so that it was lawful for the queen to do any manner of thing for the recovery of Calais; and being come to the quiet possession of Havre without force or any other unlawful means, she had good reason to keep it."[3]

On Bricquemaut's return, Catherine de Medici lost not a moment. The troops of the Rhingrave, which had watched Havre through the spring, were reinforced. The armies of the prince and of the Guises, lately in the field against each other, were united under the constable, and marched for Normandy.

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[1] Charles IX. to Elizabeth, April 30: FORBES, vol. ii.

[2] De Quadra to Philip, May 9: *MS. Simancas*.

[3] "A conference between the French king's ambassador and certain of her majesty's council, June 2."—*Conway MSS.*, Cecil's hand.

In England ships were hurried to sea; the western counties were allowed to send out privateers to pillage French commerce; and depôts of provisions were established at Portsmouth, with a daily service of vessels between Spithead and the mouth of the Seine. Recruits for the garrison were raised wherever volunteers could be found. The prisoners in Newgate and the Fleet—highwaymen, cutpurses, shoplifters, burglars, horse-stealers, "tall fellows" fit for service—were drafted into the army in exchange for the gallows;[1] and the council determined to maintain in Havre a constant force of six thousand men and a thousand pioneers, sufficient, it was hoped, with the help of the fleet and the command of the sea, to defy the utmost which France could do.

Every day there was now fighting under the walls of the town, and the first successes were with the English. Fifty of the prisoners taken at Caudebecque, who had since worked in the galleys, killed their captain and carried their vessel into Havre. A sharp action followed with the Rhingrave, in which the French lost fourteen hundred men, and the English comparatively few.

Unfortunately young Tremayne was among the killed, a special favourite of Elizabeth, who had distinguished himself at Leith, the most gallant of the splendid band of youths who had been driven into exile in her sister's time, and had roved the seas as privateers. The queen was prepared for war, but not for the cost of war. She had resented the expulsion of the French inhabitants of Havre: she had "doubted" if they were driven from their homes "whether God would be contented with the rest that would follow;"[2] she was more deeply affected with the death of Tremayne; and Warwick was obliged to tell her that war was a rough game; she must not discourage her troops by finding fault with measures indispensable to success; for Tremayne, he said, "men came there to venture their lives for her majesty and their country, and must stand to that which God had appointed either to live or die."[3]

The English had a right to expect that they could hold the town against any force which could be brought against them; while the privateers, like a troop of wolves, were scouring the Channel and chasing French traders from the seas. One uneasy symptom alone betrayed itself: on the 7th of June Lord Warwick reported that a strange disease had appeared in the garrison, of which nine men had suddenly died.[1]

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[1] *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xxviii.

[2] The Queen to Warwick, May 22: FORBES, vol. ii.

[3] Warwick to Cecil, June 9: *Domestic MS.*

But the intimation created little alarm. For three more weeks the English court remained sanguine, and talked not only of keeping Havre, but of carrying the war deeper into Normandy. "I was yeterday with the queen," wrote de Quadra on the 2nd of July. "She said she was about to send six thousand additional troops across the Channel, and the French should perhaps find the war brought to their own doors. Cecil and the admiral said the same to me. They have fourteen ships well armed and manned besides their transports, and every day they grow more eager and exasperated."[2]

But on that day news was on the way which abridged these large expectations. "The strange disease" was the plague; and in the close and narrow streets where seven thousand men were packed together amidst foul air and filth and summer heat, it settled down to its feast of death. On the 7th of June it was first noticed; on the 27th the men were dying at the rate of sixty a day; "those who fell ill rarely recovered; the fresh water was cut off, and the tanks had failed from drought. There was nothing to drink but wine and cider; there was no fresh meat, and there were no fresh vegetables. The windmills were outside the walls and in the hands of the enemy; and though there was corn in plenty the garrison could not grind it. By the 29th of June the deaths had been five hundred. The corpses lay unburied or floated rotting in the harbour. The officers had chiefly escaped; the common men, worse fed and worse lodged, fell in swathes like grass under the scythe, and the physicians died at their side."

The Prince of Condé, notwithstanding the last answer to de Foix, had written on the 26th of June a very noble letter to Elizabeth. "To prevent war," he said, "the king and queen, the princes of the blood, the lords of the council, the whole Parliament of Paris, would renew the obligation to restore Calais at the eight years' end. It was an offer which the queen of England could accept without stain upon her honour, and by agreeing to it she would prove that she had engaged in the quarrel with a chief eye to the glory of God and the maintenance of the truth."[3]

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[1] Warwick to Cecil, June 7: *Domestic MS.*

[2] De Quadra to the Duchess of Parma, July 2: *MS. Simancas*

[3] Condé to Elizabeth, June 26: FORBES, vol. ii.

Elizabeth had fiercely refused; and when this terrible news came from Havre she could not—would not—realise its meaning. She would send another army, she would call out the musters, and feed the garrison from them faster than the plague could kill. Cost what it would Havre should be held. It was but a question of men, money, and food; and the tarnished fame of England should be regained.[1]

And worse and worse came the news across the water. When June ended, out of his seven thousand men Warwick found but three thousand fit for duty, and the enemy were pressing him closer, and Montmorency had joined the Rhingrave. Thousands of workmen were throwing up trenches under the walls, and thousands of women were carrying and wheeling earth for them. Of the English pioneers but sixty remained alive, and the French cannon were already searching and sweeping the streets. Reinforcements were hurried over by hundreds and then by thousands. Hale, vigorous English countrymen, they were landed on that fatal quay: the deadly breath of the destroyer passed upon them, and in a few days or hours they fell down, and there were none to bury them, and the commander could but clamour for more and more and more.

On the 11th of July but fifteen hundred men were left. In ten days more at the present death-rate Warwick said he would have but three hundred alive.[2] All failed except English hearts. "Notwithstanding the deaths," Sir Adrian Poynings reported, "their courage is so good as if they be supplied with men and victual they trust by God's help yet to withstand the force of the enemy and to render the queen a good account thereof."[3] Those who went across from England, though going, as they knew, to all but certain death, "kept their high courage and heart for the service."[4]

Ship after ship arrived at Havre with its doomed freight of living men, yet Warwick wrote that still his numbers waned, that the new comers were not enough to repair the waste. The ovens were broken with the enemy's shot, the bakers were dead of the plague. The besiegers by the middle of the month were closing in upon the harbour mouth. A galley sent out to keep them back was shot through and sunk with its crew under the eye of the garrison. On the 19th their hearts were cheered by large arrivals, but they were raw boys from Gloucestershire, new alike to suffering and to arms. Cannon had been sent for from the Tower, and cannon came, but they were old and rusted and worthless. "The worst of all sorts," wrote Warwick, "is thought good enough for this place." It was the one complaint which at last was wrung from him.

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[1] The Council to Warwick, June 29; Elizabeth to Warwick, July 4: FORBES.

[2] Warwick to the Council, July 11: FORBES, vol. ii. Endorsed "Haste, post haste for thy life! Haste, haste, haste!"

[3] Sir Adrian Poynings to Cecil, July 6: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth.*

[4] Sir Adrian Poynings to Cecil, July 9: Ibid.

To add to his difficulties the weather broke up in storms. Clinton had twenty sail with him, and three thousand men ready to throw in. If the fleet could have lain outside the harbour the ships' guns could have kept the approaches open. But a south-west gale chained Clinton in the Downs; the transports which sailed from St. Helen's could not show behind the island, and there was a fear that the garrison, cut off from relief, might have been overpowered in their weakness and destroyed.

Too late for the emergency, and still with sullen unwillingness to yield, the queen on the 20th sent over Throgmorton to accept Condé's terms. But the French court was with the besieging army, and knew the condition of Warwick's troops too well to listen. The harbour was by that time closed; the provisions were exhausted; the French understood their power and meant to use it. Warwick, ordered as he had been to hold the place under all conditions, "was prepared to die sword in hand" rather than surrender without the queen's permission; but in a few days at latest those whom the sword and pestilence had spared famine would make an end of. Fortunately Sir Francis Knowles, who was in command at Portsmouth, had sent to the court to say that they must wait for no answer from France; they must send powers instantly to Warwick to make terms for himself. A general attack had been arranged for the morning of the 27th. Lord Warwick knew that he would be unable to resist, and with the remnant of his men was preparing the evening before to meet a soldier's death, when a boat stole in with letters, and he received Elizabeth's permission to surrender at the last extremity.

War, plague, and storm had done their work, and had done it with fatal efficacy. Clinton was chafing helplessly at his anchorage "while the French were lying exposed on the beach at Havre." He could not reach them, and they could but too effectually reach Warwick. Knowing that to delay longer was to expose the handful of noble men who survived with him to inevitable death, and himself wounded and ill, the English general sent at once to the constable to make terms. The constable would not abuse his advantage, and on the 29th of July Havre was restored to France, the few English troops remaining being allowed to depart with their arms and goods unmolested and at their leisure.

The day after, the weather changed, and Clinton arrived to find that all was over, and that Warwick himself was on board a transport ready to sail. The queen-mother sent M. de Lignerolles on board Clinton's ship to ask him to dine with her. He excused himself under the plea that he could not leave his men; but he said to de Lignerolles "that the plague of deadly infection had done for them that which all the force of France could never have done."[1]

Thus ended this unhappy enterprise in a disaster which, terrible as it seemed, was more desirable for England than success. Elizabeth's favouring star had prevented a conquest from being consummated which would have involved her in interminable war. Had it not been for the plague she might have held Havre; but she could have held it only at a cost which, before many years were over, would have thrown her an exhausted and easy prey at the feet of Philip.

The first thought of Warwick, ill as he was, on reaching Portsmouth, was for his brave companions. They had returned in miserable plight, and he wrote to the council to beg that they might be cared for. But there was no occasion to remind Elizabeth of such a duty as this: had she been allowed she would have gone at once at the risk of infection to thank them for their gallantry.[2] In a proclamation under her own hand she commended the soldiers who had faced that terrible siege to the care of the country; she entreated every gentleman, she commanded every official, ecclesiastical or civil, in the realm to see to their necessities "lest God punish them for their unmercifulness;" she insisted with generous forethought "that no person should have any grudge at those poor captains and soldiers because the town was rendered on conditions:" "she would have it known and understood that there wanted no truth, courage, nor manhood in any of them from the highest to the lowest;" "they would have withstood the French to the utmost of their lives; but it was thought the part of Christian wisdom not to tempt the Almighty to contend with the inevitable mortal enemy of the plague."[1]

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[1] Clinton to Cecil, July 31: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth.*

[2] Lord Robert Dudley to the Queen, August 7: *Domestic MSS.*, vol. xxix.

Happy would it have been had the loss of Havre ended the calamities of the summer. But the garrison, scattering to their homes, carried the infection through England. London was tainted already, and with the heat and drought of August the pestilence in town and village held on its deadly way.

The eruption on the skin which was usual with the plague does not seem to have attended this visitation of it. The first symptom was violent fever, burning heat alternating with fits of shivering; the mouth then became dry, the tongue parched, with a pricking sensation in the breast and loins; headache followed and languor, with a desire to sleep, and after sleep came generally death, " for the heart did draw the poison, and the poison by its own malice did pierce the heart." When a man felt himself infected " he did first commend himself to the highest physician and craved mercy of him." Where he felt pain he was bled, and he then drank the " aqua contra pestem "—the plague water—buried himself in his bed, and if possible perspired. To allay his thirst he was allowed sorrel-water and verjuice, with slices of oranges and lemons. Light food—rabbit, chicken or other bird—was taken often and in small quantities. To prevent the spread of the contagion the houses and streets and staircases were studiously cleaned; the windows were set wide open and hung with fresh green boughs of oak or willow; the floors were strewed with sorrel, lettuce, roses, and oak leaves, and freely and frequently sprinkled with spring water or else with vinegar and rose-water. From cellar to garret six hours a day the houses were fumigated with sandalwood and musk, aloes, amber, and cinnamon. In the poorest cottages there were fires of rosemary and bay. Yet no remedy availed to prevent the mortality, and no precaution to check the progress of the infection. In July the deaths in London had been two hundred a week; through the following month they rose swiftly to seven hundred, eight hundred, a thousand, in the last week of the month to two thousand; and at that rate with scarcely a diminution the people continued to die till the November rains washed the sewers and kennels clean, and the fury of the disorder was spent.

The bishops, attributing the calamity to supernatural causes, and seeing the cause for the provocation of the Almighty in the objects which excited their own displeasure, laid the blame upon the theatres, and petitioned the government to inhibit plays and amusements.[1] Sir William Cecil, not charging Providence till man had done his part, found the occasion rather in the dense crowding of the lodging-houses, "by reason that the owners and tenants for greediness and lucre did take unto them other inhabitants and families to dwell in their chambers;" he therefore ordered that "every house or shop should have but one master and one family," and that aliens and strangers should remove.[2]

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[1] Proclamation by the Queen, August 1: *Domestic MSS.*

The danger alarmed the council into leniency towards the state prisoners. The Tower was emptied. The Catholic prelates were distributed among the houses of their rivals and successors; Lady Catherine Grey was committed to the charge of her father's brother, broken in health, heart, and spirit, praying, but praying in vain, that "her lord and husband might be restored to her," and pining slowly towards the grave into which a few years later she sank.[3]

The victims who died of the plague were chiefly obscure; one person however perished in it whose disappearance the reader will perhaps regret.

The story must go back for a few pages.

The King of Spain, after receiving de Quadra's letter which contained the proposals of the Queen of Scots for the Prince of Spain, took time to consider his answer, and at length on the 15th of June replied as follows:—

PHILIP II. TO THE BISHOP OF AQUILA

June 15.

"I have pondered over the conversation which has passed between you and Maitland on the marriage between his mistress and the prince my son, and I am much pleased with the discretion which you showed in your replies.

"Perceiving as I do that if this marriage can be brought about it may be the beginning of a better state of things in England, I am willing to admit the consideration of it; and if you believe that those who have spoken with you on the subject are persons whom you can trust, you will use their assistance to bring the thing about.

"You will learn from Maitland and from the Queen of Scots what friends they most rely upon in England. You will judge whether the names which they mention are of sufficient weight, and you will at once communicate with me. Above all you will be secret, for the good to be looked for depends on the marriage being completed before anything is heard of it. If the French know that I have given my consent there is no step to which their fears will not drive them to prevent the consummation of it, or, if we persist in spite of them, to hinder the good fruit which may be otherwise looked for. As to the Queen of England and the heretics, you can imagine for yourself what they are likely to do. You must therefore be most cautious with whom you speak on the subject, and in your choice of agents through whom to communicate with the Queen of Scotland.

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[1] Grindal to Cecil, February 22, 1564: *Lansdowne MSS.* 7.

[2] Sir Wm. Cecil's Injunction: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Letters of Lord John and Lady Catherine Grey: *Lansdowne MSS.*

"The emperor also, you will observe, after what has passed between the Cardinal of Lorraine and himself,[1] can know nothing of the wishes of the Queen of Scots herself or of her subjects; he looks on his son's affair as already settled; and I may say for myself that were there any likelihood of that marriage taking effect I should prefer it to the other.[2] I should not move in the matter at all till the emperor was undeceived were it not for what you tell me of the unwillingness of that queen and her advisers to accept the archduke, and of the small advantage which they anticipate from the Austrian connection.

"I am alarmed especially at the possibility of her marrying a French king again, for I cannot but remember the trouble which her last alliance in that quarter occasioned me. Should she marry in that quarter, I know but too well that at no distant time I shall be forced into war to protect the Queen of England from an invasion such as was intended before; and you can judge yourself whether that is an event to which I can look with pleasure.

"You will ascertain what support the Scots can count upon in England, and you will not prevent them from increasing their party; but you will not involve yourself with any particular person further than you have already done. Let them do the work by themselves, let them gain what friends they can among the Catholics and others whom they trust. If anything is discovered it must be their affair and not mine.

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[1] The Cardinal of Lorraine, in a personal interview with Ferdinand, had proposed a marriage between his niece and the Archduke Carlos.

[2] A note in the margin of the letter, in Philip's autograph, shows his extreme slowness and caution:—"De punto en punto me vieis avisando de lo que en esto pasará, sin venir á convencion ninguna; mas de entender lo que arriba se dice, hasta que yo os avise de lo que en ello se me ofriciese y se hubiese de hacer; aunque podreis asegurarlos que mi intencion es la que aqui se dice."

"As for what you say of the dependence of the English Catholics upon me, I am anxious to do the very utmost which I can for them. You will animate and console them as usual; only of all things in the world you must be careful not to let your own hand be seen. You know what would follow.

"I am very sorry for the Act which the queen has obtained from Parliament against those who will not accept her as head of the Anglican Church. The bishops and other Catholics are now in danger of death. They have begun already, you tell me, with the Bishop of London.

"I am glad to hear that the emperor has remonstrated, though I fear it will do little good. I have myself also written to the queen; and you will yourself do and say whatever promises to be most effective to make them change their purpose. I know that I can depend on you in this, feeling as you do so acutely about it."[1]

To Philip's letter a few lines were added by the Duke of Alva:

ALVA TO THE BISHOP OF AQUILA

June 16.

"Although his majesty in his own letter has told you how important it is to be secret in the affair of the marriage of the Queen of Scots, I cannot but myself reiterate the same caution. The world must know nothing till all is actually over, or no good will come of it.

"You will therefore charge those with whom you have to deal to allow no hint of our purpose to transpire. You will let us know step by step how the negotiation proceeds, and his majesty will take measures accordingly."

No answer could have promised better for Mary Stuart's hopes; but it had been long in coming, and the diplomacy of conspiracy was restless and feverish. Maitland, after his visit to France, returned to London in July to learn what de Quadra had heard. He had as yet heard nothing, and Maitland's views meanwhile had been qualified by a conversation with Catherine de Medici. The queen-mother, as Philip had foreseen, dreaded nothing so much as this Spanish marriage; and to prevent it she had promised that if the Queen of Scots would remain unmarried for two years, Charles IX. and the crown of France would again be at her service. Construing Philip's silence unfavourably, Maitland allowed de Quadra to see that he thought well of the French connection. In vain de Quadra spoke of the Archduke Carlos. Maitland would not hear of him unless with a distinct understanding that Philip would make his mistress Queen of England. It was yet possible too for the Queen of Scots to extort favourable terms from Elizabeth.

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[1] Ferdinand, immediately on the passing of the Act, wrote to beg that no violence might be used towards the Catholic bishops. The ingenuity of the lawyers might have been less successful had not Elizabeth been able to shield herself behind Ferdinand's and Philip's letters. Archbishop Parker also lent his assistance. In a circular to his brother bishops he desired them, with the queen's and Cecil's connivance, not to offer the oath to any one a second time without referring to himself; "not," he said, "that he had warrant to stay the execution of impartial laws," but being ready "to jeopard his private estimation if the purpose which the queen would have done, might be performed."—STRYPE's *Life of Parker*, vol. i. pp. 249, 250.

Before Maitland returned to Scotland, Elizabeth in her parting interview bade him tell Mary Stuart that if she married into the houses of Austria, France, or Spain, she would take it as an act of war.[1] She would prefer a marriage at home for her. But there were the Protestant princes; there was the King of Denmark; there was the Duke of Ferrara: any one of these she might choose, or any French nobleman not of royal rank, and she should be named successor at once.

Maitland entered too far into these views for de Quadra's peace. He feared that Mary Stuart herself in her passionate desire for recognition might consent after all to some marriage detrimental to the interests of Catholicism,[2] and in dread of such a catastrophe, and not trusting Maitland, the Spanish ambassador, on his own responsibility, sent an English friend to lay before her the wishes of the Catholics, and to assure her that whether she obtained the Prince of Spain, or accepted the Archduke Carlos, Philip in either case would support her claims in England by arms.[3]

At this crisis the letters of Philip and Alva reached London. De Quadra regretted that his commission was so cautiously worded; but he lost not a moment in despatching his own secretary, Luis de Paz, to Holyrood. As a blind to the English government he sent him first to Chester, under pretence of inquiring into the seizure of a Spanish ship by pirates. At Chester de Paz found that the pirates in question were Scots —and went on as if to seek redress at Edinburgh. There he saw Mary Stuart, Maitland, and Murray. His message was received with delight by all of them. The Queen of Scots wrote to the Duchess of Parma, relinquishing with eager gratitude every other prospect for herself. The Bishop of Ross hurried off to London to de Quadra to agree to all conditions which Philip might ask.[1] The long and dangerous labours of the indefatigable ambassador were at last, it seemed, about to prosper and bear fruit—when in the moment of success he was taken away. Luis de Paz returned to London on the 26th of August to find him dying. "He knew me," Luis wrote, "and answered bravely when I spoke to him. He was grieved to end his services at a moment when he hoped to be of use. His last words were, 'I can do no more.'"[2]

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[1] "No podria de dejarla de tener por enemiga."—De Quadra to Philip, June 26: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] "Es de temer que la golosina de ser declarada sucesora deste Reyno no haga aquella Reyna condescender en algun casamiento menos conveniente á las cosas de la religion."—De Quadra to Philip, June 26: Ibid.

[3] "Que tenga fuerzas para conseguir su derecho á este Reyno."—Ibid.

So died a good servant of a falling cause—faithful even unto death. The Bishop of Aquila had the character of his race and his profession. In the arts of diplomatic treachery he was an accomplished master. Untiring and unscrupulous, skilled in the subtle windings of the heart, he could stimulate the conscience into heroism, or play with its weakness till he had tempted it to perdition—as suited best with the ends which he pursued with the steadiness of a sleuthhound. He would converse in seeming frankness from day to day with those whom with his whole soul he was labouring to blast into ruin. Yet he was brave as a Spaniard should be—brave with the double courage of an Ignatius and a Cortez. He was perfectly free from selfish and ignoble desires, and he was loyal with an absolute fealty to his creed and his king. It was his misfortune that he served in a cause which the world now knows to have been a wrong cause; but qualifications in themselves neither better nor worse than those of Alvarez de Quadra won for Walsingham a place in the brightest circle of English statesmen.

How it might have fared with Mary Stuart and Don Carlos had de Quadra lived to complete the work for which he was so anxious, the curious in such things may speculate. The Prince of Spain had the intellect and the ferocity of a wolf; the Queen of Scots had a capacity for relieving herself of disagreeable or inconvenient companions. Yet they would scarcely perhaps have made their lots more wretched than they actually were: we wonder at the caprices of fortune; we complain of the unequal fates which are distributed among mankind—but Providence is more even-handed than it seems; Mary Stuart might have been innocent and happy as a fishwife at Leith; the Prince of Spain might have arrived at some half-brutal usefulness breaking clods on the brown plains of Castile.

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[1] Note of the mission of Luis de Paz to Scotland, by Diego Perez: MIGNET's *Life of Mary Stuart*. Appendix C.

[2] "No puedo mas."—*Memoir of Luis de Paz: MS. Simancas.*

Philip's orders had been so well observed that no hints had transpired of what was intended. The Archduke Carlos was the supposed candidate in the Spanish and Imperial interest. The Cardinal of Lorraine had arranged the marriage with Ferdinand. It had been talked of in the Council of Trent. It had been argued upon in a Parliament which met at Edinburgh in the preceding June. The name of the Prince of Spain was mentioned from time to time, but rather as a vague surmise; and the last thought which entered the mind of any one was that Philip would seriously substitute his son for his cousin. The Austrian match was the object of Elizabeth's fears; and what she had said to Maitland she directed Randolph to submit formally to the Queen of Scots herself.

To settle the succession in some way, and if possible to settle it in Mary Stuart's favour, she said, was her most ardent desire. She had combated hitherto the wish of Parliament to disinherit Mary. On public grounds she was anxious for the union of the realms—and privately she considered the Queen of Scots' claim to be the best. But the Queen of Scots, if she was to succeed to the English crown, must make up her mind to accept the Reformation, if not as her own conviction yet as the public law of the realm. If she chose to marry a Catholic prince, if she chose to make herself the representative of a Catholic party and policy, Parliament would unquestionably renew the attempt to bar her title; the country would not submit again to the pope and the inquisition, and Elizabeth would herself be unable to take her part further.[1]

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[1] "To consider her own particular which, in the way of friendship towards her, we do most weigh, we do assure her by some present proof that we have in our realm, upon some small report made thereof (of the Austrian marriage), we well perceive that, if we do not meddle and interpose her authority, it will not be long before it shall appear that as much as wit can imagine will be used to impeach her intention for the furtherance of her title. And considering the humours of such as mind—except our authority or the fear of us shall stay them—their own particular, what can our sister think more hurtful to her than by this manner of proceeding by her friends that be not of her natural nation nor of her kingdom—first.

"She did not believe," Elizabeth continued—and the clause is in her own handwriting; "she did not believe that the Queen of Scots meant anything against herself;" and "she might perhaps be borne in hand that some number in England might be brought to allow" her general schemes. But she warned her sister not to be "abused" by foolishness. "If she tried that way she would come to no good." For both their own sakes and for the sake of both the countries she implored the Queen of Scots to avoid a course which might "become a perpetual reproof to both of them through all posterity." If she married the archduke, England must and would accept that act as a declaration of hostility. If she would take advice which she might assure herself was well meant towards her, she would marry some one to whom no suspicion could be attached. Her title should then be examined, and should receive the fullest support which she herself could give it—"her own natural inclination being most given to further her sister's interest and to impeach what should seem to the contrary."

As to the person—an English nobleman would best please the English nation; and measuring the attractiveness of the offer by her self-sacrifice in making it, Elizabeth said that "she could be content to give her one whom perchance it could be hardly thought she could agree unto." But she would not bind the Queen of Scots to this choice or to that; England required only that she should not marry any one "of such greatness as suspicion might be gathered that he might intend trouble to the realm;" she might take a husband where she pleased "so as he was not sought to change the policy" of the English nation, which it was certain "that they would in no wise bear."[1]

What right, it has been asked impatiently, had Elizabeth to interfere with Mary Stuart's marriage? As much right, it may be answered, as Mary Stuart had to pretend to the succession of the English crown. Those who aspire to sovereignty must accept the conditions under which sovereignty can be held. The necessities of state which at the present day bar the succession of a Roman Catholic, were stronger a thousandfold

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to endanger the amity betwixt us; secondly, to dissolve the concord between the two nations; thirdly, to disappoint her of more than ever they shall recover."—Elizabeth to Randolph, August 20: *Cotton. MSS.*, Calig. B. 10.

[1] Instructions to Randolph, August 20: *Cotton. MSS.*, Calig. B. 10. Matter committed to Thomas Randolph, August 1563: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

when a Catholic sovereign might bring back with her the fires of Smithfield: and the fault of Elizabeth was rather in forbearing to insist upon a change of creed than in being willing to accept a successor with a less effective security for her harmlessness.

Nor was it Elizabeth only who had a right to be alarmed. Murray, Argyle, and Maitland had been led astray by vanity and idle ambition. In their eagerness to give a sovereign to England they had half lost their interest in the Reformation, or had closed their eyes to the dangers to which they exposed it. But there were those in Scotland to whom the truth of God was more than crowns and kingdoms—to whom the revolution which had passed over their country was too precious to be fooled away by courtiers' weakness or a woman's cunning. Knox knew as well as Mary knew the fruit which would follow if she married a Catholic prince. He had laboured to save Murray from the spell which his sister had flung over him; but Murray had only been angry at his interference, and "they spake not together familiarly for more than a year and a half."[1] The falling off of his friends threw the weight of the battle upon Knox. In "the Parliament time," when the lords, thinking then only of the Austrian Carlos, had been congratulating one another on the great match intended for their queen, Knox rose in the pulpit at St. Giles's and told them all "that whenever they, professing the Lord Jesus, consented that a Papist should be head of their sovereign, they did as far as in them lay to banish Christ from the realm; they would bring God's vengeance on their country, a plague on themselves, and perchance small comfort to their sovereign."

It was language which should not have been needed, for it was language which they should themselves have used. It was language which with the necessary change of diction any English statesman would have used from the Revolution till the present day. It contained but a plain political truth of which Knox happened to be the exponent.

Mary recognised her enemy. Him alone she had failed to work upon, and believing herself sure of the lords she gave her anger its course.

In imagination Queen of Scotland, England, Ireland, Spain, Flanders, Naples, and the Indies—in the full tide of hope and with the prize almost in her hands, she was in no humour to let a heretic preacher step between her and the soaring flights of her ambition. She sent for Knox, and her voice shaking between tears and passion, she said that never had prince been handled as she; she had borne his bitterness, she had admitted him to her presence, she had endured to be reprimanded, and yet she could not be quit of him; "she vowed to God she would be avenged."

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[1] KNOX'S *History of the Reformation.*

Quiet, collected—seeing through and through her, yet with a sound northern courtesy, the Reformer answered that when it pleased God to open her eyes she would see that he had done nothing to offend her; in private he had been silent; "in the preaching place" he must obey God Almighty.

"But what," she asked, "have you to do with my marriage?"

He said his duty was to preach the Evangel: the nobility were so much addicted to her affections that they had forgotten their duty, and he was therefore bound to remind them of it.

"But what," she repeated, "have you to do with my marriage? what are you within this commonwealth?"

"A subject born within the same, madam," he replied; "and one whose vocation and conscience demands plainness of speech; and therefore, madam," he went on, "I say to yourself what I spake in yonder public place—whenever the nobility shall consent that you be subject to an unfaithful husband, they renounce Christ and betray the realm."

The queen again sobbed violently.

Knox stood silent till she had collected herself. He then continued—"Madam, in God's presence I speak; I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures; yea, I can scarcely abide the tears of my own boys whom my own hand corrects; but seeing I have but spoken the truth as my vocation craves of me, I must sustain your majesty's tears rather than hurt my conscience."

Soon after this conversation Randolph brought Elizabeth's message. In his account of the interview he gives a noticeable sketch of Mary Stuart's personal habits.

Active and energetic when occasion required, this all-accomplished woman abandoned herself to intervals of graceful self-indulgence. Without illness or imagination of it she would lounge for days in bed, rising only at night for dancing or music; and there she reclined with some light delicate French robe carelessly draped about her, surrounded by her ladies, her council, and her courtiers, receiving ambassadors and transacting business of state. It was in this condition that Randolph found her. She affected the utmost cordiality; she listened graciously to his communication; she professed herself grateful for Elizabeth's interest in her; she desired him to be cautious to whom he spoke, and referred him for her answer to Maitland and Murray. But with all her address she could not conceal from him that more was intended than she allowed to appear. Her want of interest in the Austrian marriage was evident, and Randolph himself feared "she might be more Spanish than Imperial."[1] A month later John Knox had discovered the secret and made haste to tell Cecil what was impending. It was no Austrian prince on whom Mary's eyes were fixed. The King of Spain had consented to give her his son. The Queen of France offered her the hand of Charles IX. She would take Don Carlos if Philip kept his word. If Don Carlos failed her she would take the French king. The majority of her council had consented to what would be their own destruction, and "the greater part would before long draw the better after them." The Queen of England would be amused with smooth answers; but the mask would soon be laid aside. There was still hope of the constancy of the Earl of Murray. But if Murray followed the rest "the rage of the storm would overthrow the force of the strongest"—"all through the inordinate affection of her that was born to be a plague to the realm."

"Thus," Knox concluded, "you have the plainness of my troubled heart; use it as ye will answer to God and as ye tender the commonwealth; the Eternal assist you with His Spirit."[2]

In the midst of these encompassing perils Elizabeth bore herself bravely. The death-rate in London at the end of December was still two hundred a week; the country was smarting under the disaster at Havre; the French difficulty was likely to lead to a general war[3] in which Spain would take part; and Mary Stuart married to a Catholic prince formed the ominous centre round which the clouds were forming. Yet Elizabeth to the world appeared to be given up to amusement, caring for nothing but pleasure, and wasting her fondness upon idle and tawdry favourites. "The queen," wrote Francis Chaloner to his brother, "thinks of nothing but her love affairs; she spends her days with her hawks and hounds and her nights in dances and plays. Though all things go ill with England she is incapable of serious thought. The court is as merry as if the world were at our feet; and the ingenious fool who can devise the best means of trifling away time is the man most admired and prized." [1]

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, September 4: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Knox to Cecil, October 5: *Scotch MSS.* A postscript adds—"The Inch between Leith and Kinghorn is left void. What strange fowl shall first alight there God knoweth."

[3] "By many intelligences here, I see none other but war to ensue between us and the French king ere it be long. God send grace that King Philip's subjects be not also our enemies, for we suspect as much."—Francis Chaloner to Sir Thomas Chaloner, December 18: *Spanish MSS. Rolls House.*

Yet Elizabeth was but concealing her real nature behind a mask of levity. Her spirits rose with trouble, and her high qualities were never more thoroughly awake.

Notwithstanding the struggle in Normandy, peace still existed in name between England and France; but Catherine demanded as an indemnity for the aggression on French territory a formal surrender of the English claim on Calais. Elizabeth answered that she would brave all consequences before she would submit "to that dishonour:" [2] and a declaration of war was daily expected. Philip had offered to mediate, but with the key to Philip's policy in her hand she left him unanswered till his ministers complained to her ambassador of her scanty courtesy; [3] and then for reply she bade Chaloner tell Philip that in her past difficulties, though he had many opportunities of helping her, she had received nothing from him but "good words;" he desired to have her at his feet, acting under his orders, and humbly petitioning for his support; but never in that position should Philip see her: she doubted whether a protracted residence of an ambassador at the court of Spain was any longer expedient; she had half resolved to continue her diplomatic intercourse with him only through the regent in Flanders; better an open enemy than a treacherous friend; if the worst came she could encounter it.[4]

In her bearing towards Mary Stuart she showed at the same time large forbearance and a clear foreseeing statesmanship. She knew the Queen of Scots' intentions beyond all uncertainty,[5] but she still hoped to win her over to a safer course with the prospect of the succession; while Mary Stuart, on her part, would not risk a quarrel till the Spanish affair had gone further. De Quadra's death had broken the link of her communication with Philip, and since the visit of Luis de Paz she had heard no more from him.

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[1] "Regina tota amoribus dedita est, venationibusque aucupiis choreis et rebus ludicris insumens dies noctesque; nihil serio tractatur, quanquam omnia adverse cedant; tamen jocamur hic, perinde ac si orbem universum debellati fuerimus. Et qui plures nugandi modos ridiculo studio excogitaverit, quasi vir summo pretio dignus suspicitur.—*Spanish MSS.*

[2] Elizabeth to Chaloner, December 1563: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Chaloner to Elizabeth, December 19: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] Elizabeth to Chaloner: *MS.* Ibid.

[5] Luis Romano, who was left in charge at the Spanish embassy after de Quadra's death, wrote to Philip on the 3rd of December that Elizabeth had been speaking of the marriage between the Queen of Scots and the Prince of Spain, and had said positively it should never be. "No, no!" "que no se hará." It was thought, he said, that she would tempt the Queen of Scots to give it up by the largeness of her offers on the other side.—*MS. Simancas.*

After a delay of some weeks she had replied to Randolph's message, thanking Elizabeth for her advice; to gain time and to avoid committing herself to a refusal, she desired to be told explicitly which of the many candidates for her hand would be "allowed" in England and which would not; and again with more distinctness what would be done for her if she married as Elizabeth wished.

It is quite certain that the Queen of Scots had no real intention of being guided by Elizabeth. Maitland had told de Quadra that she would not marry a Protestant even if her recognition was an accomplished fact. The inquiry therefore could only have been finesse. Elizabeth, with less temptation to insincerity, replied "that the principal marriage which would make all other marriages fortunate, happy, and fruitful was the conjunction of the two countries and the two queens;" but she warned the Queen of Scots that "whatever mountains of felicity or worldly pomp" she might promise herself by going her own way, she would find her hopes in the end deceive her; the fittest husband for her would be some English or Scottish nobleman; but if she preferred to look elsewhere all Christendom was open, excepting only—as the Queen of Scots desired her to be explicit—the royal houses of Spain, France, or Austria. A marriage into either of these could be construed only into a renewal of the schemes which she had entertained "in her late marriage with the French king; but no other restriction should be placed upon her choice and no other difficulty raised." Elizabeth trusted only that her selection "might be such as should tend to the perpetual weal of the two kingdoms—the conjunction whereof she counted the only marriage of continuance and blessedness—to endure after their own lives to posterity to the pleasure of Almighty God and the eternal renown of themselves as queens and good mothers of their countries."

To the last question of the Queen of Scots—what should be done for her if she complied—Elizabeth answered that she would "proceed forthwith to the inquisition of her right by all good means in her favour; and finding it fall to her advantage, upon plain understanding had what manner of marriage she should make, she would proceed to the denunciation of her title as she would do for her own natural daughter."[1]

It was long before Randolph was allowed an audience to give this second message. The Queen of Scots had quarrelled again with Knox, whom she attempted to provide with lodgings in Edinburgh Castle; the lords had interfered, and anger and disappointment had made her ill.

Moreover she was still waiting for letters from Spain which would not arrive. She was waiting and would have long to wait; for the fire of resolution no longer fanned by de Quadra's letters had grown faint again, and other schemes and other anxieties were distracting Philip's mind from Scotland. The death of Guise and the compromise between Condé and Catherine had destroyed the party which he had raised in France. Ferdinand of Austria was on the edge of the grave. There was a project for marrying the daughter of Maximilian, who would succeed to the empire, to Charles IX.; and this alliance might serve to renew the broken league among the Catholic powers, or at all events might relieve him of his fear that the prize might be secured by Mary Stuart. A grave difficulty lay in the character of Don Carlos himself. "The cruel and sullen disposition of the Prince of Spain" was becoming more dangerous as he grew towards manhood. His brain had been hurt by a fall. His appetite was so furious that no gluttony could satisfy it. His passions were so violent that the king himself durst not thwart him lest he should die in the suffocation of his rage.[2] Such a youth was no promising subject of a matrimonial intrigue —no safe foundation on which to build a policy.

Towards England Chaloner described Philip as "uncertain whether the ancient league or present personal respects should most prevail with him." The best-informed Spaniards held a war to be eventually inevitable; but they did not expect it immediately. The pope was labouring to bring about a cordial action between the Catholic sovereigns, and it was thought he would eventually succeed; but the critical condition of Flanders—fermenting on the edge of rebellion—would probably postpone for the present the rupture with Elizabeth. Philip, Chaloner said, was "a prince of good disposition, soft nature, and given to tranquillity," who if left to himself would leave England in peace; but Alva, Ruy Gomez, de Feria, and others by whom he was surrounded were men of another temperament; and Elizabeth's wellwishers in Spain advised her to make peace with France in time, and reserve her strength for the future struggle.[1]

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[1] Elizabeth to Randolph, November 17: *Cotton. MSS.* Calig. B. 10. *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Minutes of Sir Thomas Chaloner, December 19: *Spanish MSS.*

The condition of Don Carlos however forbade the further mooting of the Scotch or any other marriage for him, and Mary Stuart's hope of sharing the crown of Spain, whatever else she might expect from Philip, faded away. It was necessary for her to turn her thoughts elsewhere; and uncertain what to do she at length admitted Randolph to her cabinet once more.

She was again in bed. It was after dinner. Murray, Maitland, Argyle, and a number of other noblemen were present.

"Now, Mr. Randolph," she said, kissing as she spoke a diamond heart—a present from Elizabeth—which hung about her neck: "Now, Mr. Randolph, I long to hear what answer you have brought me from my good sister. I am sure it cannot be but good."

Randolph delivered his message.

She listened without interest till he spoke of her recognition, when she became at once attentive. She expected however to hear some person named as the husband desired for her.

"You have more to tell me," she said, "let me hear all."

Randolph answered that his commission extended no further.

Lord Argyle approached the bed. "My lord," she said to him, "Randolph here would have me marry in England. What say you?"

"Is the Queen of England become a man?" said Argyle.

"Who is there, my lord," said she, "that you would wish me to marry?'

"Whoever your majesty can like well enough," the earl answered. "I would there was so noble a man in England as you could like."

"That would not please the Hamiltons," said the queen.

"If it please God and be good for your majesty's country," Argyle rejoined, "what matter it who is displeased?"

She passed the subject off.[2]

She dismissed Randolph without an answer, and weeks passed before she sent for him again. He spoke to Murray and Maitland, to all those lords who were under the deepest obligations to England, but they were cold and reserved.

"The Lord everlasting bring it to pass," he wrote to Elizabeth,

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[1] Minutes of Sir Thomas Chaloner, December 19: *Spanish MSS.*

[2] Randolph to Cecil, December 13, December 21, and December 30: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

"that we may rather rejoice in the birth of your majesty's body before any other without the same, whom God may put in your heart to yield your right unto after your majesty's days." [1]

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[1] Randolph to Elizabeth, January 21, 1564: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

NOTE TO p. 335.

Extract from the sermon of Dr. Nowell made at the opening of Parliament, January 12, 1562-3, from a manuscript in the library of Caius College, Cambridge:—

"Furthermore, where the queen's majesty of her own nature is wholly given to clemency and mercy, as full well appeareth hitherto; for in this realm was never seen a change so quiet and so long since reigning without blood (God be thanked for it); howbeit those which hitherto will not be reformed, but obstinate and can skill by no clemency or courtesy, ought otherwise to be used. But now will some say, 'Oh, bloody man that calleth this the house of right, and now would have it made a house of blood.' But the Scripture teacheth us that divers faults ought to be punished by death, and therefore following God's precepts it cannot be accounted cruel; and it is not against this house, but the part thereof; to see justice ministered to them who will abuse clemency. Therefore the goodness of her majesty's clemency may well and ought now therefore to be changed to justice, seeing it will not help. But now to explicate myself, I say, if any man keeping his opinion, will, and mind, close within himself, and so not open the same, then he ought not to be punished, but when he openeth it abroad then it hurteth and ought to be cut off: And especially, if in anything it touch the queen's majesty; for such errors of heresy, ought not, as well for God's quarrel as the realm's, to be unlooked unto, for clemency ought not to be given to the wolves to kill and devour as they do the lambs, for which cause it ought to be foreseen; for that the prince shall answer for all that so perish, it lying in her power to redress it, for by the Scriptures murderers, breakers of the holy day, and maintainers of false religion ought to die by the sword.

. . . .

"Also some other sharp laws for adultery, and also for murder, more stricter than for felony—which in France is well used, as the wheel for the one, the halter for the other, which if we had here I doubt not within few years would save many a man's life."

CHAPTER VII

SHAN O'NEIL

THE currency speculations of the government of Edward VI. had not recommended to the Irish the morals of the Reformation; the plays of Bishop Bale had failed to convert them to its theology. On the accession of Mary the Protestant missionaries had fled from their duties, being unambitious of martyrdom, and the English service which had been forced into the churches disappeared without sound or effort. The monasteries of the four shires, wherever the estates had remained with the crown, were rebuilt and reinhabited; beyond the border of the Pale the Irish chieftains followed the example, wherever piety or superstition were stronger than avarice. In the south the religious houses had been protected from spoliation by the Earl of Desmond, and the monks had been secretly supported; with the change of government they were reinstated in their homes, and the country reverted to its natural condition. The English garrisons cessed and pillaged the farmers of Meath and Dublin; the chiefs made forays upon each other, killing, robbing, and burning. When the war broke out between England and France there were the usual conspiracies and uprisings of nationality; the young Earl of Kildare, in reward to the queen who had restored him to his rank, appearing as the natural leader of the patriots.

Ireland was thus happy in the gratification of all its natural tendencies. The Brehon law readvanced upon the narrow limits to which, by the exertions of Henry VIII. the circuits of the judges had been extended; and with the Brehon law came anarchy as its inseparable attendant. "The lords and gentiles of the Irish Pale that were not governed under the queen's laws were compelled to keep and maintain a great number of idle men of war to rule their people at home, and exact from their neighbours abroad—working every one his own wilful will for a law—to the spoil of his country and decay and waste of the common weal of the same." "The idle men of war ate up all together;" the lord and his men took what they pleased, "destroying their tenants and themselves never the better;"

"the common people having nothing left to lose," became "as idle and careless in their behaviour as the rest," "stealing by day and robbing by night." Yet it was a state of things which they seemed all equally to enjoy, and high and low alike "were alway ready to bury their own quarrels to join against the queen and the English."[1]

At the time when the crown passed to Elizabeth the good and bad qualities of the people were thus described by a correspondent of the council.

"The appearance and outward behaviour of the Irish sheweth them to be fruits of no good tree, for they exercise no virtue, and refrain and forbear from no vice, but think it lawful to do every man what him listeth.

"They neither love nor dread God nor yet hate the devil. They are worshippers of images and open idolaters. Their common oath they swear is by books, bells, and other ornaments which they do use as holy religion. Their chief and solemnest oath is by their lord's or master's hand, which whoso forsweareth is sure to pay a fine or sustain a worse turn.

"The Sabbath day they rest from all honest exercises, and the week days they are not idle, but worse occupied.

"They do not honour their father or mother so much as they do reverence strangers.

"For every murder they commit they do not so soon repent; for whose blood they once shed, they lightly never cease killing all that name.

"They do not so commonly commit adultery; not for that they profess or keep chastity, but for that they seldom or never marry, and therefore few of them are lawful heirs, by the laws of the realm, to the lands they possess.

"They steal but from the strong, and take by violence from the poor and weak.

"They know not so well who is their neighbour as whom they favour; with him they will witness in right and wrong.

"They covet not their neighbours' goods, but command all that is their neighbours' as their own.

"Thus they live and die, and there is none to teach them better. There are no ministers. Ministers will not take pains where there is no living to be had, neither church nor parish, but all decayed. People will not come to inhabit where there is no defence of law."[2]

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[1] The disorders of the Irishry, 1559. *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Ibid.

The condition of the Pale was more miserable than that of the districts purely Irish. The garrison took from the farmers by force whatever they required for their support, paying for it in the brass shillings in which they themselves received their own wages. The soldiers robbed the people; the government had before robbed the soldiers ; and the captains of the different districts in turn robbed the government by making false returns of the number of men under their command. They had intermarried with the Irish, or had Irish mistresses living in the forts with them, and thus for the most part they were in league with those whom they were maintained to repress; so that choosing one master instead of many, and finding themselves obnoxious to their own countrymen by remaining under a rule from which they derived no protection, the tenantry of Meath flocked by hundreds over the northern border, and took refuge with O'Neil.[1]

Sir Edward Bellingham in 1549, by firmness of hand and integrity of heart, had made the English name respected from the Giant's Causeway to Valentia. Could Bellingham have lived a few years longer—could Somerset or Northumberland or Mary, so zealous each in their way for "the glory of God," have remembered that without common sense and common honesty at the bottom of them, creeds and systems are as houses built on quicksands—the order which had taken root might have grown strong under the shadow of justice, and Ireland might have had a happier future.

But this was not to be. The labour and expense of a quarter of a century was thrown idly away. The Irish army, since the rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, had cost thirteen or fourteen hundred thousand pounds, yet the Pale was shortened and its revenues decreased; the moral ruin was more complete than the financial, and the report of 1559 closed with an earnest exhortation to Elizabeth to remember that the Irish were her subjects; that it was her duty as their sovereign "to bring the poor ignorant people to better things," "and to recover so many thousand lost souls that were going headlong to the devil." [1]

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[1] After six years of discipline and improvement, Sir Henry Sidney described the state of the four shires, the Irish inhabitants, and the English garrison, in the following language:—

"The English Pale is overwhelmed with vagabonds—stealth and spoil daily carried out of it; the people miserable—not two gentlemen in the whole of it able to lend twenty pounds. They have neither horse nor armour, nor apparel nor victual. The soldiers be so beggarlike as it would abhor a general to look on them; yet so insolent as to be intolerable to the people, so rooted in idleness as there is no hope by correction to amend them, yet so allied with the Irish I dare not trust them in a fort or in any dangerous service. They have all an Irish *w——e* or two—never a married wife among them; so that all is known that we intend to do here."—Sidney to Leicester, March 5, 1556: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

Following close on the first survey, a more detailed account was furnished to Cecil of the social condition of the people. The common life of a chief and the relations between any two adjoining tribes were but too familiar and intelligible. But there was a general organisation among the people themselves, extending wherever the Irish language was spoken, with a civilisation of an Irish kind and an intellectual hierarchy. Besides the priests there were four classes of spiritual leaders and teachers, each with their subdivisions.

"The first," wrote Cecil's correspondent, "is called the Brehon, which in English is called 'the judge;' and before they give judgment they take pawns of both the parties, and then they will judge according to their own discretion. These men be neuters, and the Irishmen will not prey them. They have great plenty of cattle, and they harbour many vagabonds and idle persons; and if there be any rebels that move rebellion against the prince, of these people they are chiefly maintained; and if the English army fortune to travel in that part where they be, they will flee to the mountains and woods, because they would not succour them with victuals and other necessaries.

"The next sort is called the 'Shankee.' They also have great plenty of cattle wherewith they do succour the rebels. They make the ignorant men of the country believe that they be descended of Alexander the Great, or of Darius, or of Cæsar, or of some other notable prince, which makes the ignorant people to run mad and care not what they do—the which is very hurtful to the realm.

"The third sort is called 'Denisdan,' which is to say in English the 'Boulde.' These people be very hurtful to the commonwealth, for they chiefly maintain the rebels; and further they do cause them that would be true, to be rebellious—thieves, extortioners, murderers, raveners—yea and worse if it was possible. Their first practice, if they see any young man descended of the septs of O or Mac, and have half a dozen about him, then will they make a rhyme wherein they will commend his father and his ancestors, numbering how many heads they have cut off, how many towns they have burned, how many virgins they have deflowered, how many notable murders they have done; and in the end they will compare them to Annibal, or Scipio, or

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[1] *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

Hercules, or some other famous person—wherewithal the poor fool runs mad and thinks indeed it is so. Then will he gather a sort of rascals to him, and he must get him a prophesier who shall tell him how he shall speed as he thinks. Then will he get him lurking to the side of a wood and there keepeth him close till morning; and when it is daylight then will they go to the poor villages, not sparing to destroy young infants and aged people; and if a woman be ever so great with child, her will they kill, burning the houses and corn, and ransacking the poor cots. Then will they drive all the kine and plough horses, with all other cattle, and drive them away. Then must they have a bagpipe blowing before them, and if any of the cattle fortune to wax weary or faint they will kill them rather than it should do the owner good. And if they go by any house of friars or religious house, they will give them two or three beeves; and they will take them and pray for them—yea, and praise their doings, and say 'his father was accustomed so to do;' wherein he will rejoice.

"And when he is in a safe place they will fall to a division of the spoil according to the discretion of the captain. Now comes the rhymer that made the rhyme with his 'Rakery.' The 'Raker' is he that shall utter the rhyme, and the rhymer himself sits by with the captain very proudly. He brings with him also his harper, who plays all the while that the raker sings the rhyme. Also he hath his bard, which is a foolish fellow who must have a horse given him. The harper must have a new saffron shirt and a mantle; and the raker must have two or three kine; and the rhymer himself a horse and harness, with a nag to ride on, a silver goblet, and a pair of bedes of coral with buttons of silver. And this with more they look for to have for the reducing of the people, to the disruption of the commonwealth and blasphemy of God; for this is the best thing the rhymer causeth them to do.

"The fourth sort are those which in England are called Poets. These men have great store of cattle, and use all the trade of the others with an addition of prophecies. These are maintainers of witches and other vile matters to the blasphemy of God and to the impoverishing of the commonwealth.

"These four septs are divided in all places of the four quarters of Ireland and some of the islands beyond Ireland, as 'the Land of the Saints,'[1] the 'Innis Buffen,' 'Innis Turk,' 'Innis Main,' and 'Innis Clare.' These islands are under the rule of O'Neil, and they are very pleasant and fertile, plenty of wood, water, and arable ground and pastures, and fish, and a very temperate air.[1]

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[1] Arran, outside Galway Bay.

"There be many branches belonging to the four septs—as the Gogath, which is to say the glutton, for one of them will eat half a mutton at a sitting: another called the Carrow; he commonly goeth naked and carrieth dice and cards with him, and he will play the hair off his head; and these be maintained by the rhymers.

"There is a set of women called the Goyng women. They be blasphemers of God, and they run from country to country sowing sedition among the people. They are common to all men; and if any of them happen to be with child she will say that it is the great lord adjoining, whereof the lords are glad and do appoint them to be nursed.

"There is another two sorts that goeth about with the Bachele of Jesus,[2] as they call it. These run from country to country; and if they come to any house where a woman is with child they will put the same about her, and whether she will or no causeth her to give them money, and they will undertake that she shall have good delivery of her child, to the great disruption of the people concerning their souls' health.

"Others go about with St. Patrick's crosier, and play the like part or worse; and no doubt so long as these be used the word of God can never be known among them, nor the prince be feared, nor the country prosper."[3]

So stands the picture of Ireland, vivid because simple, described by some half-Anglicised, half-Protestantised Celt who wròte what he had seen around him, careless of political philosophy or of fine phrases with which to embellish his diction. The work of civilisation had again to begin from the foundation. Occupied with Scotland and France and holding her own throne by so precarious a tenure, Elizabeth, for the first eighteen months of her reign, had little leisure to attend to it; and the Irish leaders, taking advantage of the opportunity, offered themselves and their services to Philip's ambassador in England. The King of Spain, who at the beginning desired to spare and strengthen Elizabeth, sent them a cold answer, and against

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[1] At present they are barren heaps of treeless moors and mountains. They yield nothing but scanty oat-crops and potatoes, and though the seas are full of fish as ever, there are no hands to catch them. The change is a singular commentary on modern improvements.

[2] The Baculum Jesus, said to have been brought over by St. Patrick.

[3] Report on the State of Ireland, 1559: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

Philip's will the great Norman families were unwilling to stir. The true-bred Celts however, whose sole political creed was hatred of the English, were less willing to remain quiet. To the Celt it was of small moment whether the English sovereign was Protestant or Catholic. The presence of an English deputy in Dublin was the symbol of his servitude and the constant occasion for his rebellion. Had there been no cause of quarrel the mere pleasure of fighting would have insured periodical disturbances; and in Ulster there were special causes at work to produce a convulsion of peculiar severity.

Identical in race and scarcely differing in language, the Irish of the north and the Scots of the Western Isles had for two centuries kept up a close and increasing intercourse. Some thousand Scottish families had recently emigrated from Bute, Arran, and Argyleshire, to find settlements on the thinly peopled coasts of Antrim and Down. The Irish chiefs had sought their friendship, intermarried with them, or made war on them, as the humour of the moment prompted; but their numbers had steadily increased whether welcome or unwelcome, and at Elizabeth's accession they had become objects of alarm both to the native Irish, whom they threatened to supplant, and to the English, whom they refused to obey.

Lord Sussex, who was Mary's last deputy, had made expeditions against them both in the Isles and in Ulster; but even though assisted by the powers of O'Neil had only irritated their hostility. They made alliance with the O'Donnells who were O'Neil's hereditary enemies. James M'Connell and his two brothers, near kinsmen of the house of Argyle, crossed over with two thousand followers to settle in Tyrconnell, while to the Callogh O'Donnell, the chief of the clan, the Earl of Argyle himself gave his half-sister for a wife.

With this formidable support the O'Donnells threatened to eclipse their ancient rivals, when there rose up from among the O'Neils one of those remarkable men who in their own persons sum up and represent the energy, intellect, power, and character of the nation to which they belong.

In the partial settlement of Ireland which had been brought about by Henry VIII., the O'Neils, among the other noble families, surrendered their lands to the crown to receive them again under the usual feudal tenure; and Con O'Neil the Lame had received from Henry for himself and his heirs the title of Earl of Tyrone. For himself and his heirs—but who the heirs of Con O'Neil might be was not so easy to decide. His son

Shan in explaining his father's character to Elizabeth said that he was "a gentleman"—the interpretation of the word being that "he never denied any child that was sworn to him, and that he had plenty of them."[1] The favourite of the family was the offspring of an intrigue with a certain Alyson Kelly, the wife of a blacksmith at Dundalk. This child, a boy named Matthew, grew to be a fine dashing youth such as an Irish father delighted to honour; and although the earl had another younger son, Shan or John, with some pretensions to legitimacy, Henry VIII. allowed the father to name at his will the heir of his new honours. Matthew Kelly became Baron of Dungannon when O'Neil received his earldom; and to Matthew Kelly was secured the reversion on his father's death of the earldom itself.

No objection could be raised so long as Shan was a boy; but as the legitimate heir grew to manhood the arrangement became less satisfactory. The other sons whom Con had brought promiscuously into the world were discontented with the preference of a brother whose birth was no better than their own; and Shan, with their help, as the simplest solution of the difficulty, at last cut the Baron of Dungannon's throat.

They manage things strangely in Ireland. The old O'Neil, instead of being irritated, saw in this exploit a proof of commendable energy. He at once took Shan into favour, and had he been able would have given him his dead brother's rights; but unfortunately the baron had left a son behind him, and the son was with the family of his grandmother beyond the reach of steel or poison.

Impatient of uncertainty and to secure himself by possession against future challenge, Shan next conspired against his father, deposed him, and drove him into the Pale, where he afterwards died; and throwing over his English title and professing to prefer the name of O'Neil to any patent of nobility held under an English sovereign, he claimed the right of succession by Irish custom, precedent, and law. In barbarous and half-barbarous tribes there is generally some choice exercised among the members of the chief's family, or some rule is followed, by which the elder and stronger are preferred to the young and weak. In our own Heptarchy the uncle, if able and brave, was preferred to the child of an elder brother.

In Tyrone the clan elected their chief from the blood of the ancient kings; and Shan, waiving all question of legitimacy, received the votes of his people, took the oath with his foot

[1] Shan O'Neil to Elizabeth, February 8, 1561: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

upon the stone, and with the general consent of the north was proclaimed O'Neil.[1]

This proceeding was not only an outrage against order, but it was a defiance of England and the English system. The descent to an earldom could not be regulated by election, and it was obvious that the English government must either insist upon the rights of the young Baron of Dungannon, or relinquish the hope of feudalising the Irish chieftains.

Knowing therefore that he could not be left long in the enjoyment of his success, Shan O'Neil attempted to compose his feud with the O'Donnells, and his first step was to marry O'Donnell's sister. But the reconciliation was of brief duration; the smaller chiefs of Ulster in loyal preference for greatness attached themselves for the most part to the O'Neils. Shan, no longer careful of offence, " misused " his wife; and the Callogh, at the time when the notice of the English government began to be drawn towards the question, was preparing, with the help of the Scots, to revenge her injuries.[2]

Where private and public interests were closely interwoven there was a necessary complication of sides and movements. The English government, in the belief that the sister of the Earl of Argyle might be a means of introducing Protestantism into Ulster, made advances to the M'Connells whom before they had treated as enemies; they sent a present to the countess [3] of some old dresses of Queen Mary's " for a token of favour," and they promised to raise the Callogh to a rival earldom on condition of good service.[4]

They were encountered however by an embarrassing cross current. The M'Connells affected to reciprocate the English goodwill, but the Earl of Argyle's connection with the reforming party in Scotland had not touched the dependencies of his clan. The hearts of ninety-nine out of every hundred persons on the north of Tweed were fixed on securing the English crown either for Arran or for Mary Stuart; and James M'Connell was heard in private to say that the Queen of Scots was rightful Queen of England.[1] Shan O'Neil therefore adroitly availed himself of the occasion to detach from the O'Donnells their formidable northern allies. The "misused" wife being disposed of by some process of murder or otherwise, he induced M'Connell to give him his daughter. He married or proposed to marry her—for ties of this kind sat with astonishing lightness on him—and the Callogh was outmanœuvred.

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[1] " They place him that shall be called their captain upon a stone always reserved for that purpose, and commonly placed on a hill."—SPENSER'S *View of the State of Ireland.* The stone in Westminster Abbey brought from Scone by Edward I. was one of these, and according to legend is the original Lias Fail or thundering stone on which the Irish kings were crowned. The Lias Fail however still stands on Tara Hill, ready for use when Ireland's good time returns.

[2] A detailed account of these proceedings is found in a letter of Lord Justice Fitzwilliam to the Earl of Sussex, written on the 8th of March, 1560.—*Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] This lady, who was mentioned above as the wife of the Callogh and the half-sister of Macallummore, is always described in the Irish despatches as the Countess of Argyle. There is no difficulty in identifying the person. It is less easy to understand the title.

[4] " MEMORANDUM.—To send to O'Donnell, with the queen's thanks for service done, and her promise to make him an earl on further merit on his part. The gown and kirtle that were Queen Mary's, with some old habiliments, to be sent to the Countess Argyle, O'Donnell's wife, for a token of favour to her good disposition in religion."—*Irish MSS.*

Again an interval, and there was another and a bolder change. Either the new lady did not please Shan or his ambition soared to a higher flight. Supposing that the Scots in Ireland would not dare to resent what the Earl of Argyle should approve, and that the clan would welcome his support to Mary Stuart's claims, he had scarcely rid himself of his first wife and married a second than he wrote to the earl proposing that his sister the countess should be transferred from O'Donnell to himself. The M'Connells could be got rid of, and the Scotch colony might pass under the protection of the O'Neils. James M'Connell's daughter might be thought a difficulty, "but we swear to you our kingly oath," the audacious Shan dared to write, "that there is no impediment by reason of any such woman."[2]

Unprepared to recognise such swift transmutations, and at that time concerned with the rest of his party in the scheme for the elevation of the Earl of Arran, Argyle contented himself with enclosing Shan's letter to the English council. He told them briefly that O'Neil was the most dangerous person in Ireland; and he said that unless the queen was prepared to acknowledge him she had better lose no time in bringing him to reason.[3]

So matters stood in Ireland in the spring of 1560, when the conspiracy of the Guises and the necessity of defending her throne forced Elizabeth into the Scotch war. The deputy,

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[1] "At my kinsman being with him in Kintyre, James M'Connell ministered to him very evil talk against the queen's majesty, saying the Queen of England was a bastard, and the Queen of Scotland rightful heir to the crown of England. It was not once nor twice, but divers times; not only by him but by his wife also."—John Piers to Sir William Fitzwilliam. *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Notice and letter sent by the Earl of Argyle: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] Ibid.

Lord Sussex, was in England; Sir William Fitzwilliam was left in command in Dublin, watching the country with uneasy misgivings; and from the symptoms reported to him from every quarter he anticipated, notwithstanding Philip's coldness, a summer of universal insurrection; the Parliament of the Pale had given the Catholics a rallying cry by endorsing the Act of Uniformity; and "big words," "prophecies of the expulsion of the English within the year," and rumours of armies of liberation from France and Spain, filled all the air. The outward quiet was undisturbed, but "inwardly never such fears since the rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald." The country was for the most part a wilderness, but the desolation would be no security. The Irish, Fitzwilliam anxiously reported, could keep the field where the English would starve; "no men of war ever lived the like, nor others of God's making as touching feeding and living; they were like beasts and vermin bred from the earth and the filth thereof; but brute and bestial as by their outward life they showed, there was not under the sun a more craftier vipered undermining generation." [1]

The immediate fear was of the great southern earls. If Kildare and Desmond rose, the whole of Ireland would rise with them, even the Pale itself. They had promised Fitzwilliam to be loyal, but he did not trust them. They had met at Limerick in the winter; they were known to have communicated with Shan, and O'Brien of Inchiquin had gone to Spain and France to solicit assistance. If he brought back a favourable answer, the Geraldines "would take the English part until such time as the push came, and then the English company should be paid home." [2]

Most fortunately for Elizabeth the success of the Queen of Scots was more formidable to Philip than the temporary triumph of heresy. He discouraged all advances to himself; he used his best endeavours to prevent the Irish from looking for assistance in France; and although his advice might have been little attended to had the Guises been at liberty to act, Elizabeth's intrigues with the Huguenots had provided them with sufficient work at home. They could spare no troops for Ireland while they were unable to reinforce their army at Leith.

O'Brien however received promises in abundance. Three French ships accompanied him on his return, and Irish imagination added thirty or forty which were said to be on the way.

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[1] Fitzwilliam to Cecil, March and April, 1560: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Ibid.

Kildare called his retainers under arms, and held a parliament of chiefs at Maynooth which was opened with public mass. In speeches of the time-honoured type the patriotic orators dwelt upon the wrongs of Ireland; they swore that they would be "slaves" no longer; they protested "that their kingdom was kept from them by force by such as were aliens in blood;" and Fitzwilliam, frightened by the loud words, wrote in haste for assistance that "the English might fight for their lives before they were all dead." [1]

With the death of Henry II., the fall of Leith, and the failure of the French to appear, the Irish courage cooled and the more pressing danger passed off. Kildare's larger knowledge showed him that the opportunity was gone. His father's death on the scaffold and his own long exile had taught him that without support from abroad a successful insurrection was impossible; and having no personal interests to defend he bought his pardon for the treason which he had meditated by loyally returning to his allegiance.

Shan O'Neil was less favourably circumstanced. His rank and his estates were at stake, and he on his part had determined never to submit at all unless he was secured in their possession. But he too thought it prudent to temporise. His father was by this time dead. He was required to appear before Elizabeth in person to explain the grounds on which he challenged his inheritance; and after stipulating for a safe-conduct, and an advance of money for expenses of his journey, he affected a willingness to comply; but he chose to treat with the government at first hand, and in a characteristic letter to Elizabeth he prepared the way for his reception.

He described his father's miscellaneous habits, and "gentlemanlike" readiness to acknowledge every child that was assigned to him; he explained his brother's birth and his own election as the O'Neil; he then proceeded thus:—[2]

"The deputy has much ill-used me, your majesty; and now that I am going over to see you I hope you will consider that I am but rude and uncivil, and do not know my duty to your highness nor yet your majesty's laws, but am one brought up in wildness far from all civility. Yet have I a goodwill to the commonwealth of my country; and please your majesty to send over two commissioners that you can trust that will take no bribes nor otherwise be imposed on, to observe what I have done to improve the country and to hear what my accusers have to say; and then let them go into the Pale and hear what the people say of your soldiers with their horses and their dogs and their concubines. Within this year and a half three hundred farmers are come from the English Pale to live in my country where they can be safe.

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[1] Advertisements out of Ireland, May 28, 1560: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] The voluminousness of the letter renders some abridgment necessary; but the character, substance, and arrangement are preserved.

"Please your majesty, your majesty's money here is not so good as your money in England, and will not pass current there. Please your majesty to send me three thousand pounds of English money to pay my expenses in going over to you, and when I come back I will pay your deputy three thousand pounds Irish, such as you are pleased to have current here.

"Also I will ask your majesty to marry me to some gentlewoman of noble blood meet for my vocation. I will make Ireland all that your majesty wishes for you. I am very sorry your majesty is put to such expense. If you will trust it to me I will undertake that in three years you shall have a revenue where now you have continual loss.

"Also your majesty's father granted certain lands to my father O'Neil and to his son Matthew. Mat Kelly claims these lands of your majesty. We have a saying among us Irishmen that 'whatsoever bull do chance to bull any cow in any kerragh, notwithstanding, the right owner of the cow shall have the calf and not the owner of the bull.' How can it be or how can it stand with natural reason that the said Matthew should inherit my father's lands, and also inherit his own rightful father the smith's, and also his mother's lands which the said Matthew hath peaceably in possession?"[1]

Whether Shan would follow up his letter by really going over was not so certain. It depended on the answer which he received, or on the chances which might offer themselves to him of doing better for himself in some other way.

The English government had no advantage over him in sincerity. Towards Ireland itself the intentions of Elizabeth were honourable; but she had determined to use her first leisure in restoring order and obedience there; and for Shan the meaning of his summons to England was merely to detain him there "with gentle talk," till Sussex could return to his command and the English army be reinforced.

Preparations were made to send men and money in such large quantities that rebellion should have no chance; and so careful was the secrecy which was observed to prevent Shan from taking alarm, that a detachment of troops sent from Portsmouth sailed with sealed orders, and neither men nor officers knew that Ireland was their destination till they had rounded the Land's End.[1]

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[1] Shan O'Neil to Queen Elizabeth, February 8. 1561: *Irish MSS.* Compare Shan O'Neil to Cecil (same date).

Notwithstanding these precautions Shan's friends found means to put him on his guard. He was to have sailed from Dublin, but the weeks passed on and he did not make his appearance. At one time his dress was not ready; at another he had no money, and pressed to have his loan of the three thousand pounds sent up for him into Tyrone; and to this last request Fitzwilliam would give no sort of encouragement, "being," as he said, "for his own part unwilling to lend Shan five shillings on his bond, and being certain that he would no sooner have received the money than he would laugh at them all."

The government however cared little whether he submitted or stayed away. As yet they had not been forced to recognise Shan's ability, and the troops who were to punish him were on their way. Kildare, whom Elizabeth most feared, had gone to London on her first invitation. As long as Kildare was loyal Desmond would remain quiet; and no serious rebellion was considered any longer possible. O'Donnell was prepared to join the English army on its advance into Ulster; and the Scots, notwithstanding their predilection for Mary Stuart, were expected to act as Argyle and as his sister "should direct."

But Shan had prepared a master-stroke which disconcerted this last arrangement. Though his suit found no favour with the Earl of Argyle, he had contrived to ingratiate himself with "the countess." The Scots were chiefly anxious to secure their settlements in Antrim and Down; and Shan was a more useful ally for them than Elizabeth or the feeble Callogh. The lady from whom such high hopes had been formed cared less for Protestantism than for the impassioned speeches of a lover; and while Queen Mary's gown and kirtle were on their way to her, Fitzwilliam was surprised with the sudden news that Shan had made a raid into Tyrconnell and had carried off both her and her husband. Her Scotch guard, though fifteen hundred strong, had offered no resistance; and the next news was that the Callogh was a prisoner in Shan's castle, and that the countess was the willing paramour of the O'Neil. The affront to M'Connell was forgiven, or atoned for by private arrangement; and the sister of the Earl of Argyle—an educated woman for her time, "not unlearned in Latin," "speaking French and Italian," "counted sober, wise, and no less subtle"—had betrayed herself, her people, and her husband.[1]

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[1] Matters to be ordered for Ireland, February 25, March 4, March 13: *Irish MSS.*

The O'Neils by this last manœuvre became supreme in Ulster. Deprived of their head, the O'Donnells sunk into helplessness; the whole force of the province, such as it was, with the more serious addition of several thousand Scotch marauders, was at Shan's disposal, and thus provided he thought himself safe in defying England to do its worst.

Both sides prepared for war. Sussex returned to Dublin at the beginning of June; his troops and supplies had arrived before him; and after a debate in "the council" the Irish of the Pale were invited to join in a "general hosting" into Tyrone on the first of July. Sussex himself, as a preliminary move, made a dash upon Armagh. He seized the cathedral, which he fortified as a depôt for his stores. Leaving a garrison there he fell back into Meath, where in a few days he was joined by Ormond with flying companies of "galloglasse."

But Sussex did not yet understand the man with whom he was dealing. He allowed himself to be amused and delayed by negotiations;[2] and while he was making promises to Shan which it is likely that he intended to disregard, Armagh was almost lost again.

Seeing a number of kerne scattered about the town the officer in command sallied out upon them, when Shan himself suddenly appeared, accompanied by the Catholic archbishop, on a hill outside the walls; and the English had but time to recover their defences when the whole Irish army, led by a procession of monks and "every man carrying a faggot," came on to burn the cathedral over their heads. The monks sung a mass; the primate walked three times up and down the lines, "willing the rebels to go forward, for God was on their side." Shan swore a great oath not to turn his back while an Englishman was left alive; and with scream and yell his men came on. Fortunately there were no Scots among them. The English, though outnumbered ten to one, stood steady in the churchyard, and after a sharp hand to hand fight drove back the howling crowd. The Irish retired into the "friars' houses" outside the cathedral close, set them on fire, and ran for their lives.

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[1] Fitzwilliam to Cecil, May 30: *Irish MSS.*

[2] "The second of this month we assembled at Raskreagh, and still treated with Shan for his going to your majesty, making him great offers if he would go quietly."—Sussex to the Queen, July 16: *Irish MSS.*

So far all was well. After this there was no more talk of treating; and by the 18th, Sussex and Ormond were themselves at Armagh, with a force—had there been skill to direct it—sufficient to have swept Tyrone from border to border.

The weather however was wet, the rivers were high, and slight difficulties seemed large to the English commander. He stayed in the town doing nothing till the end of the month, when his provisions began to run short, and necessity compelled him to move. Spies brought him word that in the direction of Cavan there were certain herds of cows which an active party might cut off; and cattle-driving being the approved method of making war in Ireland, the deputy determined to have them.

The Earl of Ormond was ill, and Sussex, in an evil hour for his reputation, would not leave him. His troops without their commander set out with Irish guides for the spot where the cows had been seen.

O'Neil as may be supposed had been playing upon Saxon credulity; the spies were his own men; and the object was merely to draw the English among bogs and rivers where they could be destroyed. They were to have been attacked at night at their first halting-place; and they escaped only by the accident of an alteration of route. Early the following morning they were marching forward in loose order; Fitzwilliam, with a hundred horse, was a mile in advance; five hundred men-at-arms with a few hundred loyal Irish of the Pale straggled after him; another hundred horse under James Wingfield brought up the rear.

Weaker in numbers, for his whole force did not amount to more than 600 men, O'Neil came up with them from behind. Wingfield instead of holding his ground galloped forward upon the men-at-arms, and as horses and men were struggling in confusion together, on came the Irish with their wild battle-cry—"Laundarg Abo!"—"The bloody hand!"—"Strike for O'Neil." The cavalry, between shame and fear, rode down their own men, and extricated themselves only to fly panic-stricken from the field to the crest of an adjoining hill, while Shan's troopers rode through the broken ranks "cutting down the footmen on all sides."

Fitzwilliam, ignorant of what was passing behind him, was riding leisurely forwards, when a horseman was observed galloping wildly in the distance and waving his handkerchief for a signal. The yells and cries were heard through the misty morning air, and Fitzwilliam, followed by a gentleman named Parkinson and ten or twelve of his own servants, hurried back "in a happy hour."

Without a moment's delay he flung himself into the mêlée. Sir George Stanley was close behind him with the rest of the advanced horse; "and Shan, receiving such a charge of those few men and seeing more coming after," ran no further risk, blew a recall note and withdrew unpursued. Fitzwilliam's courage alone had prevented the army from being annihilated. Out of 500 English, 50 lay dead, and 50 more were badly wounded; the Irish contingent had disappeared; and the survivors of the force fell back to Armagh so "dismayed" as to be unfit for further service.

In his official report to the queen the Earl of Sussex made light of his loss, and pretended that after a slight repulse he had won a brilliant victory. The object of the false despatch however was less to deceive Elizabeth than to blind the English world. To Cecil the deputy was more open, and though professing still that he had escaped defeat, admitted the magnitude of the disaster.

"By the cowardice of some," Sussex said, "all was like to have been lost, and by the worthiness of two men all was restored and the contrary part overthrown. It was by cowardice the dreadfullest beginning that ever was seen in Ireland; and by the valiantness of a few (thanks be given to God!) brought to a good end. Ah! Mr. Secretary, what unfortunate star hung over me that day to draw me, that never could be persuaded to be absent from the army at any time, to be then absent for a little disease of another man? The rereward was the best and picked soldiers in all this land. If I or any stout man had been that day with them, we had made an end of Shan, which is now further off than ever it was. Never before durst Scot or Irishman look on Englishmen in plain or wood since I was here; and now Shan, in a plain three miles away from any wood, and where I would have asked of God to have had him, hath with 120 horse and a few Scots and galloglasse, scarce half in numbers, charged our whole army, and by the cowardice of one wretch whom I hold dear to me as my own brother, was like in one hour to have left not one man of that army alive, and after to have taken me and the rest at Armagh. The fame of the English army, so hardly gotten, is now vanquished, and I wrecked and dishonoured by the vileness of other men's deeds."[1]

The answer of Cecil to this sad despatch betrays the intriguing factiousness which disgraced Elizabeth's court. Lord Pembroke seemed to be the only nobleman whose patriotism could be depended on; and in Pembroke's absence there "was not a person—no," Cecil reiterated, "not one," who did not either wish so well to Shan O'Neil or so ill to the Earl of Sussex as rather to welcome the news than regret the English loss.[2]

The truth was soon known in London notwithstanding "the varnished tale" with which Sussex had sought to hide it. A letter from Lady Kildare to her husband represented the English army as having been totally defeated; and Elizabeth, irritated as usual at the profitless expense in which she had been involved, determined, in her first vexation, to bury no more money in Irish morasses. Kildare undertook to persuade Shan into conformity if she would leave him in possession of what it appeared she was without power to take from him; the queen consented to everything which he proposed, and the old method of governing Ireland by the Irish—that is, of leaving it to its proper anarchy—was about to be resumed. Most tempting and yet most fatal; for the true desire of the Irish leaders was to cut the links altogether which bound them to England, and England could not play into their hands more effectively than by leaving them to destroy at their leisure the few chiefs who had dared to be loyal.

Kildare returned to Dublin with full powers to act as he should think best; while Sussex, leaving a garrison as before in Armagh Cathedral, returned with the dispirited remnant of his army into the Pale. Fitzwilliam was despatched to London to explain the disaster to the queen; and the Irish council sent a petition by his hands, that the troops who had been so long quartered in the four shires should be recalled or disbanded. Useless in the field and tyrannical to the farmer, they were a burden on the English exchequer and answered no purpose but to make the English name detested.

The petition corresponded but too well with Elizabeth's private inclination, but Fitzwilliam while he presented it did not approve of its recommendations; he implored her—and he was supported in his entreaties by Cecil—to postpone, at least for a short time, a measure which would be equivalent to an abandonment of Ireland. The queen yielded, and in allowing the army to remain permitted it to be reinforced from the trained soldiers of Berwick. Fitzwilliam carried back with him £3000 to pay the arrears of wages; Cecil pressed hard for £3000 besides; but Elizabeth would risk no more till "she saw some fruit arise from her expenditure."

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[1] Sussex to Cecil, July 31: *Irish MSS.*
[2] Cecil to Sussex, August 12: WRIGHT, vol. i.

To Shan O'Neil she sent a pardon with a safe-conduct for his journey to England if Kildare could prevail on him to come to her; and "accepting the defeat as the chance of war which she must bear," she expressed to Sussex her general surprise at his remissness, with her regret that an English officer should have disgraced himself by cowardice. She desired that Wingfield might be immediately sent over and that the other offenders should be apprehended and imprisoned.[1]

Meantime Sussex, having failed in the field, had attempted to settle his difficulties by other methods. A demand from Shan had followed him into the Pale that the Armagh garrison should be withdrawn. The bearers of the message were Cantwell, O'Neil's seneschal, and a certain Neil Grey, one of his followers, who affected to dislike rebellion and gave the deputy an opportunity of working on him. Lord Sussex, it appeared, regarded Shan as a kind of wolf whom having failed to capture in fair chase he might destroy by the first expedient which came to his hand.

The following letter betrays no misgivings either on the propriety of the proceeding which it describes, or on the manner in which the intimation of it would be received by the queen.

THE EARL OF SUSSEX TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

August 24, 1561.

"May it please your highness,

"After conference had with Shan O'Neil's seneschal I entered talk with Neil Grey; and perceiving by him that he had little hope of Shan's conformity in anything, and that he therefore desired that he might be received to serve your highness, for that he would no longer abide with him, and that if I would promise to receive him to your service he would do anything that I would command him, I sware him upon the Bible to keep secret that I should say unto him, and assured him if it were ever known during the time I had the government there, that besides the breach of his oath it should cost him his life. I used long circumstance in persuading him to serve you to benefit his country, and to procure assurance of living to him and his for ever by doing of that which he might easily do. He promised to do what I would. In fine I brake with him to kill Shan; and bound myself by my oath to see him have a hundred marks of land by the year to him and to his heirs for his reward. He seemed desirous to serve your highness and to have the land, but fearful to do it doubting his own escape after with safety, which he confessed and promised to do by any means he might escaping with his life. What he will do I know not, but I assure your highness he may do it without danger if he will. And if he will not do that he may in your service, then will be done to him what others may. God send your highness a good end.

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[1] Memoranda of Letters from Ireland, August 20 (Cecil's hand).—Cecil to Sussex, August 21: Elizabeth to Sussex, August 20: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

"Your highness's
"Most humble and faithful subject and servant,
"From Ardbrachan." "T. SUSSEX.[1]

English honour like English coin lost something of its purity in the sister island. Nothing came of this undesirable proposal. Neil Grey however kept his secret, and though he would not risk his life by attempting the murder, sought no favour with Shan by betraying Sussex.

Elizabeth's answer—if she sent any answer—is not discoverable. It is most sadly certain however that Sussex was continued in office; and inasmuch as it will be seen that he repeated the experiment a few months later, his letter could not have been received with any marked condemnation.

Shortly after, Fitzwilliam returned from England with the Berwick troops, and before the season closed and before Kildare commenced his negotiations the deputy was permitted to make another effort to repair the credit of English arms.

Despatching provisions by sea to Lough Foyle, he succeeded this time in marching through Tyrone and in destroying on his way four thousand cattle which he was unable to carry away; and had the vessels arrived in time he might have remained in Ulster long enough to do serious mischief there. But the wind and weather were unfavourable. He had left Shan's cows to rot where he had killed them; and thus being without food, and sententiously and characteristically concluding that "man by his policy might propose but God at his will did dispose,"[2] Lord

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[1] *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Sussex to Elizabeth, September 21: Ibid.

Sussex fell back by the upper waters of Lough Erne sweeping the country before him.

"O'Neil in the interval had been burning villages in Meath; but the deputy had penetrated his stronghold, had defied him on his own ground, and he had not ventured to meet the English in the field. The defeat of July was partially retrieved and Sussex was in a better position to make terms. Kildare, in the middle of October, had a conference with Shan at Dundalk, and Shan consented to repair to Elizabeth's presence. In the conditions however which he was allowed to name he implied that he was rather conferring a favour than receiving one, and that he was going to England as a victorious enemy permitting himself to be conciliated. He demanded a safe-conduct so clearly worded that whatever was the result of his visit he should be free to return; he required a complete amnesty for his past misdeeds, and he stipulated that Elizabeth should pay all expenses for himself and his retinue; the Earls of Ormond, Desmond, and Kildare must receive him in state at Dundalk and escort him to Dublin; Kildare must accompany him to England; and most important of all, Armagh Cathedral must be evacuated.

On these terms he was ready to go to London; he did not anticipate treachery; and either he hoped to persuade Elizabeth to recognise him, and thus prove to the Irish that rebellion was the surest road to prosperity and power, or at worst by venturing into England and returning unscathed he would show them that the government might be defied with more than impunity.

Had Neil Grey revealed to him those dark overtures of Sussex the Irish chief would have relied less boldly on English good faith. When his terms were made known to Elizabeth's council the propriety of acceding to them was advocated for "certain secret respects;" and even Sir William Cecil was not ashamed to say "that in Shan's absence from Ireland something might be cavilled against him or his for non-observing the covenants on his side; and so the pact being infringed the matter might be used as should be thought fit." [1]

The intention of deliberate dishonour was not persisted in. Elizabeth, after some uncertainty whether concessions so ignominious could be safely made, wrote to accept them all except the evacuation of the cathedral. Making a merit of his desire to please her, Shan said that although for "the Earl of Sussex he would not mollify one iota of his agreement," yet he would consent at the request of her majesty;[1] and thus at last, with the Earl of Kildare in attendance, a train of galloglasse, a thousand pounds in hand and a second thousand waiting for him in London, the champion of Irish freedom sailed from Dublin and appeared on the 2nd of January 1562 at the English court.

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[1] Cecil to Throgmorton, November 4, 1561: *Conway MSS.*

Not wholly knowing how so strange a being might conduct himself, Cecil, Pembroke, and Bacon received him privately on his arrival at the lord keeper's house. They gave him his promised money and endeavoured to impress upon him the enormity of his misdemeanours. Their success in this respect was indifferent. When Cecil spoke of rebellion Shan answered that two thousand pounds was a poor present from so great a queen. When Cecil asked if he would be a good subject for the future, he was sure their honours would give him a few more hundreds. He agreed however to make a general confession of his sins in Irish and English; and on the 6th of the month Elizabeth received him.

The council, the peers, the foreign ambassadors, bishops, aldermen, dignitaries of all kinds, were present in state as if at the exhibition of some wild animal of the desert. O'Neil stalked in, his saffron mantle sweeping round and round him, his hair curling on his back and clipped short below the eyes which gleamed from under it with a grey lustre, frowning fierce and cruel. Behind him followed his galloglasse bare-headed and fair-haired, with shirts of mail which reached their knees, a wolfskin flung across their shoulders, and short broad battle-axes in their hands.

At the foot of the throne the chief paused, bent forward, threw himself on his face upon the ground, and then rising upon his knees spoke aloud in Irish:—

"Oh! my most dread sovereign lady and queen, like as I, Shan O'Neil, your majesty's subject of your realm of Ireland, have of long time desired to come into the presence of your majesty to acknowledge my humble and bounden subjection, so am I now here upon my knees by your gracious permission, and do most humbly acknowledge your majesty to be my sovereign lady and Queen of England, France, and Ireland; and I do confess that for lack of civil education I have offended your majesty and your laws, for the which I have required and obtained your majesty's pardon. And for that I most humbly from the bottom of my heart thank your majesty, and still do with all humbleness require the continuance of the same; and I faithfully promise here before Almighty God and your majesty, and in presence of all these your nobles, that I intend by God's grace to live hereafter in the obedience of your majesty as a subject of your land of Ireland.

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[1] Kildare to Cecil, December 3: *Conway MSS.*

"And because this my speech being Irish is not well understanded, I have caused this my submission to be written in English and Irish, and thereto have set my hand and seal; and to these gentlemen by kinsmen and friends I most humbly beseech your majesty to be merciful and gracious lady."[1]

To the hearers the sound of the words was as the howling of a dog.[2] The form which Shan was made to say that he had himself caused to be written, had been drawn for him by Cecil; and the gesture of the culprit was less humble than his language; the English courtiers devised "a style" for him, as the interpretation of his bearing, "O'Neil the Great, cousin to St. Patrick, friend to the Queen of England, enemy to all the world besides."[3]

The submission being disposed of, the next object was to turn the visit to account. Shan discovered that notwithstanding his precautions he had been outwitted in the wording of the safe-conduct. Though the government promised to permit him to return to Ireland, the time of his stay had not been specified. Specious pretexts were invented to detain him; he required to be recognised as his father's heir; the English judges desired the cause to be pleaded before themselves; the young Baron of Dungannon must come over to be heard on the other side; and while to Shan it was pretended that the baron had been sent for, Cecil wrote privately to Fitzwilliam to prevent him from leaving Ireland.

At first the caged chieftain felt no alarm, and he used his opportunities in flattering and working upon Elizabeth. He wrote to her from time to time, telling her that she was the sole hope and refuge which he possessed in the world; in coming to England his chief desire had been to see that great person whose fame was spoken of through the earth, and to study the wisdom of her government that he "might learn how better to order himself in civil polity." If she would give him his father's earldom, he said, he would maintain her authority in Ulster, where she should be undisputed queen over willing subjects; he would drive away all her enemies; he would expel Mary

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[1] *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "He confessed his crime and rebellion with howling."—Camden. So Hotspur says—"I had rather hear Lady my brach howl in Irish."

[3] Campion.

Stuart's friends the Scots; and with them it seems he was prepared to dismiss his "countess;" for "he was most urgent that her majesty would give him some noble English lady for a wife, with augmentation of living suitable;" and he on his part would save the queen all further expense in Ireland with "great increase of revenue." As the chief of the house of O'Neil he claimed undisputed sovereignty over the petty Ulster chiefs. He admitted that he had killed his brother, but he saw nothing in so ordinary an action but what was right and reasonable.[1]

So the winter months passed on. At last, when January was gone, and February was gone, and March had come, and "the young baron" had not appeared, Shan's mind misgave him. His time had not been wasted; night after night he had been closeted with de Quadra, and the insurrectionary resources of Ireland had been sketched out as a bait to Philip. His soul in the land of heretics had been cared for by holy wafers from de Quadra's chapel; but his body he began to think might be in the lion's den, and he pressed for his dismissal.

A cloud of obstacles was immediately raised. The queen, he was told, was indifferent who had the earldom provided it was given to the lawful heir; and as soon as the baron arrived the cause should instantly be heard. When Shan was still dissatisfied, he was recommended if he wished for favour "to change his garments and go like an Englishman."

He appealed to Elizabeth herself. With an air of ingenuous simplicity he threw himself, his wrongs, and his position on her personal kindness, "having no refuge nor succour to flee unto but only her majesty." His presence was urgently required in Ireland; the Scots were "evil neighbours;" his kinsmen were fickle: if however her majesty desired him to stay he was her slave, he would do all which she would have him do; he would only ask in return that "her majesty would give him a gentlewoman for a wife such as he and she might agree upon;" and he begged that he might be allowed—the subtle flatterer—to attend on the Lord Robert; "that he might learn to ride after the English fashion, to run at the tilt, to hawk, to shoot, and use such other good exercises as the said good lord was most apt unto."[2]

He had touched the queen where she was most susceptible, yet he lost his labour. She gave him no English lady, she did not let him go. At length the false dealing produced its cruel fruit, the murder of the boy who was used as the pretext for delay. Sent for to England, yet prevented from obeying the command, the young Baron of Dungannon was waylaid at the beginning of April in a wood near Carlingford by Tirlogh O'Neil. He fled for his life with the murderers behind him till he reached the bank of a deep river which he could not swim, and there he was killed.[1]

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[1] Shan O'Neil to Elizabeth, January: *Irish MSS.*

[2] Shan O'Neil to Elizabeth, March: Ibid.

The crime could not be traced to Shan. His rival was gone, and there was no longer any cause to be pleaded; while he could appeal to the wild movements of his clan as an evidence of the necessity of his presence among them.

The council were frightened. O'Neil promised largely, and Elizabeth persuaded herself to believe him. She durst not imprison him; she could no longer detain him except by open force: she preferred to bribe him into allegiance by granting him all that he desired.

The earldom—a barren title for which he cared little—was left in suspense. On the 20th of April an indenture was signed by Elizabeth and himself, in which Shan bound himself to do military service and to take the oath of allegiance in the presence of the deputy; while in return he was allowed to remain Captain of Tyrone with feudal jurisdiction over the northern counties. The Pale was to be no shelter to any person whom he might demand as a malefactor. If any Irish lord or chief did him wrong, and the deputy failed within twenty days to exact reparation, Shan might raise an army and levy war on his private account. One feeble effort only was made to save O'Donnell, whose crime against O'Neil had been his devotion to England. O'Neil consented to submit O'Donnell's cause to the arbitration of the Irish earls.[2]

A rebel subject treating as an equal with his sovereign for the terms on which he would remain in his allegiance was an inglorious spectacle; and the admission of Shan's pretensions to sovereignty was one more evidence to the small Ulster chiefs that no service was worse requited in Ireland than fidelity to the English crown. The M'Guyres, the O'Reillies, the O'Donnells—all the clans who had stood by Sussex in the preceding summer—were given over to their enemy bound hand and foot. Yet Elizabeth was weary of the expense, and sick of efforts which were profitless as the cultivation of a quicksand.

True it was that she was placing half Ireland in the hands of an adulterous, murdering scoundrel; but the Irish liked to have it so, and she forced herself to hope that he would restrain himself for the future within bounds of decency.

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[1] Fitzwilliam to Cecil, April 14: *Irish MSS.*

[2] Indenture between the Queen of England and Shan O'Neil, April 30, 1562: Ibid.

Shan therefore with his galloglasse returned in glory, his purse lined with money, and honour wreathed about his brows. On reappearing in Tyrone he summoned the northern chiefs about him; he told them that "he had not gone to England to lose but to win;" they must submit to his rule henceforth or they should feel his power.

The O'Donnells, in vain reliance on the past promises of the deputy, dared to refuse allegiance to him. Without condescending to the form of consulting the government at Dublin, he called his men to arms and marched into Tyrconnell, killing, robbing, and burning in the old style, through farm and castle.

The Earl of Sussex, not knowing how to act, could but fall back on treachery. Shan was bound by his engagement to take the oath of allegiance in Dublin. The lord deputy desired him to present himself at the first opportunity. The safe-conduct which accompanied the request was ingeniously worded; and enclosing a copy of it to Elizabeth, Sussex inquired whether in the event of Shan's coming to him he might not twist the meaning of the words, and make him prisoner.[1]

But Shan was too cunning a fish, and had been too lately in the meshes to be caught again in so poor a snare. His duty to the queen, he replied, forbade him to leave his province in its present disturbed condition. He was making up for his long fast in England from his usual amusements; and when fighting was in the wind neither he nor his troopers, nor as it seemed his clergy, had leisure for other occupations. The Catholic primate having refused allegiance to Elizabeth, the See of Armagh was vacant, and Sussex sent down a *congé d'élire* for the appointment of "Mr. Adam Loftus." He received for answer, "that the chapter there, whereof the greater part were Shan O'Neil's horsemen, were so sparkled and out of order that they could by no means be assembled for the election."[2]

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[1] The safe-conduct was worded thus:—Plenam protectionem nostram per præsentes dicto Joanni concedimus qua ipse ad præmissa perficienda cum omnibus quibuscunque qui cum illo venerint ad nos venire et a nobis cum voluerint libere recedere valeant et possint absque ullâ perturbatione seu molestatione."

The word "præmissa" referred to the oath of allegiance; it was anticipated that Shan would make a difficulty in doing homage to Sussex as Elizabeth's representative; and Sussex thought he might then lay hands on him for breach of compact.—Sussex to Elizabeth, August 27: *Irish MSS.*

[2] Sussex to Elizabeth, September 2: Ibid.

Once more Lord Sussex set his trap, and this time he baited it more skilfully. The Scotch countess was not enough for Shan's ambition. His passionate desire for an English wife had survived his return, and Elizabeth in this point had not gratified his wishes. Lord Sussex had a sister with him in Dublin, and Shan sent an intimation that if the deputy would take him for a brother-in-law their relations for the future might be improved. The present sovereign of England would perhaps give one of her daughters to the King of Dahomey with more readiness than the Earl of Sussex would have consigned his sister to Shan O'Neil; yet he condescended to reply "that he could not promise to give her against her will," but if Shan would visit him "he could see and speak with her, and if he liked her and she liked him they should both have his goodwill." [1] Shan glanced at the tempting morsel with wistful eyes. Had he trusted himself in the hands of Sussex he would have had a short shrift for a blessing and a rough nuptial knot about his neck. At the last moment a little bird carried the tale to his ear. "He had advertisement out of the Pale that the lady was brought over only to entrap him, and if he came to the deputy he should never return." [2]

After this second failure Sussex told Elizabeth that she must either use force once more or she must be prepared to see first all Ulster and afterwards the whole "Irishry" of the four provinces accept Shan for their sovereign. There was no sort of uncertainty as to O'Neil's intentions: he scarcely affected to conceal them. He had written to the pope; he was in correspondence with the Queen of Scots; he had established secret relations with Spain through de Quadra; and Sussex advised war immediate and unsparing. "No greater danger," he said, "had ever been in Ireland;" he implored the queen not to trifle with it, and with a modest sense of his own failures he recommended her to send a more efficient person than himself to take the command—not, he protested, "from any want of will, for he would spend his last penny and his last drop of blood for her majesty," but he knew himself to be unequal to the work.

Post after post brought evidence of the fatal consequences of the quasi recognition of Shan's sovereignty. Right and left he was crushing the petty chiefs, who one and all sent to say that they must yield unless England supported them. Sussex wrote to him in useless menace "that if he followed his foolish pride her majesty would destroy him at the last." He "held a parley" with the Irish council on Dundalk Bridge on the 17th of September, and bound himself "to keep peace with the queen" "for six months;" but he felt himself discharged of all obligations towards a government which had aimed at his life by deliberate treachery. In the face of his ambiguous dealings the garrison had been still maintained at Armagh; at the beginning of October the hostages for his good behaviour, which he had sent in on his return from England, escaped from Dublin Castle; and on the 10th, in a dark, moonless night the guard at the cathedral were alarmed with mysterious lights like blown matches glimmering through the darkness. Had the troops ventured out to reconnoitre, some hundreds of "harquebusmen" were in ambush to cut them off. Suspecting treason they kept within their walls, and Shan was compelled to content himself with driving their cattle; but had they shown outside not a man of them would have been left alive. The next day the Irish came under the gate and taunted them with "cowardice," "telling them the wolves had eaten their cattle, and that the matches they thought they saw were wolves' eyes." [1]

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[1] Sussex to the Queen, September 20: *Irish MSS.*
[2] Sussex to Elizabeth, September 29: Ibid.

Con O'Donnell, the Callogh's son, wrote piteously to Elizabeth that after carrying off his father and his mother, Shan had now demanded the surrender of his castles; he had refused out of loyalty to England, and his farms were burnt, his herds were destroyed, and he was a ruined man.[2]

A few days later M'Guyre, from the banks of Lough Erne, wrote that Shan had summoned him to submit; he had answered "that he would not forsake the English till the English forsook him;" "wherefore," he said, "I know well that within these four days the sayed Shan will come to dystroy me contrey except your lordshypp will sette some remedy in the matter." [3]

Sussex was powerless. Duly as the unlucky chief foretold, Shan came down into Fermanagh "with a great hoste;" M'Guyre still kept his truth to England; "wherefore Shan began to wax mad and to cawsse his men to bran all his corn and howsses;" he spared neither church nor sanctuary; three hundred women and children were piteously murdered; and M'Guyre himself "clean banished," as he described it, took refuge with the remnant of his people in the islands on the lake, whither Shan was making boats to pursue him.

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[1] Sussex to Elizabeth, October 15: *Irish MSS.*

[2] Con O'Donnell to Elizabeth, September 30: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.* Sussex, in forwarding the letter, added—

"This Con is valiant, wise, much disposed of himself to civility, true of his word, speaketh and writeth very good English, and hath natural shamefastness in his face, which few of the wild Irish have, and is assuredly the likeliest plant that can grow in Ulster to graft a good subject on."

[3] M'Guyre to Sussex, October 9: WRIGHT'S *Elizabeth*, vol. i. p. 93.

"Help me, your lordship," the hunted wretch cried in his despair to Sussex; "I promes you, and you doo not sy the rather to Shan O'Nele is besynes, ye ar lyke to make hym the strongest man of all Erlond, for every man wyll take an exampull by me gratte lostys; take hyd to yourself by thymes, for he is lyke to have all the power from this place thill he come to the wallys of Gallway to rysse against you." [1]

Elizabeth knew not now which way to turn. Force, treachery, conciliation, had been tried successively, and the Irish problem was more hopeless than ever. Sussex had protested from the first against the impolicy of recognising Shan; the event had proved that he was right and the queen now threw herself upon him and the council of Ireland for advice. In the dense darkness of the prospects of Ulster there was a solitary gleam of light. Grown insolent with prosperity, Shan had been dealing too peremptorily with the Scots; his countess, though compelled to live with him and to be the mother of his children, had felt his brutality, repented of her folly, and perhaps attempted to escape. In the day time when he was abroad marauding, she was coupled like a hound to a page or a horse-boy, and only released at night when he returned to his evening orgies.[2] The fierce Campbells were not men to bear tamely these outrages from a drunken savage on the sister of their chief; and Sussex conceived that if the Scots could by any contrivance be separated from Shan they might be used "as a whip to scourge him."

Elizabeth bade Sussex do his best. The Irish council agreed with the deputy that the position of things "was the most dangerous that had ever been in Ireland;" and that if the queen intended to continue to hold the country Shan must be crushed at all hazards and at all costs. In desperate acquiescence she consented to supply the means for another invasion; yet, with characteristic perversity, she refused to accept Sussex's estimate of his own inability to conduct it. In submitting to his opinion she insisted that he should take the responsibility of carrying it into action.

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[1] Shan M'Guyre to Sussex, October 20 and November 25: Wright, vol. i. M'Guyre adds a curious caution to Sussex to write to him in English and not in Latin, because he would not clerks nor other men should know his mind.

[2] "Shan O'Neil possesseth O'Donnell's wife, and by him she is with child. She is all day chained by the arm to a little boy, and at bed and board, when he is present, she is at liberty."—Randolph to Cecil: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

Once more therefore the deputy prepared for war. Fresh stores were thrown into Armagh, and the troops there increased to a number which could harass Tyrone through the winter. The M'Connells were plied with promises to which they were not unwilling to listen; and among the O'Neils themselves a faction was raised opposed to Shan under Tirlogh, the murderer of the Baron of Dungannon. O'Donnell was encouraged to hold out; M'Guyre defended himself in his islands. By the beginning of February Sussex undertook to relieve them.

Unhappily the deputy had but too accurately measured his own incapacity. His assassination plots were but the forlorn resources of a man who felt his work too heavy for him; the Irish council had no confidence in a man who had none in himself; and certain that any enterprise which was left to him to conduct would end in disaster, they were unwilling to waste their men, their money, or their reputation. The army was disaffected, disorganised, and mutinous; Sussex lamented its condition to the home government, but was powerless to improve it; at length Kildare and Ormond, in the name of the other loyal noblemen and gentlemen, declared that they had changed their minds; they declined to supply their promised contingents for the invasion, and requested that it should be no longer thought of. The farmers of the Pale gathered courage from the example. They too refused to serve. When required to supply provisions, they replied with complaining of the extortion of the soldiers. They swore "they would rather be hanged at their own doors" than establish such a precedent. "If the deputy looked to have provisions from them he would find himself deceived;" and Sussex, distracted and miserable, could only declare that the Irish council was in a conspiracy "to keep O'Neil from falling."[1]

Thus February 1563 passed and March, and M'Guyre and O'Donnell were not relieved. At last, between threats and entreaty, Sussex wrung from Ormond an unwilling acquiescence; and on the 6th of April, with a mixed force of Irish and English, ill armed, ill supplied, dispirited and almost disloyal, Sussex set out for the north. He took but provision for three weeks with him. A vague hope was held out by the farmers that a second supply should be collected at Dundalk.

The achievements of an army so composed and so commanded scarcely require to be detailed. The sole result of a winter's expensive, if worthless, preparation was thus summed up in the report from the deputy to the queen:—

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[1] Sussex to Elizabeth, February 19; Sussex to the English Council, March 1; Sussex to Cecil, March 1: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

"*April* 6. The army arrives at Armagh.

"*April* 8. We return to Newry to bring up stores and ammunition which had been left behind.

"*April* 11. We again advance to Armagh, where we remain waiting for the arrival of galloglasse and kerne from the Pale.

"*April* 14. A letter from James M'Connell, which we answer.

"*April* 15. The galloglasse not coming, we go upon Shan's cattle, of which we take enough to serve us; we should have taken more if we had had galloglasse.

"*April* 16. We return to Armagh.

"*April* 17, 18, 19. We wait for the galloglasse. At last we send back to Dublin for them, and begin to fortify the churchyard.

"*April* 20. We write to M'Connell, who will not come to us, notwithstanding his promise.

"*April* 21. We survey the Trough Mountains, said to be the strongest place in Ireland.

"*April* 22. We return to Armagh with the spoil taken, which would have been much greater if we had had galloglasse, 'and because St. George's even forced me, her majesty's lieutenant, to return to Divine service that night.'

"*April* 23. 'Divine service.'"

The three weeks had now all but expired; the provisions were consumed; it was necessary to fall back on the Pale, and if the farmers had kept their word, if he could obtain some Irish horse, and if the Scots did not assist Shan, which he thought it likely that they would do, Sussex trusted on his next advance that he would accomplish something more. Conscious of failure, he threw the blame on others. "I have been commanded to the field," he wrote to Cecil, "and I have not one penny of money; I must lead forth an army and have no commission; I must continue in the field and I see not how I shall be victualled; I must fortify and have no working tools."[1]

Such, after six months of preparation, was the deputy's hopeless condition; the money, in which, if the complaints in England of the expenses of the Irish war were justified, he had not been stinted, all gone; and neither food nor even spade and mattock. In the Pale "he could not get a man to serve the queen, nor a peck of corn to feed the army."[2] At length, with a wild determination to do something, he made a plundering raid towards Clogher, feeding his men on the cattle which they could steal, wasted a few miles of country, and having succeeded in proving to the Irish that he could do them no serious harm, relinquished the expedition in despair. He exclaimed loudly that the fault did not rest with him. The Scots had deceived him. "The Englishry of the Pale" were secretly unwilling that the rebellion should be put down. The Ulster chiefs durst not move because they distrusted his power to protect them. The rupture between England and France had given a stimulus to the rebellion, and "to expel Shan was but a Sisyphus' labour."[1]

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[1] Sussex to the Council, April 24; Sussex to Cecil, April 24: *Irish MSS.*

[2] Sussex to the Council, April 28: Ibid.

There may have been some faint foundation for these excuses. The Irish council, satisfied of the deputy's incapacity, had failed to exert themselves; while in England the old policy of leaving Ireland to be governed by the Irish had many defenders; and Elizabeth had been urged to maintain an inefficient person against his will in the command, with a hope, unavowed by those who advised her, that he would fail.

Most certainly the English commander had done no injustice to his incompetency. Three hundred horses were reported to have been lost, and Cecil wrote to inquire the meaning of it. Sussex admitted that "the loss was true indeed." Being Easter-time, and he having travelled the week before and Easter-day till night, thought fit to give Easter Monday to prayer—and in this time certain churls stole off with the horses.[2]

The piety which could neglect practical duty for the outward service of devotion, yet at the same time could make overtures to Neil Grey to assassinate his master, requires no very lenient consideration.

The news of the second failure reached Elizabeth at the crisis of the difficulty at Havre. She was straining every nerve to supply the waste of an army which the plague was destroying. She had a war with France hanging over her head. She was uncertain of Spain and but half secure of the allegiance of her English subjects. It was against her own judgment that the last enterprise had been adventured, and she reverted at once to her original determination to spend no more money in reforming a country which every effort for its amendment plunged into deeper anarchy. She would content herself with a titular sovereignty. She would withdraw or reorganise on a changed footing the profligate and worthless soldiers whose valour flinched from an enemy, and went no further than the plunder of a friend. The Irish should be left to themselves to realise their own ideals and govern themselves their own way.

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[1] Sussex to Cecil, May 20.

[2] Sussex to Cecil, May 26: *Irish MSS.*

Sir Thomas Cusak, a member of the Irish council, came over with a scheme which, if the queen consented to it, would satisfy the people and would ensure the return of Shan O'Neil to a nominal allegiance. The four provinces should constitute each a separate presidency. Ulster, Connaught, and Munster should be governed in the queen's name by some Irish chief or nobleman—if not elected by the people, yet chosen in compliance with their wishes. O'Neil would have the north, the O'Briens or the Clanrickards the west. The south would fall to Desmond. On these conditions Cusak would undertake for the quiet of the country and for the undisturbed occupation of the Pale by the English government.

Prepared as Elizabeth had almost become to abandon Ireland entirely, she welcomed this project as a reprieve. She wrote to Sussex to say that, finding his expedition had resulted only in giving fresh strength to Shan O'Neil, "she had decided to come to an end of the war of Ulster by agreement rather than by force;" and Cusak returned the first week in August empowered to make whatever concessions should be necessary, preparatory to the proposed alteration.

To Shan O'Neil he was allowed to say that the queen was surprised at his folly in levying war against her; nor could she understand his object. She was aware of his difficulties; she knew "the barbarity" of the people with whom he had to deal; she had never intended to exact any strict account of him; and if he was dissatisfied with the arrangements to which he had consented when in England, he had but to prove himself a good subject, and he "should not only have those points reformed, but also any pre-eminence in that country which her majesty might grant without doing any other person wrong." If he desired to have a council established at Armagh, he should himself be the president of that council; if he wished to drive the Scots out of Antrim, her own troops should assist in the expulsion; if he was offended with the garrison in the cathedral, she would gladly see peace maintained in a manner less expensive to herself. To the primacy he might name the person most agreeable to himself; and with the primacy, as a matter of course, even the form of maintaining the Protestant Church would be abandoned also.

In return for these concessions the queen demanded only that to save her honour Shan should sue for them as a favour instead of demanding them as a right.[1] The rebel chief consented without difficulty to conditions which cost him nothing; and after an interview with Cusak, O'Neil wrote a formal apology to Elizabeth, and promised for the future to be her majesty's true and faithful subject. Indentures were drawn on the 17th of December, in which the Ulster sovereignty was transferred to him in everything but the name; and the treaty—such treaty as it was—required only Elizabeth's signature, when a second dark effort was made to cut the knot of the Irish difficulty.

As a first evidence of returning cordiality, a present of wine was sent to Shan from Dublin. It was consumed at his table, but the poison had been unskilfully prepared. It brought him and half his household to the edge of death, but no one actually died. Refined chemical analysis was not required to detect the cause of the illness; and Shan clamoured for redress with the fierceness of a man accustomed rather to do wrong than to suffer it.

The guilt could not be fixed on Sussex. The crime was traced to an English resident in Dublin named Smith; and if Sussex had been the instigator, his instrument was too faithful to betray him. Yet, after the fatal letter in which the earl had revealed to Elizabeth his own personal endeavours to procure O'Neil's murder, the suspicion cannot but cling to him that the second attempt was not made without his connivance. Nor can Elizabeth herself be wholly acquitted of responsibility. She professed the loudest indignation; but she ventured no allusion to his previous communication with her; and no hint transpires of any previous displeasure with Sussex's previous confession to herself.

In its origin and in its close the story is wrapped in mystery. The treachery of an English nobleman, the conduct of the inquiry, and the anomalous termination of it, would have been incredible even in Ireland, were not the original correspondence extant in which the facts are not denied. Elizabeth, on the receipt of O'Neil's complaint, directed Sir Thomas Cusak to look into the evidence most scrupulously; she begged Shan to produce every proof which he could obtain for the detection "both of the party himself and of all others that were any wise thereto consenting; to the intent none might escape that were parties thereunto of what condition soever the same should be."

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[1] Instructions to Sir Thomas Cusak, August 7: *Irish MSS.*

"We have given commandment," she wrote to Sussex, "to show you how much it grieveth us to think that any such horrible attempt should be used as is alleged by Shan O'Neil to have been attempted by Thomas Smith to kill him by poison; we doubt not but you have, as reason is, committed the said Smith to prison, and proceeded to the just trial thereof; for it behoveth us for all good and honourable respects to have the fault severely punished, and so we will and charge you to do." [1]

"We assure you," she wrote to Cusak, "the indignation which we conceive of this fact, being told with some probability by you, together with certain other causes of suspicion which O'Neil hath gathered, hath wrought no small effect in us to incline us to bear with divers things unorderly passed, and to trust to that which you have on his behalf promised hereafter in time to come." [2]

It is in human nature to feel deeper indignation at a crime which has been detected and exposed than at guilt equally great of which the knowledge is confined to the few who might profit by it; yet after the repeated acts of treachery which had been at least meditated towards Shan with Elizabeth's knowledge, she was scarcely justified in assuming a tone of such innocent anger; nor was the result of the investigation more satisfactory. After many contradictions and denials Smith at last confessed his guilt, took the entire responsibility on himself, and declared that his object was to rid his country of a dangerous enemy. The English law in the sixteenth century against crimes of violence has not been suspected of too much leniency; yet it was discovered by some strange interpretation that as the crime had not been completed it was not punishable by death. Notwithstanding Elizabeth's letter there was an evident desire to hush up the inquiry; and strangest of all, Sir Thomas Cusak induced O'Neil to drop his complaint. "I persuaded O'Neil to forget the matter," Cusak wrote to Cecil in 1564, "whereby no more talk should grow of it; seeing there is no law to punish the offender other than by discretion in imprisonment, which O'Neil would little regard except the party might be executed by death, and that the law doth not suffer. So as the matter being wisely pacified it were well done to leave it." [3]

Behind the fragments of information preserved in the state correspondence, much may remain concealed, which if found might explain a conclusion so unexpected. Had Smith been the only offender it might have been expected that he would have been gladly sacrificed as an evidence of Elizabeth's even-handedness, and Shan perhaps did not care for the punishment of a subordinate if he could not reach the principal.

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[1] The Queen to Sussex, October 15: *Irish MSS.*

[2] The Queen to Sir Thomas Cusak: Ibid.

[3] Sir Thomas Cusak to Cecil, March 22, 1564: Ibid.

He used the occasion however to grasp once more at the great object of his ambition, and to obtain with it if possible a refined revenge on Sussex. Seeing Elizabeth anxious, whether honestly or from motives of policy, to atone for the attempt to murder him, he renewed his suit to her for an English wife. The M'Ilams, relations of the Countess of Argyle, had offered him £1000 to let her go; and Elizabeth half promising if the countess were restored to her friends to consider his prayer, he fixed on Sussex's sister, who had been employed as the bait to catch him; so to humble the haughty English earl into the very dust and dirt.

Elizabeth's desire to conciliate however stopped short of ignominy. Lord Sussex deserved no better, nor his sister if she had been a party to her brother's plot; but Cecil did not even venture "to move the matter to the queen, fearing how she might take it;" and Shan, laying by his resentment, contented himself with the substantial results of his many successes. M'Guyre had to fly from his islands; O'Donnell's castles were surrendered; the Armagh garrison was withdrawn at last. Over lake and river, bog and mountain, Shan was undisputed Lord of Ulster—save only on the Antrim shore where the Scots maintained a precarious independence. So absolute was he that with contemptuous pity he opened the doors of the Callogh's prison. The aged and broken chief came to sue for maintenance at the court to which his fidelity had ruined him; and Cusak consoled Cecil with saying that "he was but a poor creature without activity or manhood," and that "O'Neil, continuing in his truth, was more worthy to be embraced than three O'Donnells."[1]

Here then for the present the story will leave Shan, safely planted on the first step of his ambition, in all but the title sole monarch of the north. He built himself a fort on an island in Lough Neagh, which he called "Foogh-ni-Gall"—or "Hate of Englishmen;" and grew rich on the spoils of his enemies, "the only strong man in Ireland." He administered justice after a paternal fashion, permitting no robbers but himself; when wrong was done he compelled restitution, "or at his own cost redeemed the harm to the loser's contentation."[1] Two hundred pipes of wine were stored in his cellars; six hundred men-at-arms fed at his table—"as it were his janissaries;" and daily he feasted the beggars at his gate, "saying it was meet to serve Christ first." Half wolf, half fox, he lay couched in his "Castle of Malepartus," with his emissaries at Rome, at Paris, and at Edinburgh. In the morning he was the subtle and dexterous pretender to the Irish throne; in the afternoon, "when the wine was in him," he was a dissolute savage revelling in sensuality, with his unhappy countess uncoupled from her horse-boy to wait upon his pleasure.

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[1] Cusak to Cecil, 1564: *Irish MSS.*

He broke loose from time to time to keep his hand in practice: at Carlingford, for instance, he swept off one day some 200 sheep and oxen, while his men violated 60 women in the town.[2] But Elizabeth looked away and endeavoured not to see; the English government had resolved "to stir no sleeping dogs in Ireland till a staff was provided to chastise them if they would bite."[3] Terence Daniel, the dean of those rough-riding canons of Armagh, was installed as primate; the Earl of Sussex was recalled to England; and the new archbishop, unable to contain his exultation at the blessed day which had dawned upon his country, wrote to Cecil to say how the millennium had come at last—glory be to God!

Meantime Cecil set himself to work at the root of the evil. Relinquishing for the present the hope of extending the English rule in Ireland, he endeavoured to probe the secret of its weakness and to restore some kind of order and justice in the counties where that rule survived. On the return of Sussex to England Sir Thomas Wroth and Sir Nicholas Arnold were sent over as commissioners to inquire into the complaints against the army. The scandals which they brought to light, the recrimination, rage, and bitterness which they provoked, fill a large volume of the State Papers.

Peculation had grown into a custom; the most barefaced frauds had been converted by habit into rights; and "a captain's" commission was thought "ill-handled" if it did not yield beyond the pay £500 a year. The companies appeared in the pay books as having their full complement of 100 men. The actual number rarely exceeded 60. The soldiers followed the example of their leaders, and robbed and ground the peasantry. Each and all had commenced their evil ways, when the government itself was the first and worst offender.

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[1] CAMPION.

[2] Fitzwilliam to Cecil, June 17, 1565: *Irish MSS.*

[3] Cecil to Sir Nicholas Arnold: Ibid.

A few more years—perhaps months—of such doings would have made an end of English dominion. Sir Thomas Wroth described the Pale on his arrival as a weltering sea of confusion —" the captains out of credit," " the soldiers " mutinous, the English government hated; " every man seeking his own, and none that which was Christ's; " " few in all the land reserved from bowing the knee to Baal; " " the laws for religion mere words." [1]

Something too much of theological anxiety impaired Wroth's usefulness. He wished to begin at the outside with reforming the creed. The thing needful was to reform the heart and to bring back truth and honesty. Wroth therefore was found unequal to the work; and the purification of the Pale was left to Arnold—a hard, iron, pitiless man, careful of things and careless of phrases, untroubled with delicacy, and impervious to Irish " enchantments." The account books were dragged to light; where iniquity in high places was registered in inexorable figures. The hands of Sir Henry Ratcliffe, the brother of Sussex, were not found clean. Arnold sent him to the castle with the rest of the offenders. Deep leading drains were cut through the corrupting mass; the shaking ground grew firm; and honest, healthy human life was again made possible. With the provinces beyond the Pale Arnold meddled little, save where, taking a rough view of the necessities of the case, he could help the Irish chiefs to destroy each other. To Cecil he wrote:—

" I am with all the wild Irish at the same point I am at with bears and bandogs; when I see them fight, so they fight earnestly indeed and tug each other well, I care not who has the worst." [2]

Why not, indeed? Better so than to hire assassins! Cecil, with the modesty of genius, confessed his ignorance of the country and his inability to judge; yet in such opinions as he allowed himself to give there was generally a certain nobility of tone and sentiment.

" You be of that opinion," he replied, " which many wise men are of—from which I do not dissent, being an Englishman; but being as I am a Christian man, I am not without some perplexity to enjoy of such cruelties." [3]

Arnold however, though perhaps not personally responsible, saw the Irish rending each other as he desired. The formal division into presidencies could not be completed on the moment; but English authority having ceased to cast its shadow beyond the Pale, the leading chiefs seized or contended for the rule. In the north O'Neil was without a rival. In the west the O'Briens and the Clanrickards shared without disputing for them the glens and moors of Galway, Clare, and Mayo. The richer counties of Munster were a prize to excite a keener competition; and when the English government was no longer in a position to interfere, the feud between the Butlers and the Geraldines of the south burst like a volcano in fury, and like a volcano in the havoc which it spread. Even now the picture drawn by Sir Henry Sidney and repeated by Spenser can scarcely be contemplated without emotion. The rich limestone pastures were burnt into a wilderness; through Kilkenny, Tipperary, and Cork, "a man might ride twenty or thirty miles nor ever find a house standing;" "and the miserable poor were brought to such wretchedness that any stony heart would have rued the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glens they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death; they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrions, happy where they could find them; yea, they did eat one another soon after, insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for a time. Yet were they not all long to continue therewithal, so that in short space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country was suddenly left void of man and beast; yet surely in all that war there perished not many by the sword, but all by the extremity of famine which they themselves had wrought."[1]

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[1] Sir Thomas Wroth to Cecil, April 16: *Irish MSS.*

[2] Sir Nicholas Arnold to Cecil, January 29, 1565: Ibid.

[3] Cecil to Sir N. Arnold, February 28: Ibid.

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[1] Compare Spenser's "State of Ireland" with "A Description of Munster," by Sir Henry Sidney, after a journey through it in 1566. The original of Sidney's despatch is in the Record Office. It was printed by Collins.—*Sidney Papers*, vol. i.

CHAPTER VIII

ELIZABETH AND DE SILVA

The policy of Elizabeth towards the French Protestants had not been successful. Had her assistance been moderately disinterested she would have secured their friendship, and at the close of the eight years, fixed by the Treaty of Cambray for the restoration of Calais, she would have experienced the effects of their gratitude. By the forcible retention of Havre after the civil war was ended she had rekindled hereditary animosities; she had thrown additional doubt on her sincerity as a friend of the Reformation; she had sacrificed an English army, while she had provided the French government with a fair pretext for disowning its obligations, and was left with a war upon her hands from which she could hardly extricate herself with honour. A fortnight before Havre surrendered, the Prince of Condé had offered, if she would withdraw from it, that the clause in the Treaty of Cambray affecting Calais should be reaccepted by the King of France, the queen-mother, the council, the noblesse, and the Parliament. She had angrily and contemptuously refused; and now with crippled finances, with trade ruined, with the necessity growing upon her, as it had grown upon her sister, of contracting loans at Antwerp, her utmost hope was to extort the terms which she had then rejected.

Unable to maintain a regular fleet at sea she had let loose the privateers, whose exploits hereafter will be more particularly related. In this place it is enough to say that they had found in the ships of Spain, Flanders, or even of their own country, more tempting booty than in the coasting traders of Brittany. English merchants and sailors were arrested in Spanish harbours and imprisoned in Spanish dungeons in retaliation for "depredations committed by the adventurers;" while a bill was presented by the Madrid government of two million ducats for injuries inflicted by them on Spanish subjects.[1] In vain Philip struggled to avoid a quarrel with Elizabeth; in vain Elizabeth refused to be the champion of the Reformation: the animosities of their subjects and the necessity of things were driving them forward towards the eventually inevitable breach. Mary Stuart was looking to the King of Spain and the King of Spain to Mary Stuart, each as the ally designed by Providence for the other; and the English government in this unlucky war with France was quarrelling with the only European power which, since the breach of Henry VIII. with the Papacy, had been cordially its friend. The House of Guise was under eclipse. The Queen of Scots' ambitions were no objects of interest to the queen-mother. The policy of France was again ready to be moderate, national, anti-Spanish, and anti-Papal, to be all which England would most desire to see it. It was imperatively necessary that Elizabeth should make peace, that she should endure as she best might the supposed ingratitude of Condé, and accept the easiest terms to which Catherine de Medici would now consent.[1]

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[1] Reasons for a peace with France, March 10, 1564: *French MSS. Rolls House.*

The diplomatic correspondence which had continued since the summer had so far been unproductive of result. The French pretended that the Treaty of Cambray had been broken by the English in the seizure of Havre, and that Elizabeth's claims on Calais, and on the half million crowns which were to be paid if Calais was not restored, were alike forfeited. They demanded therefore the release of the hostages which they had given in as their security; and they detained Sir Nicholas Throgmorton on his parole until their countrymen were returned into their hands.

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[1] A letter of Sir John Mason to Cecil expresses the sense entertained by English statesmen of the necessity of peace:—"My health, I thank God, I have recovered, nothing remaining but an ill cough, which will needs accompany *senectutem meam* to the journey's end; whereof my care is much lessened by the great care of the many sicknesses that I see in our commonwealth, which is to me more dear than is either health or life to be assaulted with; which would God were but infirmities as you do term them, ac non potius κακοήθειαι, seu quod genus morbi iis sit magis immorigerum et ad sanandum rebellius; and that worse is, cum universæ corporis partes nobis doleant a vertice capitis usque ad plantam pedis, dolorem tamen (for any care that is seen to be had thereof) sentire non videmur, quod mentis ægrotantis est indicium. A great argument whereof is that in tot Reipublicæ difficultatibus editur bibitur luditur altum dormitur privata curantur publica negliguntur ceu riderent omnia et pax rebus esset altissima. The fear of God, whereby all things were wont to be kept in indifferent order, is in effect gone, and he seemeth to weigh us and to conduct our doings thereafter. The fear of the prince goeth apace after, whereof we see daily proof both by sea and land. It is high time therefore for her highness to take some good way with her enemy, and to grow with him to some reasonable end, yielding to necessity cui ne Dii quidem resistunt, et non ponere rumores ante salutem; and to answer our friends in reason, so as rebus foris constitutis, she may wholly attend to see things in better order at home; the looseness whereof is so great, as being not remedied in time, the tempest is not a little to be feared cum tot coactæ nubes nobis minantur, which God of his mercy, by the prayer of decem justi, a nobis longissime avertat.

"The queen is expected to go north on progress, whereunto no good man will counsel her. There be in this city and about it numbers of men in much necessity, some for lack of work and some for lack of will to work. If these, with others that have possessed the highways round about, be not by some good means kept in awe, I fear there will be ill dwelling near unto London by such as have anything to take to."—Mason to Cecil, March 8: *Lansdowne MSS. 7*.

The English maintained on the other side that they had acted only in self-defence, that the treaty had been first violated by the French when Francis and Mary assumed Elizabeth's arms and style, that the house of Guise had notoriously conspired against her throne, and that Calais therefore had been already forfeited to themselves.

Between these two positions Paul de Foix, the French ambassador in London, Sir Thomas Smith, Elizabeth's ambassador in Paris, and Throgmorton with a special and separate commission, were endeavouring to discover some middle ground of agreement.

The French hostages individually had proved themselves a disagreeable burden on Elizabeth. They had been sent to reside at Eton, where they had amused themselves with misleading the Eton boys into iniquity; they had brought ambiguous damsels into the Fellows' Common Room, and had misconducted themselves in the Fellows' precincts " in an unseemly manner." To give them up was to acquiesce in the French interpretation of the Calais question. They were therefore arrested in retaliation for the arrest of Throgmorton, and were thrown into prison.

Yet the exigencies of England required peace, and France knew it; and the negotiations took a form which might without difficulty have been foreseen; Elizabeth made demands on which she durst not insist, and she acquiesced at last in a conclusion which was made humiliating by the reluctance with which it was accepted.

On the 28th of January Sir Thomas Smith reported that the queen-mother and her ministers were anxious to come to terms, that they desired nothing better than a return to the " natural love " which had existed " between old King Francis and King Henry; " but that to speak any more of " the ratification of the Treaty of Cambray was lost labour."[1] Elizabeth knew that she must give way, yet she desired to give way with dignity: instead of replying to Smith she wrote to Throgmorton, who was intrusted with powers to negotiate independently of his colleague. She admitted that if the treaty was not to be ratified she could not stand out upon it; yet unwilling to commit herself formally she desired Throgmorton to go "as of himself" to the queen-mother and inquire whether she would consent to a general peace with a mutual reservation of rights. She said that she would not part with the hostages. If their restitution was demanded as a right "she would rather abide the worst that could be done against her." There might be a private understanding that on the signature of the treaty they should be released from arrest; but even so they must remain in England[1] until the French had either paid the money or had given mercantile security for it. To surrender them otherwise would be an admission that the Treaty of Cambray was no longer binding.

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[1] Sir Thomas Smith to Elizabeth, January 28: *French MSS. Rolls House.*

February was consumed in diplomatic fencing over these proposals; and Throgmorton tried in turn the queen-mother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, the constable, the Cardinal of Bourbon, and the chancellor. But if Elizabeth was afraid of doing anything to compromise the treaty, the French were equally afraid of doing anything to acknowledge it. They would give no second security to recover the hostages; they would not pay the half million crowns because it was the sum which the treaty named. Throgmorton said that his mistress would make no objection to six hundred thousand if they were afraid of the stipulated figures; but this way out of the difficulty did not commend itself.

La Halle, a gentleman of the court, aiming at Elizabeth through her weak side, suggested a present of a hundred thousand crowns to Lord Robert. The queen-mother offered to add to it some rich jewel from the French crown; but Sir Nicholas encouraged this suggestion as little as the French court had encouraged the other. At last the Cardinal of Lorraine in private told him that a hundred and twenty thousand crowns would be paid for the hostages—so much and no more. The Prince of Condé and those in the French council whom the Queen of England had obliged the most were opposed to making any concessions at all, and only wished the war to continue; and the cardinal hinted as a reason for Elizabeth's consent that it was well known that she could not trust her own subjects.

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[1] We mean not by any our own act to consent that the hostages should depart hence, as persons in whom we had no interest in respect of the Treaty of Cambray, without we may have caution according to the treaty; and though they be not here but for a sum of money, yet if we should let them depart, having neither the money nor other hostages, nor yet caution of merchants, we should thereby to our dishonour consent that the treaty was void."—Elizabeth to Throgmorton, February 3: *French MSS. Rolls House.*

To this last suggestion Throgmorton answered that "Although there were some that desired the Roman religion, as he thought there were, yet the former agitations and torments about the change of religion had so wearied each party that the whole were resolved to endure no more changes, for they were so violent; all sorts, of what religion soever they were, did find more ease and surety to serve and obey than to rebel; and for proof the greatest number of those that had lost their lives in the wars at Newhaven and other places were reported to be of the Roman religion: so as surely the diversity of conscience did not in England make diversities of duties or breed new disobedience."[1]

Some truth there doubtless was in this account of the state of English feeling; yet Throgmorton could scarcely have felt the confidence which he expressed. The disaffection of the Catholics was but too notorious, although Philip had embarrassed their action by forbidding them to look to France for assistance.

The loyalty or disloyalty of the English people however did not touch the immediate question. Beyond the hundred and twenty thousand crowns the French offer would not rise. Throgmorton wrote home for instructions, and the proposal was met in the spirit which usually characterised Elizabeth's money transactions.

The queen replied with directing the ambassadors to demand four hundred thousand crowns; if the French refused, she said that they might descend to three hundred thousand, and must protest that they had not power to go lower; if there was no hope of obtaining three hundred thousand, "they must do their uttermost to make the sum not less than two hundred thousand."

These instructions were delivered in the usual form to the state messenger Somers, and appeared to be an ultimatum; but Somers carried with him a second sealed packet which he was not to deliver except at the last extremity. The ambassadors were to be able to say with a clear conscience that they had no authority to accept less than the two hundred thousand; yet sooner than let the chance of peace escape they were to be allowed at the last extremity to take whatever Catherine de Medici would give.

[1] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, February 28: *French MSS. Rolls House.*

The French court was at Troyes when Somers arrived. Smith and Throgmorton who had been employed hitherto as rivals—each informed of but half the truth, and intrusted with information which had been concealed from the other—were united at last in a common humiliation. With the first despatch in his hand Sir Thomas Smith repaired to the queen-mother, and descended his scale so far as he then knew that his powers extended. Catherine replied shortly that the recovery of Havre had cost France two millions of gold; on the sum to be paid to Elizabeth " she had not bargained and huckstered and altered her terms as the English had done; she had fixed in her own mind at first what she would give; and she would give that or nothing." She intended to leave Troyes the following morning. If not accepted in the meantime the offer would be withdrawn.

With this answer Smith returned to his brother ambassador. They were looking blankly in each other's faces when Somers produced his second letter. The seal was broken. They found themselves permitted to consent; and they sent a message to Bourdin, Catherine's secretary, begging him to come to them. Their tempers were not improved by the position in which Elizabeth had placed them; and while waiting for Bourdin's arrival each laid on the other the blame of their bad success. Throgmorton " chafed and fumed," " detested and execrated himself!" and then accused his companion of having betrayed to the queen-mother the secret of the second commission. Smith protested that he could not have betrayed what he did not know; but five years of " practice " and conspiracy were ending in shame; and Sir Nicholas could not bear it and was unreasonable.

Sir Thomas Smith himself describes the scene.

" 'I tell the queen-mother!' quoth I. 'Why or how should I tell her?'

" 'Thou liest!' said Throgmorton, 'like a whoreson traitor as thou art.'

" 'A whoreson traitor! Nay, thou liest!' quoth I. 'I am as true to the queen's majesty as thou, every day in the week, and have done and do her highness as good service as thou.'

" Hereupon Sir Nicholas drew his dagger, and poured out such terms as his malicious and furious rage had in store; and called me 'arrant knave,' 'beggarly knave,' 'traitor,' and other such injuries as came next to hand out of his good store.

" I drew my dagger also. Mr. Somers stepped between us; but as he pressed with his dagger to come near me, I bade him stand back and not come no nearer to me, or I would cause him stand back, and give him such a mark as his Bedlam furious head did deserve." [1]

To such a pass had two honest men been brought by Elizabeth's bargain-driving. Throgmorton felt the wound most deeply, as the person chiefly answerable for the French policy. He had offered "to lie in prison for a year rather than the enemy should have their will." To rouse the queen to fierceness he had quoted the French proverb, that "if she made herself a sheep the wolf would devour her;" [2] and it ended in his being compelled at last to haggle like a cheating shopkeeper, and to fail.

The ruffled humours cooled at last, and when quiet was restored Smith proposed one more attempt to "traffic;" but Sir Nicholas would not give Catherine any further triumph; Bourdin came, and the Peace of Troyes was arranged.

The terms were simple. Complicated claims and rights on both sides were reserved; the Treaty of Cambray was neither acknowledged nor declared void; the French hostages were to be released from England; the French government undertook to pay for them the hundred and twenty thousand crowns; and free trade was to be allowed "between the subjects of both sovereigns in all parts of their respective dominions." [3] The unfortunate war was at an end. Elizabeth was obliged to bear graciously with the times; and her bitterness was reserved for the Prince of Condé. From him she charged Smith to demand instant repayment of the loan which she had advanced to him in his hour of difficulty. "We mean not," she said, "to be so deluded as both to forbear our money and to have had at this time no friendship by his means in the conclusion of the peace." [4]

The peace itself came not an hour too soon. Scarcely was it signed than news arrived from Italy that the Sacred College had repented of their first honest answer to the English Catholics who had asked leave to attend the established services. It had been decided in secret council to permit Catholics in disguise to hold benefices in England, to take the oaths of allegiance, and to serve Holy Church in the camp of the enemy. "Remission of sin to them and their heirs—with annuities, honours, and promotions," was offered "to any cook, brewer, baker, vintner, physician, grocer, surgeon, or other who would make away with the queen;" the curse of God and his vicar was threatened against all those "who would not promote and assist by money or otherwise the pretences of the Queen of Scots to the English crown;"[1] the court of Rome, once illustrious as the citadel of the saints, was given over to Jesuitism and the devil; and the papal fanatics in England began to weave their endless web of conspiracy—aiming amidst a thousand variations at the heart of Queen Elizabeth.

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[1] Smith to Cecil, April 13: *French MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "Si tu te fais ung mouton le loup te mangera."

[3] Peace of Troyes: RYMER.

[4] Elizabeth to Sir T. Smith, May 2: *French MSS. Rolls House.*

The ruffle with France sunk speedily into calm. The ratifications were promptly exchanged. Lord Hunsdon went to France, taking with him the Garter for the young king.[2] M. de Gonor and the Bishop of Coutances came to England; and an attempt, not very successful, was made to show them in their reception that England was better defended than they supposed. In January, when a French invasion was thought likely, Archbishop Parker had reported "Dover, Walmer, and Deal as forsaken and unregarded for any provision;" "the people feeble, unarmed, and commonly discomforted towards the feared mischief." The Lord Warden had gone to his post "as naked without strength of men." The archbishop, living at Bekesbourne with the ex-Bishop of Ely and another Catholic at free prison, felt uneasy for his charge; and not sharing Throgmorton's confidence and believing that if the French landed they would carry all before them, wrote to Cecil to warn him of the danger "which if not looked to he feared would be irreparable."

"If the enemy have an entry," he said, "as by great consideration of our weakness and their strength, of their vigilance and our dormitation and protraction, is like, the queen's majesty shall never be able to leave to her successors that which she found delivered her by God's favourable hand."[3]

The peril had passed over; and for fear the French ambassadors might carry back too tempting a report of the defencelessness of the coast, Lord Abergavenny was directed—as if to do them honour—to call under arms the gentlemen of the south-eastern counties. The result not being particularly successful, the archbishop invited De Gonor and the Bishop of Coutances to Bekesbourne, and "in a little vain brag, perhaps infirmity," showed them his well-furnished armoury, hoping that his guests would infer that if a prelate "had regard of such provisions others had more care thereabout."[1]

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[1] Report of E. Dennum, April 13, 1564: STRYPE's *Annals of Elizabeth*, vol. i., part 2, p. 54.

[2] The ceremony was nearly spoilt by an odd accident. The Garter, though Hunsdon said it cost her majesty dear, was a poor and shabby one. It had been made on the common pattern, as if for some burly English nobleman, and would not remain on the puny leg of Charles IX. Hunsdon was obliged to send back in haste for one which had belonged to King Edward or King Philip. "These things," he said, "touch her majesty's honour."—*French MSS.*, May, 1564: *Rolls House.*

[3] Parker to Cecil, January 20 and February 6, 1564: *Lansdowne MSS.*

The thin disguise would have availed little had there been a real desire for the continuance of the war. In the unprotected shores, the open breezy downs, the scattered and weakly-armed population, they observed the facility of invasion, and remarked upon it plainly. But Catherine de Medici had no interest in Mary Stuart and no desire to injure Elizabeth. Mary Stuart's friends were rather at Madrid than at Paris; and the French ministers were more curious of the religious condition of England than of its military defences.

Their visit to Bekesbourne therefore gave occasion for the archbishop and his visitors to compare ecclesiastical notes. The Bishop of Coutances expressed the unexpected pleasure which it had given him to find that "there was so much reverence about the sacraments," "that music was still permitted in the quires," and that the lands of the suppressed abbeys had been bestowed "for pious uses." He wished that as happy a change could be worked in France; and marvelled that the deposed bishops should have been "so stiff" in refusing "to follow the prince's religion;" he noted and delighted in English mediocrity; charging the Genevans and the Scots with going too far in extremities. The archbishop told him that "there were priests and bishops in England both married and unmarried;" "he did not disallow thereof, and was contented to hear evil of the pope."

The ambassadors proceeded to London, leaving behind them an agreeable impression of themselves, and carrying with them a sunny memory of a pleasant English summer home, with its woods and gardens and cawing rooks and cheery social life; the French pages had been so well schooled in their behaviour that when they were gone the archbishop was surprised to find "he could not charge them with purloining the worth of one silver spoon."[2] On both sides of the Channel, in London and Paris, the peace once made there was the warmest endeavour to obliterate painful recollections; the moderate party was in power at the court of Catherine, and with it the liberal anti-Spanish foreign policy; the interests of France and England were identical on the great political questions of the day; and Elizabeth was fortunate in having a treaty forced upon her which obliged Philip to look with less favour on the Queen of Scots—which compelled the Spanish ministers to postpone their resentment against English piracies, and drove them rather to dread their own inability to retain their Low Countries than to seek opportunities for interference abroad.

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[1] Parker to Cecil, June 3: *Domestic MSS. Elizabeth*, vol. xxxiii.
[2] Ibid.

The King of Spain had intended to send no more ambassadors to England till Mary Stuart was on the throne: on the Peace of Troyes he changed his mind, and resumed or affected to resume his friendly relations with Elizabeth. Guzman de Silva received his commission as de Quadra's successor; and once more in the old language Louis Romano, the Spanish agent in London, reported to Granvelle "the affliction and discontent of the English Catholics, who had been encouraged to hope that their trials were at an end, who had rested their entire hopes on Philip, and now knew not where to turn."[1]

Mary Stuart, as her hopes of the Prince of Spain grew fainter, was pausing over the answer which she should make to Elizabeth's last proposals. She had been in communication throughout the winter with the Netherlands, and was perhaps aware in some degree of the difficulties created by the prince's character. She had decisively refused the Archduke of Austria whom Philip wished her to take in his son's stead; and although the Spanish court, waiting probably for some favourable change in Don Carlos, had not yet determined that the marriage must be given up, the Queen of Scots knew enough to prevent her from feeling sanguine of obtaining him. It became necessary for her to consider whether she could make anything out of the English overtures.

Elizabeth's attitude towards her was in the main honourable and statesmanlike. The name of a successor, as she said herself, was like the tolling of her death-bell. In her sister's lifetime she had experienced how an heir-presumptive with an inalienable right became inevitably a rallying point of disaffection. She did not trust the Queen of Scots, and if she allowed her pretensions to be sanctioned by Act of Parliament she anticipated neglect, opposition—perhaps worse. But of assassination she could scarcely be in greater danger than she was already; and if she could induce Mary to meet her half way in some moderate policy, and if the Queen of Scots, instead of marrying a Catholic prince and allying herself with the revolutionary Ultramontanes, would accept an English nobleman of whose loyalty to herself she could feel assured, she was ready to sacrifice her personal unwillingness to what she believed to be the interest of her people. There could then be no danger that England would be sacrificed to the Papacy. Some tolerant creed could be established which Catholics might accept without offence to their consciences, and Protestants could live under without persecution; while the resolution of the two factions into neutrality, if not into friendship, the union of the crowns, and the confidence which would arise from a secured succession, were objects with which private inclination could not be allowed to interfere. Elizabeth had made the offer in good faith, with a sincere hope that it would be accepted, and with a fair ground of confidence that with the conditions which she had named the objections of the House of Commons to the Queen of Scots would be overcome.

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[1] "Los Catolicos del Reyno estan muy afligidos con gran descontento, viendo que todas las esperanças que tenian eran en su Magd., y que no veen semblante ninguno para principio de remediar tanta desventura."—Louis Romano to Granvelle, 1564: *MS. Simancas.*

Even in the person whom in her heart she desired Mary to marry, Elizabeth was giving an evidence of the honesty of her intentions. Lord Robert Dudley was perhaps the most worthless of her subjects; but in the loving eyes of his mistress he was the knight *sans peur et sans reproche ;* and she took a melancholy pride in offering her sister her choicest jewel, and in raising Dudley, though she could not marry him herself, to the reversion of the English throne.

She had not indeed named Lord Robert formally in Randolph's commission. She had spoken of him to Maitland, but she had spoken also of the Earl of Warwick; and she perhaps retained some hope that if Mary would be contented with the elder brother she might still keep her favourite for herself.[1] But if she entertained any such thought she soon abandoned it; her self-abnegation was to be complete; and in ignorance of the objections of Mary Stuart to the Archduke Charles she had even allowed Cecil at the close of 1563 to re-open negotiations with the emperor for the transfer of his son to herself. Ferdinand however had returned a cold answer. He had been trifled with once already. Elizabeth had played with him, he said, for her own purposes with no real intention of marriage; and neither he nor the archduke should be made ridiculous a second time.[1] Elizabeth accepted the refusal and redoubled her advances to Mary Stuart; relinquishing, if she had ever really entertained, the thought of a simultaneous marriage for herself until she had seen how her scheme for Dudley would end.

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[1] Randolph himself seems to have thought something of the kind. On the 21st of January, before the peace with France, he wrote to Elizabeth: "The French have heard through M. de Foix of your majesty's intent, and the Cardinal of Guise is set to hinder it. He writes to the Queen of Scots to beware of your majesty, that you mean nothing less than good faith with her; and that it proceedeth of finesse to make her believe that you intend her good, or that her honour shall be any way advanced by marriage of anything so base as either my Lord Robert or Earl of Warwick, of which two your majesty is determined to take the one and to give her the other. Though this whole matter be not true, your majesty seeth that he hath a shrewd guess at it."—Randolph to Elizabeth, January 21: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

She was so capable of falsehood that her own expressions would have been an insufficient guarantee for her sincerity; yet it will be seen beyond a doubt that those around her—her ministers, her instruments, Cecil, Randolph, the foreign ambassadors—all believed that she really desired to give Dudley to Mary Stuart and to settle the Scottish difficulty by it. In this, as in everything else, she was irresolute and changeable; but neither her conduct nor her words can be reconciled with the hypothesis of intentional duplicity; and the weak point of the project was that which she herself regarded with the greatest self-admiration. She was giving in Lord Robert the best treasure which she possessed; and Cecil approved the choice to rid his mistress of a companion whose presence about her person was a disgrace to her.

But no true friend of the Queen of Scots could advise her to accept a husband whom Elizabeth dared not marry for fear of her subjects' resentment. The first two months of the year passed off with verbal fencing; the Queen of Scots was expecting news from Spain, and Murray and Maitland declined to press upon her the wishes of Elizabeth;[2] while Mary herself began to express an anxiety which derives importance from her later history for the return to Scotland of the Earl of Bothwell.

Bothwell, it will be remembered, had been charged two years before by the Earl of Arran with a design of killing Murray and of carrying off the queen. He had been imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, and had escaped, not it was supposed without Mary's connivance. He had attempted to fly to France, but had been driven by foul weather into Berwick, where he was arrested by the English commander. When Randolph informed the Queen of Scots of his capture "he doubted whether she did give him any thanks for the news;" and a few days after she desired that he should be sent back "to her keeping." Her ministers "suspecting that her mind was more favourable to him than was cause," and fearing that she wished for him only "to be reserved in store to be employed in any kind of mischief," had said that they would rather never see him in Scotland again; and Randolph took the opportunity of giving Cecil his opinion of the Earl of Bothwell.

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[1] Christopher Mundt to Cecil, December 28, 1563: *Burghley Papers*, Haines.

[2] Letters of Randolph to Cecil and Elizabeth, January and February, 1564: *MS. Rolls House.*

"One thing I thought not to omit, that I know him as mortal an enemy to our whole nation as any man alive; despiteful above measure, false and untrue as a devil. If he could have had his will, neither the queen's majesty had stood in as good terms with the Queen of Scots as she doth, nor minister left alive that should be a travailer between their majesties for a continuance of the same. He is an enemy to my country, a blasphemous and irreverent speaker both of his own sovereign and the queen's majesty my mistress; and over that the godly of this whole nation hath cause to curse him for ever. Your honour will pardon me thus angrily to write; it is much less than I do think or have cause to think."[1]

Having an animal of this temper in her hands Elizabeth had not been anxious to let him go. Bothwell was detained for three months at Berwick, and was then sent for to London. The English government, exasperated at the unexpected support which the Scotch Protestants then were lending to Mary Stuart's claims, trusted by keeping him in close confinement and examining him strictly to extract secrets out of him which could be used to re-attach them to England—some proof that the queen intended as soon as occasion served to turn round against them and against the Reformation.[2]

Bothwell was too loyal to his mistress to betray her; but the cage door was not opened. More than a year had passed since his arrest, and he was still detained, without right or shadow of right, a prisoner in the Tower. At length, however, Mary Stuart pleaded so loudly for him that Elizabeth could not refuse. In the midst of the marriage discussion the Queen of Scots asked as a favour what if she had pleased she could have demanded as a right. Bothwell was let go, and made his way into France.

This object secured, Mary Stuart addressed herself more seriously to the larger matter. The emperor, supported by the Cardinal of Lorraine, was still pressing the Archduke Charles upon her, and to make the offer more welcome he proposed to settle on his son an allowance of two million francs a year. But the Archduke Charles was half a Protestant, and was unwelcome to the English Catholics. At the end of February she sent her secretary to Granvelle to explain the reasons which obliged her to refuse the Austrian alliance, and to learn conclusively whether she had anything to hope from Spain.[1] If the Prince of Spain failed, her friends in England wished that she should marry Lord Darnley. She now proposed to play with the position, to affect submission, to induce the Queen of England herself, if possible, to propose Darnley to her; and by accepting him with deferential and seeming reluctance, to obtain the long-desired recognition. Once married to Darnley and admitted by Parliament as heir-presumptive, her course would then be easy. At the bottom of her heart she had determined that she would never cease to be Elizabeth's enemy; never for a moment had she parted with the conviction that the English crown was hers, and that Elizabeth was a usurper. But without support from abroad she was obliged to trust to her address; could she win her way to be "second person," and were she married with Elizabeth's consent to the favourite of the insurrectionary Catholics, she could show her colours with diminished danger; she could extort concession after concession, make good her ground inch by inch and yard by yard, and at last, when the favourable moment came, seize her rival by the throat and roll her from her throne into the dust. Elizabeth had offered her the choice of any English nobleman. Darnley's birth and person marked him out as the one on whom her choice, if anywhere, might naturally be expected to rest. It was with some expectation of hearing his name at least as one among others that she at last pressed Elizabeth to specify the person whom she had in view for her. It was with some real and much affected surprise that she found the name when it came at last—to be that of Lord Robert Dudley—and of Lord Robert Dudley alone.

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, January 22, 1563: *MS. Rolls House.*

[2] "La de Inglaterra, deseosa de descubrir alguna cosa que pudiese causar division entre la de Escocia y Milord James y los demas Protestantes, le ha hecho venir aqui, donde sera examinado y bien guardado. Este es evangelio que aqui se usa."—De Quadra to Philip, April 24, 1563: *MS. Simancas.*

Randolph conveyed Elizabeth's wishes to her, and with them a distinct promise that as Dudley's wife the Queen of England would have her named as successor.

She commanded herself so far as to listen cautiously. She objected to Dudley's inferiority of rank and said that a marriage with him would impair her honour.

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[1] Mary Stuart to Granvelle: LABANOFF, vol. i. p. 200.

It was honour enough, Randolph replied, to inherit such a kingdom as England.

"She looked not," she said, "for the kingdom, for her sister might marry and was likely to live longer than herself; she was obliged to consider her own and her friends' expectations, and she did not think they would agree that she should abase her state so far."

So far she answered in public; but Mary Stuart's art was to affect a peculiar confidence in the person whom she was addressing. She waited till she was alone, and then detaining Randolph when the courtiers were gone she said:

"Now, Mr. Randolph, tell me, does your mistress in good earnest wish me to marry my Lord Robert?"

Randolph assured her that it was so.

"Is that," she said, "conform to her promise to use me as a sister or daughter to marry me to her subject?"

Randolph thought it was.

"If I were a sister or a daughter," she said, "were it not better to match me where some alliance or friendship might ensue than to marry me where neither could be increased?"

The alliance which his sovereign desired, Randolph answered, was the perpetual union of the two realms in a single monarchy.

"The queen your mistress," she said, "being assured of me, might let me marry where it may like me; and I always should remain friend to her; she may marry herself and have children and what shall I have gained?"

Randolph said his mistress must have provided for that chance and would act honourably. But Mary Stuart replied justly that she could take no step of so great consequence without a certainty to rely upon; she bade him tell Elizabeth that the proposal was sudden—she could give no answer without longer thought; she had no objection to Lord Robert's person, but the match was unequal; commissioners on both sides might meet to consider it; more she could not say. She left Randolph with an impression that she had spoken as she felt, and Maitland bade him not be discouraged. If Elizabeth would pay the price she might obtain what she wished. Yet some secret friend advised Randolph to be on his guard in the following remarkable words:—"Wheresoever she hovers and how many times soever she doubles to fetch the wind, I believe she will at length let fall her anchor between Dover and Berwick, though perchance not in that fort, haven, or road that you wish she should." [1]

Elizabeth, either satisfied from Randolph's report that the Queen of Scots was on the way to compliance, or determined to leave her nothing to complain of, at once gave a marked evidence that on her part she would adhere to her engagement. Although the debate in Parliament had gone deeply into the succession question, yet it had been carried on with closed doors; and the turn which it had taken was unknown except by rumour to the public. Lady Catherine Grey was still, though pining in captivity, the hope of the Protestants; and John Hales, Clerk of the Hanaper—report said with Cecil's help and connivance—collected the substance of the arguments in her favour; he procured opinions at the same time from Italian canonists in support of the validity of her marriage with Lord Hertford; and out of these materials he compiled a book in defence of her title which was secretly put into circulation. The strongest point in Lady Catherine's favour—the omission of the Scottish line in the will of Henry VIII.—could only be touched on vaguely, the will itself being still concealed; but the case which Hales contrived to make out, representing as it did not only the wishes of the ultra-Protestants but the opinions of Lord Arundel and the Howards, was strong enough to be dangerous. Elizabeth, who in addition to her political sympathies cherished a vindictive dislike of her cousin, sent Hales to the Fleet and inflicted on Cecil the duty of examining and exposing what she chose to regard as conspiracy.[2]

The imprisonment of Hales was accepted as little less than a defiance of the Protestant party in England, and as equivalent to a public declaration in favour of the Queen of Scots. The long-talked-of meeting of the queens was again expected in the approaching summer, and the recognition of Mary Stuart was anticipated with more certainty than ever as the result of the interview.

The Queen of Scots however was growing impatient with hopes long deferred. She either disbelieved Elizabeth's honesty or misinterpreted her motives into fears. As Darnley was not offered to her she more than ever inclined towards getting possession of him; and anticipating a storm she would not wait to let events work for her, and showed her intentions prematurely in preparing the way for his acceptance in Scotland.

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, March 20 and April 13, 1564: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] "In this matter I am by commandment occupied, whereof I could be content to be delivered; but I will go upright neither ad dextram nec ad sinistram; and yet I am not free from suspicion."—Cecil to Sir Thomas Smith, May, 1564: WRIGHT'S *Elizabeth*, vol. i.

The Earl of Lennox, it will be remembered, had lost his estates in the interests of England. For some years past he had pressed for their restoration, and his petition had been supported by Elizabeth. So long as Mary had hopes elsewhere she had replied with words and excuses. The lands of Lennox had been shared among the friends of the Hamiltons. The lands of Angus, which he claimed in right of his wife, were in the grip of the dark Morton, whom the Queen of Scots durst not quarrel with. The law in Scotland was the law of possession, and the sword alone would have reinstated the exiled earl. The position of his family had hitherto been among the greatest objections to her thinking seriously of Lord Darnley as a husband. If Elizabeth offered him, she would have less to fear; if to gratify the English Catholics she was to marry him against Elizabeth's will, she would have in the first instance to depend on her subjects to maintain her, and among them the connection might prove an occasion of discord.

So long as the Hamiltons were strong the marriage would have been absolutely impossible. Chatelherault, however, was now in his dotage; the Earl of Arran was a lunatic; the family was enfeebled and scattered; and Mary Stuart was enabled to feel her way towards her object by allowing Lennox to return and sue for his rights. Could the house of Lennox recover its rank in Scotland the next step would be more easy.

Had she affected to consult Elizabeth—had she openly admitted her desire to substitute Darnley for Lord Robert—affecting no disguise and being ready to accept with him the conditions and securities which the English Parliament would have attached to the marriage—Elizabeth would probably have yielded, or in refusing would have given the Queen of Scots legitimate ground of complaint.

But open and straightforward conduct did not suit the complexion of Mary Stuart's genius: she breathed more freely, and she used her abilities with better effect, in the uncertain twilight of conspiracy.

Although both Murray and Maitland consented to the return of Lennox, the Protestants in Scotland instantly divined the purpose of it. "Her meaning therein is not known," wrote one of Randolph's correspondents to him on the 31st of April, "but some suspect she shall at last be persuaded to favour his son;

we are presently in quiet, but I fear it shall not be for long, for things begin to grow to a ripeness, and there are great practisers who are like to set all aloft."[1] "The Lady Margaret and the young earl are looked for soon after," wrote Knox; "the Lord Bothwell will follow with power to put in execution whatever is demanded, and Knox and his preaching will be pulled by the ears."[2]

This last contingency would not have deeply distressed Elizabeth; but she knew Mary Stuart too well to trust her smooth speeches. The Queen of Scots had represented the return of Lennox as a concession to the wishes of her dear sister the Queen of England. The expressions of friendliness were somewhat overdone, and served chiefly to place Elizabeth on her guard.

Randolph sent an earnest entreaty that Lennox should be detained in England; and when the earl applied for a passport to Scotland, a variety of pretexts were invented for delay or refusal.

Mary Stuart wanted the self-control for successful diplomacy. She saw that she was suspected, and the suspicion was the more irritating because it was just. Her warmer temper for the moment broke loose. She sent for Randolph, bade him go to his mistress and tell her that there could be no interview in the summer: her council disapproved of it. She wrote violently to Elizabeth herself, and Maitland accompanied the letter with another to Cecil, in which he laid on England the failure of all the attempts to reconcile the two queens. Why Lennox should be prevented from returning when Elizabeth herself had supported his suit, he professed himself unable to understand. The conduct of the English court was a mystery to him, and "he much feared that God, by the ingratitude of both the nations being provoked to anger, would not suffer them to attain so great worldly felicity as the success of the negotiation" for the union.[3]

On these terms stood Elizabeth and Mary Stuart in the beginning of June, when the new Spanish ambassador, Don Diego Guzman de Silva, arrived in London. De Silva, though a more honourable specimen of a Castilian gentleman, was far inferior to de Quadra in ability for intrigue; yet he was a man who could see clearly and describe intelligibly the scenes in the midst of which he lived; and his despatches are more pleasing and, under some aspects, more instructive than the darker communications of his predecessor.

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[1] —— to Randolph, April 31: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Knox to Randolph, May 3: Ibid.

[3] Maitland to Cecil, June 6, June 23, and July 13: Ibid.

In the following letters he tells the story of his reception at Elizabeth's court, where, the curtain being once more lifted, Lord Robert Dudley is still seen at his old game, professing at home an increasing attachment to the Reformation, abroad maintaining an agent at the Vatican, and declaring himself to Philip the most devoted servant of Rome.

DE SILVA TO PHILIP II.

LONDON, *June 27.*

"I arrived in London the 18th of this month. The day following, the queen sent an officer of the household to welcome me in her name. I had previously received a number of kind messages from the Lord Robert, and in returning him my thanks I had asked him to arrange my audience with her majesty. She promised to see me on Thursday the 22nd. The court was at Richmond: I went up the river in a barge and landed near the palace. Sir Henry Dudley and a relative of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton met me at the stairs, and brought me to the council room. There Lord Darnley, Lady Margaret Lennox's son, came to me from the queen, and escorted me into her presence.

"As I entered, some one was playing on a harpsichord. Her majesty rose, advanced three or four steps to meet me, and then giving me her hand, said in Italian she did not know in what language to address me. I replied in Latin, and after a few words I gave her your majesty's letter. She took it, and after first handing it to Cecil to open, she read it through.

"She then spoke to me in Latin also—with easy elegance—expressing the pleasure which she felt at my arrival. Her court, she said, was incomplete without the presence of a minister from your majesty; and for herself she was uneasy without hearing from time to time of your majesty's welfare. Her 'ill friends' had told her that your majesty would never send an ambassador to England again. She was delighted to find they were mistaken. Her obligations to your majesty were deep and many, and she would show me in her treatment of myself that she had not forgotten them.

"After a few questions about your majesty she then took me aside and inquired about the prince, how his health was, and what his character was. She talked at length about this; and then falling back into Italian, which she speaks remarkably well, she began again to talk of your majesty. Your majesty, she said, had known her when she was in trouble and sorrow. She was much altered since that time, and altered she would have me to understand much for the better."

Some unimportant conversation followed and de Silva took his leave, Lord Darnley again waiting upon him to his barge.

A postscript was added in cipher:—

"An intimate friend of Lord Robert Dudley has just been with me. I understand from him that Lord Robert was on bad terms with Cecil before the late book on the succession appeared, and that now the enmity between them is deeper than ever, because he takes Cecil to have been the author of it.[1] The queen is furious, but there are so many accomplices in the business that she has been obliged to drop the prosecution. This gentleman, although he desires me to be careful how I mention Lord Robert's name, yet entreats me at the same time to lose no opportunity of urging the queen to severe measures. If Cecil can once be dismissed from the council, the Catholic religion and your majesty's interests in England will all be the better for it. Lord Robert, who is your majesty's most faithful friend, believes that this book may be the knife with which to cut his throat. If the queen can be prevailed upon to part with him much good will follow, and I am strongly advised to use Lord Robert's assistance.

"I have said that I shall always welcome Lord Robert's help, that your majesty I was well aware would wish me to do so, and that in the present matter I will do what I can; but I mean to move cautiously and to see my way before I step."

DE SILVA TO PHILIP II.

July 2.

"Lord Robert is more pressing than ever in offering his assistance to your majesty. The gentleman of whom I spoke tells me that Lord Robert has still hopes of the queen; and that if he succeeds, the Catholic religion will be restored. Again cautioning me to be secret, he informed me that Lord Robert was in communication with the pope about it, and had agents residing continually at the papal court. He spoke of his intentions in the warmest terms, especially with reference to the restoration of the truth.

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[1] Lord Robert hoped that if the Queen of Scots was recognised as heir to the throne after Elizabeth and her children, the country would waive the objection to himself in the desire to see the queen married.

"The interests at stake are so weighty, there are so many pretensions liable to be affected, and such a multitude of considerations on all sides which may not be overlooked, that I must entreat your majesty to direct me what to do and say. I have not as yet exchanged a word upon the subject with any one except the person I speak of. I suspect the French have been trying to make use of Lord Robert. His father, people tell me, had large French connections."

DE SILVA TO PHILIP II.

July 10.

"I have been at court at Richmond again. The queen was in the garden with the ladies when I arrived, and she bade the grand chamberlain bring me to her. She received me with the most pointed kindness. She had been so anxious to see me, she said, that she could not help giving me the trouble of coming.

"She took me aside and led me into a gallery, where she kept me for an hour, talking the whole time of your majesty, and alluding often to her embarrassments when she first came to the throne. I need not weary your majesty with repeating her words; but she spoke with unaffected sincerity, and seemed annoyed when we were interrupted by supper.

"The meal was attended with the usual ceremonies. Nothing could be more handsome than the entertainment. She made the band play the 'Battle of Pavia,' and declared it was the music that she liked best in the world.

"After supper she had more conversation with me; and as it was then late I thought it time to take my leave: but the queen said I must not think of going; there was a play to be acted which I must see. She must retire to her room for a few minutes, she said, but she would leave me in the hands of Lord Robert. The Lord Robert snatched the opportunity of her absence to speak of his obligations to your majesty, and to assure me that he was your most devoted servant. She returned almost immediately, and we adjourned to the theatre. The piece which was performed was a comedy, of which I should have understood but little had not the queen herself been my interpreter. The plot as usual turned on marriage. While it was going on the queen recurred to the Prince of Spain, and asked about his stature. I replied that his highness was full grown. She was silent awhile, and then said—

"'Every one seems to disdain me. I understand you think of marrying him to the Queen of Scots?'

" 'Do not believe it, your majesty,' I said. 'His highness has been so ill for years past with quartan ague and other disorders that his marriage with any one has been out of the question. Because he is better now, the world is full of idle stories about him. Subjects are never weary of talking of their princes.'

" 'That is true,' she answered. 'It was reported a few days since in London that the king my brother intended to offer him to me.'

" The play was followed by a masque. A number of people in black and white, which the queen told me were her colours, came in and danced. One of them afterwards stepped forward and recited a sonnet in her praise; and so the spectacle ended. We adjourned to a saloon where a long table was laid out with preserved fruits and sweetmeats. It was two in the morning before I started to return to London. The queen, at the same time, stepped into her barge and went down the river to Westminster."

It is possible that the communications from Lord Robert to the Spanish ambassador were part of a deliberate plot to lead Philip astray after a will-o'-the-wisp; to amuse him with hopes of recovering Elizabeth to the Church, while she was laughing in her sleeve at his credulity. If Lord Robert was too poor a creature to play such a part successfully, it is possible that he too was Elizabeth's dupe. Or again, it may have been that Elizabeth was insincere in her offer of Lord Robert to the Queen of Scots, while she was sincere in desiring the recognition of Mary Stuart's title—because she hoped that to escape the succession of a Scottish princess, one party or other would be found in England to tolerate her marriage with the only person whom she would accept. If the queen was playing a false game, it is hard to say which hypothesis is the more probable; yet, on the one hand, it will be seen that Cecil, Randolph—every one who has left an opinion on record—believed that she was in earnest in desiring Mary Stuart to accept Lord Robert; while, on the other hand, the readiness with which the Spanish court listened to Lord Robert's overtures proves that they at least believed that he had a real hold on Elizabeth's affections; and it is unlikely, with the clue to English state secrets which the Spanish ministers undoubtedly possessed, that they would have been deceived a second time by a mere artifice. The least subtle explanations of human things are usually the most true. Elizabeth was most likely acting in good faith when she proposed to sacrifice Dudley to the Queen of Scots. Lord Robert as probably clung to his old hopes, and was sincere—so far as he could be sincere at all—in attempting to bribe Philip to support him in obtaining his object.

That this was Philip's own opinion appears certainly from his answer to de Silva.

PHILIP II. TO DE SILVA

August 6.

"Your reply to the advances made to you by Lord Robert's friend was wise and cautious. So long as Cecil remains in power you must be careful what you do. If means should offer themselves to overthrow him, every consideration should move you not to neglect the opportunity; but I leave you to your own discretion.

"As to Lord Robert's marriage with the queen: if he will assure you that when he becomes her husband he will restore the true ancient and Catholic faith, and will bring back the realm under the obedience of the pope and the Holy See, you may promise in our name that we will assist him to the uttermost of our power.

"The propositions of the Irish Catholics you will cut short, courteously but firmly.[1] The time does not suit to encourage rebellion in that quarter. They have applied to me before and I have answered always in the same tone.

"I have read what you say of the book on the succession; of the queen's anger; and of the suspicions indicated to you by Lord Robert that Cecil was at the bottom of it. I avail myself of the occasion to tell you my opinion of that Cecil. I am in the highest degree dissatisfied with him. He is a confirmed heretic; and if with Lord Robert's assistance you can so inflame the matter as to crush him down and deprive him of all further share in the administration, I shall be delighted to have it done. If you try it and fail, be careful that you are not yourself seen in the matter."

Over such mines of secret enmity walked Cecil, standing between his mistress and her lover, and never knowing what a day would bring forth.

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[1] Alluding to something in a letter of de Silva's which is lost. The same letter contained expressions about Lord Robert's agent in Rome, which would have shown more clearly what de Silva himself thought about Lord Robert. Philip answers—"En lo de aquel caballero Ingles que se tuvó en Roma, y platicas que os avisó mi Embajador que habia tenido con su Santidad, sospechamos lo mismo que vos."

At the beginning of August the court broke up from Richmond. Elizabeth went on progress, and for a time had a respite from her troubles. Among other places she paid a visit to Cambridge, where she had an opportunity of showing herself in her most attractive colours.

The divisions of opinion, the discrepancies of dress and practices by which Cambridge, like all other parts of England, was distracted, were kept out of sight by Cecil's industry. He hurried down before her, persuaded the college authorities for once into obeying the Act of Uniformity; ordered the fellows and chaplains to appear in surplices; concealed the dreary communion tables in the college chapels behind decent coverings; and having as it were thrown a whitewash of order over the confusion, surprised the queen into an expression of pleasure. The Church of England was not, after all, the miserable chaos which she had believed; and "contrary to her expectation, she found little or nothing to displease her."

She was at once thrown into the happiest humour; and she moved about among the dignitaries of the university with combined authority and ease. She exchanged courtesies with them in Latin; when they lauded her virtues she exclaimed "Non est veritas;" when they praised the virgin state she blessed them for their discernment: she attended their sermons; she was present at their disputations; and when a speaker mumbled she shouted "Loquimini altius." The public orator addressed her in Greek—she replied in the language of Demosthenes. On the last day of her visit she addressed the university in Latin in the Senate House. In a few well-chosen sentences she complimented the students on their industry; she expressed her admiration of the colleges and chapels—those splendid monuments of the piety of her predecessors. She trusted, if God spared her life, she might leave her own name not undistinguished by good work done for England.

Not one untoward accident had marred the harmony of the occasion. The queen remained four days; and left the university with the first sense of pleasure which she had experienced in the ecclesiastical administration. Alas! for the imperfection of human things. The rashness of a few boys marred all.

Elizabeth had been entreated to remain one more evening to witness a play which the students had got up among themselves for her amusement. Having a long journey before her the following day, and desiring to sleep ten miles out of Cambridge to relieve the distance, she had been unwillingly obliged to decline.

The students, too enamoured of their performance to lose the chance of exhibiting it, pursued the queen to her resting-place. She was tired, but she would not discourage so much devotion, and the play commenced.

The actors entered on the stage in the dress of the imprisoned Catholic bishops. Each of them was distinguished by some symbol suggestive of the persecution. Bonner particularly carried a lamb in his arms at which he rolled his eyes and gnashed his teeth. A dog brought up the rear with the host in his mouth. Elizabeth could have better pardoned the worst insolence to herself: she rose, and with a few indignant words left the room; the lights were extinguished, and the discomfited players had to find their way out of the house in the dark, and to blunder back to Cambridge.[1]

It was but a light matter, yet it served to irritate Elizabeth's sensitiveness. It exposed the dead men's bones which lay beneath the whited surface of university good order; and she went back to London with a heart as heavy as she carried away from it. The vast majority of serious Englishmen, if they did not believe in transubstantiation, yet felt for the sacrament a kind of mysterious awe. Systematic irreverence had intruded into the churches; carelessness and irreligion had formed an unnatural alliance with Puritanism; and in many places the altars were bare boards resting on tressels in the middle of the nave. The communicants knelt, stood, or sat as they pleased; the chalice was the first cup which came to hand; and the clergymen wore surplice, coat, black gown, or their ordinary dress, as they were Lutherans, Calvinists, Puritans, or nothing at all.[2]

The parish churches themselves, those amazing monuments of early piety, built by men who themselves lived in clay hovels while they lavished their taste, their labour, and their wealth on "the house of God," were still dissolving into ruin. The roofs were breaking into holes; the stained whitewash was crumbling off the damp walls, revealing the half-effaced remains of the frescoed stories of the saints; the painted glass was gone from the windows; the wind and the rain swept through the dreary aisles; while in the churchyards swine rooted up the graves.

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[1] De Silva to the Duchess of Parma, August 19: *MS. Simancas*. De Silva was not present, but described the scene as he heard it from an eye-witness. The story naturally enough is not mentioned by Nicolls, who details with great minuteness the sunny side of the visit to the university: *Progresses of Elizabeth*, 1564.

[2] Varieties used in the administration of the service, 1564: *Lansdowne MSS.*

And now once more had come a reaction like that which had welcomed Mary Tudor. In quiet English homes there arose a passionate craving to be rid of all these things; to breathe again the old air of reverence and piety; and Calvinism and profanity were working hand in hand like twin spirits of evil, making a road for another Mary to reach the English throne.

The progress being over, Elizabeth returned to the weary problems which were thickening round her more and more hopelessly. From France came intelligence that "a far other marriage was meant for the Queen of Scots than the Lord Robert; with practices to reduce the realm to the old pope, and to break the love between England and Scotland."[1] The Earl of Lennox had been allowed to cross the border at last as a less evil than the detaining him by violence; but Cecil wrote from Cambridge to Maitland, "making no obscure demonstration of foul weather." Parliament was expected to meet again in October, and with Parliament would come the succession question, the queen's marriage question, and their thousand collateral vexations. Either in real uncertainty, or that she might have something with which to pacify her subjects, Elizabeth was again making advances towards the eternal archduke. His old father Ferdinand, who had refused to be trifled with a second time, was dead. Ferdinand had left the world and its troubles on the 25th of July; but before his death, in a conversation with the Duke of Wirtemberg, he had shown himself less implacable. An opportunity was offered for re-opening the suit, and Cecil, by the queen's order, sent a message through Mundt the English agent in Germany, to the new Emperor Maximilian, that although for his many excellent qualities the queen would gladly have married Lord Robert Dudley, yet, finding it impossible, she had brought herself to regard Lord Robert as a brother, and for a husband was thinking of the archduke.[2] On the 12th of September a resolution of council was taken to send an embassy to Vienna, ostensibly to congratulate Maximilian on his accession—in reality to feel the way towards "the prince with the large head."[1] A few days later, during an evening stroll through St. James's Park, Elizabeth herself told the secret to de Silva, not as anything certain, but as a point towards which her thoughts were turning.[2]

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[1] Sir T. Smith to Cecil (cipher), Sept. 1, 1564: *French MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Cecil to Mundt, September 8, 1564: *Jussu Reginæ. Burghley Papers,* HAINES, vol. i.

The Queen of Scots meantime, to whom every uttered thought of Elizabeth was known, began to repent of her precipitate explosion of temper. She had obtained what she immediately desired in the return of Lennox; her chief anxiety was now to prevent the Austrian marriage, and to induce Philip, though she could not marry his son, to continue to watch over her interests. In September the Spanish ambassador in Paris wrote that his steps were haunted by Beton, Mary's minister; he had met the advances made to him with coldness and indifference; but Beton had pressed upon him with unwearied assiduity;[3] desiring, as it appeared afterwards, to learn what Philip would do for his mistress in the event of her marriage with Darnley.

At the same time it was necessary to soothe Elizabeth, lest she might withdraw her protection, and allow Parliament to settle the succession unfavourably to the Scottish claims. Maitland therefore having forfeited Cecil's confidence, the Queen of Scots obtained the services of a man who, without the faintest pretensions to statesmanship, was as skilled an intriguer as Europe possessed. Sixteen years had passed since Sir James Melville had gone as a boy with Monluc, Bishop of Valence, to the Irish castle, where Monluc by his light ways was brought to shame. From the bishop, Melville had passed to the Constable Montmorency. From Montmorency he had gone to the Elector Palatine, and had worked himself into a backstairs intimacy with European courts and princes. Mary Stuart herself had probably known him in France; and in the spring of 1564 she wrote to request him to return to Scotland to be employed in secret service. So highly she valued his abilities, that notwithstanding her poverty she settled on him an annual pension of a thousand marks—twice the income perhaps of the richest nobleman in Scotland.[1] He was already acquainted with Elizabeth, who, according to his own account, had spoken confidentially with him about the Queen of Scots' marriage.

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[1] "Some one is to be sent with condolences on the death of the emperor—Sir H. Sidney or Sir N. Throgmorton or I or Lord Robert; which it shall be I think nobody yet knoweth. But to tell you the truth, there is more meant than condolence or congratulation. It may be an intention for the marriage with the archduke. This may be very strange, and therefore I pray you keep it very close."—Cecil to Sir T. Smith, September 12, 1564: WRIGHT, vol. i.

[2] De Silva to the Duchess of Parma, Sept. 23: *MS. Simancas*. Elizabeth said that the court fool advised her to have nothing to do with Germans, who were a poor heavy-headed set.

[3] Don F. de Alava to Philip II., September 20, 1564: TEULET, vol. v.

This Melville it was whom Mary Stuart now selected to be her instrument to pacify and cheat Elizabeth, to strengthen her party at the English court, and to arrange with Lady Lennox for Darnley's escape to Scotland. She directed him to apologise to Elizabeth for the hasty letter which she had written, and to beg that it might be forgotten. He was to entreat her not to allow his mistress's interests to suffer any prejudice in Parliament; and further, he had secret instructions from Mary's own lips, the nature of which he indicates without explaining himself more completely—" to deal with the Spanish ambassador, Lady Margaret Douglas, and sundry friends she had in England of different opinions."

Melville left Edinburgh towards the end of September,[2] preceded by Randolph, who, after communicating with Elizabeth, was on the point of returning to Scotland at the time of Melville's arrival. The information which Randolph had brought had been utterly unsatisfactory, and Elizabeth was harassed into illness and was in the last stage of despair. " I am in such a labyrinth about the Queen of Scots," she wrote on the 23rd of September to Cecil, " that what to say to her or how to satisfy her I know not. I have left her letter to me all this time unanswered, nor can I tell what to answer now. Invent something kind for me which I can enter in Randolph's commission and give me your opinion about the matter itself." [3]

In this humour Melville found Elizabeth. She was walking when he was introduced in the garden at Westminster. He was not a stranger, and the queen rarely allowed herself to be long restrained by ceremony. She began immediately to speak of "the Queen of Scots' despiteful letter" to her. "She was minded," she said, "to answer it with another as despiteful" in turn. She took what she had written out of her pocket, read it aloud, and said that she had refrained from sending it only because it was too gentle.

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[1] So Melville himself says in his *Memoirs*; but Melville's credibility is a very open question.

[2] The copy of his instructions printed in his *Memoirs* is dated September 28. But Melville was in London on Michaelmas-day, when Lord Robert Dudley was created Earl of Leicester, and was present at the ceremony; 28 is perhaps a misprint for 20.

[3] " In ejusmodi labyrintho posita sum de responso meo reddendo ad Reginam Scotiæ, ut nesciam quomodo illi satisfaciam, quum neque toto isto tempore illi ullum responsum dederim, nec quid mihi dicendum nunc sciam. Invenias igitur aliquid boni quod in mandatis scriptis Randall dare possim, et in hâc causâ tuam opinionem mihi indica." Endorsed in Cecil's hand—" The Queen's Majesty's writing, being sick, September 23." —*Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

Melville, accustomed to courts and accustomed to Elizabeth, explained and protested and promised. With his excuses he mingled flattery, which she could swallow when mixed by a far less skilful hand; in his first interview he so far talked her into good humour that "she did not send her angry letter;" and although he satisfied himself at the same time that she was dealing insincerely with his mistress, he perhaps in this allowed his suspicions to mislead him. Elizabeth was only too happy to believe in promises which it was her interest to find true. Personally she cared as little for the Queen of Scots as the Queen of Scots cared for her; but Mary Stuart's position and Mary Stuart's claims created an intense political difficulty for which there appeared but one happy solution; and Elizabeth, so far as can be seen from the surface of the story, clutched at any prospect of a reasonable settlement with an eager credulity. Melville might indeed naturally enough believe Elizabeth as insincere as he knew himself to be. At the very moment when he was delivering Mary's smooth messages, apologies, and regrets he knew himself to be charged with a secret commission to the Catholic conspirators; but Elizabeth's duplicity does not follow from his own, and she may at least be credited with having been honest when she had no interest in being otherwise. She saw the Scotch ambassador daily, and the Queen of Scots' marriage was the incessant subject of discussion. Melville said his mistress would refer it to a commission. Murray and Maitland might meet Bedford and Lord Robert at Berwick to talk it over.

"Ah!" she said, "you make little of Lord Robert, naming him after the Earl of Bedford. I mean to make him a greater earl and you shall see it done. I take him as my brother and my best friend."

She went on to say that she would have married Lord Robert herself had she been able. As she might not, she wished her sister to marry him; and "that done," "she would have no suspicion or fear of any usurpation before her death, being assured that Dudley was so loving and trusty that he would never permit anything to be attempted during her time."[1]

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[1] MELVILLE'S *Memoirs.*

"My Lord Robert's promotion in Scotland is earnestly intended," Cecil wrote a few days later to Sir Thomas Smith.[1] On Michaelmas-day he was created Earl of Leicester at Westminster in Melville's presence—to qualify him for his higher destiny; while Elizabeth, vain of his beauty, showed off his fair proportions and dwelt on the charms which she was sacrificing.

Nor was she unaware of Melville's secret practices or of Mary's secret desires. "You like better," she said sadly to the ambassador, "you like better yonder long lad"—pointing to Darnley, who, tall and slim with soft and beardless face, bore the sword of state at the ceremony.

To throw her off the scent Melville answered that "no woman of spirit could choose such an one who more resembled a woman than a man." "I had no will," he said of himself, "that she should think that I had an eye that way, although I had a secret charge to deal with Lady Lennox to procure liberty for him to go to Scotland."

Elizabeth was not deceived, but she chose to blind herself. Clinging to her favourite scheme, she allowed a legal opinion to be drawn out in favour of the Scottish title. She promised Melville that when Parliament met she would again protect his mistress's interests. The poor archduke was to be once more cast overboard; she undertook to bind herself never to marry unless "necessitated by her sister's hard behaviour;" and last of all—as the strongest evidence which she could give that she was acting in good faith—she risked the discontent which would inevitably be provoked, and postponed the Parliament till the spring or the following autumn. Randolph, who had been detained on Melville's arrival, was sent off to tell Mary that "the tragedy created by her letter had turned into comedy;" the Queen of England would consent with pleasure to the proposed meeting of commissioners; and meanwhile—"contrary to the expectation and desire of her people, contrary to the disposition of no small number of her council and also to some detriment of herself for her own private lucre, by the intention of her people to have gratified her with some subsidy—her majesty had by proclamation prolonged her Parliament that should have been even now begun in October: meaning of purpose to have no assembly wherein the interests of her sister might be brought in question until it were better considered that no harm might thereof ensue to her, and that her majesty and the Queen of Scots might have further proceedings in the establishment of their amity." [1]

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[1] Cecil to Smith, October 4: WRIGHT, vol. i.

In the delay of the Parliament the Queen of Scots had gained one step of vital moment; she had next to obtain the consent of her own people to her marriage with Darnley; she had to strengthen the Lennox faction that it might be strong enough to support her against the Hamiltons, and when this was done to get the person of Darnley into her hands.

Lennox himself was distributing presents with lavish generosity in the court at Holyrood. Melville when he returned to Scotland carried back with him Lady Margaret's choicest jewels to be bestowed to the best advantage. For the full completion of the scheme it was necessary to delude Elizabeth into the belief that Mary Stuart would give way about Leicester; and having satisfied her that she really had nothing to fear from Darnley's visit to Edinburgh, to obtain leave of absence for him for three months to assist Lennox in the recovery of his property. When the father and son were once on Scottish soil she could then throw off the mask.

The ambassador had employed his time well in England making friends for his mistress, and had carried back with him from London profuse promises of service; some from honourable men who looked to Mary Stuart's succession as a security for the peace of the country, some from the courtier race who desired to save their own fortunes should the revolution come.

Among these last was Leicester—that very Leicester in whose affection Elizabeth was blindly confiding, who was to be her own protection when she had named Mary Stuart her heir. The man who thought it no preposterous ambition to aspire to the hand of Elizabeth, excused himself to Melville with abject apologies as having been forced to appear as the suitor of a princess whose shoes he was unworthy to loose; he implored the Queen of Scots to pardon him for "the proud pretences which were set forward for his undoing by Cecil and his secret enemies." [2]

On the position and views of Lord Robert—on the state of feeling at the court—on the Scotch and other questions— additional light is thrown by a letter of de Silva written on the 9th of October.

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[1] Message sent by Randolph to the Queen of Scots, October 4: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] MELVILLE'S *Memoirs.*

DE SILVA TO PHILIP[1]

LONDON, *October* 9.

"The gentleman sent hither from the court of Scotland has returned, and this queen has written by him to say that for various reasons there will be no Parliament this year. The succession question therefore will be allowed to rest. She says she is not so old that her death need be so perpetually dragged before her.

"Cecil has intimated to the heretical bishops that they must look to their clergy; the queen is determined to bring them to order and will no longer tolerate their extravagances.

"He desires them too to be careful how they proceed against the Catholics; the queen will not have her good subjects goaded into sedition by calumnies on their creed or by irritating inquiries into their conduct. I am told that the bishops do not like these cautions. Cecil understands his mistress and says nothing to her but what she likes to hear. He thus keeps her in good humour and maintains his position. Lord Robert is obliged to be on terms with him although at heart he hates him as much as ever. Cecil has more genius than the rest of the council put together and is therefore envied and hated on all sides.

"The queen, happening to speak to me about the beginning of her reign, mentioned that circumstances had at first obliged her to dissemble her real feelings in religion; but God knew, she said, that her heart was sound in his service; with more to the same purpose: she wanted to persuade me that she was orthodox, but she was less explicit than I could have wished.

"I told her (she knew it already) that the preachers railed at her in the most insolent language for keeping the cross on the altar of her chapel. She answered that she meant to have crosses generally restored throughout the realm.

"Again and again she has said to me, 'I am insulted both in England and abroad for having shown more favour than I ought to have shown to the Lord Robert. I am spoken of as if I were an immodest woman. I ought not to wonder at it: I have favoured him because of his excellent disposition and for his many merits; but I am young and he is young and therefore we have been slandered. God knows they do us grievous wrong, and the time will come when the world will know it also. I do not live in a corner—a thousand eyes see all that I do and calumny will not fasten on me for ever.'

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[1] *MS. Simancas.*

"She went on to speak of the Queen of Scots, whose beauty she warmly praised.

"'Some tell me,' she said, 'that my sister will marry your prince after all.'

"I laughed and said that the last story which I had heard was that the Queen of Scots was to marry the King of France.

"She said that could not be, 'The queen-mother and the Queen of Scots were not good friends.'

"The Lord Robert, whom they now call Earl of Leicester, has been with me again repeating his protestations of a desire to be of use to your majesty. He mentioned particularly the troubles in the Low Countries and the necessity of taking steps to pacify them.

"I assured him of the confidence which your majesty felt in his integrity and of the desire which you entertained for his advancement. I repeated the words which the queen had used to me about religion; and I said that now when she was so well disposed there was an opportunity for him which he should not allow to escape. If the queen could make up her mind to marry him and to reunite England to the Catholic Church your majesty would stand by him, and he should soon experience the effects of your majesty's goodwill towards him; the queen's safety should be perfectly secured and he should be himself maintained in the reputation and authority which he deserved.

"He answered that the queen had put it off so long that he had begun to fear she would never marry him at all. He professed himself very grateful for my offer, but of religion he said nothing. In fact he is too ill-informed in such matters to take a resolute part on either side unless when he has some other object to gain.

"I told him that the dependence of the Catholics was wholly on the queen and himself. To him they attributed the preservation of the bishops and of the other prisoners; and I said that by saving their lives he had gained the goodwill of all Christian princes abroad and of all the Catholics at home, who as he well knew were far more numerous than those of the new religion. The heretics notoriously hated both him and his mistress, and had not the Catholics been so strong would long ago have given them trouble; the queen could see what was before her in the book on the succession, which after all it appeared she was afraid to punish.

"His manner was friendly, but I know not what he will do.

Had the Catholics as much courage as the heretics, he would declare for them quickly enough, for he admits that they are far the larger number; things are in such a state that the father does not trust his child."

To return to the Queen of Scots' marriage. Notwithstanding Lennox's efforts and Lady Margaret's jewels the Scottish noblemen were difficult to manage. Mary Stuart was still unable to act without her brother and Maitland; and the Earl of Murray was a better Protestant than Knox believed him to be, and Maitland's broad statesmanship had little in common with the scheming conspiracies which were hatched in the chambers of priests. Maitland's single object was the union of the realms, where Scotland, in compensation for the surrender of its separate independence, would have the pride of giving a sovereign to its ancient enemy. While therefore he was zealous for the honour of his mistress, he had no interest in those collateral objects of religious revolution and personal revenge of which Mary was in such keen pursuit. With the Darnley connection, as it appeared afterwards, he had no sympathy, unless Darnley was freely offered by Elizabeth and the choice was freely sanctioned by the two Parliaments.

So far therefore Maitland was ill suited for the Queen of Scots' purposes; on the other hand, he was by far the ablest minister that she possessed. He was fanatically eager—so far as a man of so cool and clear an intellect could be fanatical about anything—to secure the English succession for her; and aware of his value, she named him with her brother to meet the English commissioners and consider in form Elizabeth's proposals. The conference was to be kept secret from the world. The Queen of Scots would go to Dunbar in the middle of November. The two ministers would leave her as if for a few days' hawking on the Tweed, and the governor of Berwick would invite them to visit him.

Lord Bedford and Randolph were to represent England; and Elizabeth's instructions to them are a fresh evidence of the feelings with which she regarded Leicester. When Leicester's name was first officially mentioned, Maitland had urged on Cecil the propriety of leaving Mary's choice of a husband as little restricted as possible. If Elizabeth objected to a foreign prince she must at least permit a free selection among the Scotch and English nobility. Besides Darnley there was Norfolk, there was Arundel—each more eligible than the son of the parvenu Northumberland; and Elizabeth had no right to demand more than a marriage which did not threaten herself or the liberty of England.

But Elizabeth's heart was fixed on Leicester, and she could see no merit anywhere but in him. "Among all English noblemen," she said, in giving her directions to the commissioners, "she could see none for her own contentation meeter for the purpose than one who for his good gifts she esteemed fit to be placed in the number of kings and princes; for so she thought him worthy: and if he were not born her subject, but had happened with these qualities to be as nobly born under some other prince as he was under herself, the world should have well perceived her estimation of him. The advantage of the marriage to the Earl of Leicester would not be great, but to the Queen of Scots it would be greater than she could have with any other person. The earl would bring with him no controversy of title to trouble the quietness of the Queen of Scots, and she preferred him to be the partaker of the Queen of Scots' fortunes, whom, if it might lie in her power, she would make owner and heir of her own kingdom. She had already placed a check on all other pretenders to the succession; and whatever sovereign might do in the direction of the matter for her sister's advantage should not be wanting. If after her recognition the Queen of Scots should desire to reside in England she would herself bear the charge of the family both of her and of the Earl of Leicester as should be meet for one sister to do for another."

But Elizabeth admitted that before the recognition could be carried through Parliament the Queen of Scots must first accept the indispensable condition. She should receive the prize which hung before her eyes only when she was Leicester's wife, and till that time she must be contented with a promise that she should not be disappointed. "If she require to be assured first," Elizabeth continued with an appearance of mournful sincerity, if she will not marry till an Act of Succession in her favour has been actually passed, "you may of yourselves say it may work in us some scruple to imagine that in all this friendship nothing is more minded than how to possess that which we have; and that it is but a sorrowful song to pretend more shortness of our life than is cause, or as though if God would change our determination in not desiring to marry, we should not by likelihood have children. We can mean no better than we do to our sister; we doubt not that she shall quietly enjoy all that is due to her, and the more readier we are so to do, because we are so naturally disposed with great affection towards her, as before God we wish her right to be next to us before all other."[1]

Mary Stuart herself meanwhile was in close communication with Lady Lennox, and was receiving from her more and more assurances of the devotion of the English Catholics. Randolph, on his return to Edinburgh from London, found Maitland open-mouthed at the suspension of the prosecution of Hales for his book on the succession. The Scotch court had expected that he would have been "put to death as a traitor."

Randolph protested against the word "traitor" inasmuch as it implied "the certainty of the Queen of Scots' claim," "which many in England did not believe to be certain at all." "Hales has not deserved death," he said, "and imprisonment was the worst which could be inflicted."

Maitland spoke menacingly of the disaffection among the Catholics. Randolph "bade him not make too much account of conspirators;" "the behaviour of the Scotch court," he said, "was so strange that he could only suppose they meant to quarrel with England;" "and with these words they grew both into further choler than wisdom led them."[2]

Mary's own language was still smooth, affectionate, and confiding; but Maitland and even Murray protested beforehand that when the commission met they would agree to no conditions and accept no marriage for their mistress unless her title was first fully admitted and confirmed. Darnley's name was not mentioned; but "it was through the mouths of all men that it was a thing concluded in the queen's heart;" and Randolph was under the mistaken impression that Maitland was as much in favour of it as his mistress.[3]

"Their object," Randolph, on the 7th of November, wrote to Elizabeth, "is to have the Lord Darnley rather offered by your majesty than desired of themselves;" "but your majesty I am assured will consider the unfitness of the match for greater causes than I can think of any—of which not the least will be the loss of many a godly man's heart that by your majesty enjoyeth now the liberty of their country, and know but in how short a time they shall lose the same if your majesty give your consent to match her with such an one as either by dissention at home or lack of knowledge of God and his word may persecute them that profess the same." [1]

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[1] Elizabeth to Bedford and Randolph, October 7, 1564: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Randolph to Cecil, October 24: Ibid.

[3] Randolph to Cecil, October 31: Ibid.

The Scotch Protestants comprehended instinctively the thousand dangers to which they would be exposed. The house of Lennox was the hereditary enemy of the Hamiltons, who had headed the revolution of 1559. Darnley was known to be a Catholic; and his marriage with Mary Stuart was well understood to mean a Catholic revolution.

"The terrible fear is so entered into their hearts," continued Randolph, "that the queen tendeth only to that, that some are well willing to leave their country, others with their force to withstand it, the rest with patience to endure it and let God work His will."

Maitland seems to have believed that Mary Stuart would be moderate and reasonable even if she was recognised unconditionally and was left to choose her own husband; he professed to imagine that some "liberty of religion" could be established in the modern and at that time impossible sense in which wolf and dog, Catholic and Protestant, could live in peace together, neither worried nor worrying each other. But few of the serious Reformers shared his hope; and a gap was already opening wide between him and the Earl of Murray. Maitland was inclined to press England "to the uttermost;" Randolph, in a private conversation with Murray, "found in that nobleman a marvellous goodwill" to be guided by Elizabeth, although he was disturbed by the conflict of duties. The earl, as the meeting of the commissioners approached, in his perplexity sent Elizabeth a message, "that whatever he might say, or however vehement he might seem to be in his mistress's cause, he hoped her majesty would not take it as if he was in any way wanting in devotion to her." Both Murray and Randolph were nervously conscious of their incapacity to cope with Maitland in a diplomatic encounter.

"To meet with such a match," Randolph wrote to Elizabeth, "your majesty knoweth what wits had been fit. How far he exceedeth the compass of one or two heads that is able to govern a queen and guide a whole realm alone, your majesty may well think. How unfit I am, and how able is he to go beyond me, I would it were not as I know it to be." [2]

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[1] *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Randolph to Elizabeth, November 7: *Cotton. MSS.*, CALIG. B. 10. On the same day Randolph wrote to Leicester: "I would you were to be at Berwick to say somewhat for yourself, for there I assure you somewhat will be said of you that for your lordship may tend to little good. How

Little time was lost in preparation. On the 18th of November the four commissioners met at Berwick: Bedford, a plain, determined man, with the prejudices of a Protestant and the resolution of an English statesman; Randolph, true as Bedford to Elizabeth, but entangled deeply in the intricacies of diplomacy and moving with more hesitation; Murray, perplexed as we have seen; and Maitland, at home in the element in which he played with the practised pleasure of a master.

The preliminaries were soon disposed of. Both sides agreed on the desirableness of the union of the realms; and the English ministers admitted the propriety of the recognition of the Queen of Scots, if adequate securities could be provided for Elizabeth's safety and for the liberties of the realm.

The main subject was then approached. Lord Bedford said that his mistress would undertake to favour Mary Stuart's title if Mary Stuart would marry where the English council wished; and he proposed the Earl of Leicester as a suitable husband for her.

"The Earl of Leicester," Maitland replied, "was no fit marriage for his mistress taken alone; and he desired to be informed more particularly what the Queen of England was prepared to do in addition. Indefinite promises implied merely that she did not wish the Queen of Scots to make a powerful alliance; his mistress could not consent to make an inferior marriage while the Queen of England was left unfettered; the Queen of England might herself marry and have children."

"It is not the intention of the Queen of England," said Randolph, "to offer the Lord Robert only as Earl of Leicester without further advancement. She desires to deal openly, fairly, and kindly, but neither will her majesty say what she will do more, nor ought she to say, till she knows in some degree how her offer will be embraced." "As you," he said particularly to Maitland, "have spoken an earnest word, so I desire without offence to have another, which is that if you think by finesse, policy, or practice, or any other means, to wring anything out of her majesty's hands, you are but abused and do much deceive yourselves."

As much as this had probably been foreseen on all sides. Maitland wished to extort an independent admission of Mary's claims from which Elizabeth would not afterwards be able to

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happy is your life that between these two queens are tossed to and fro. Your lordship's luck is evil if you light not in some of their laps that love so well to play."—*Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

recede; the English would admit nothing until Mary had consented generally to conditions which would deprive her of the power of being dangerous. But it seems that they were empowered, if Leicester was unacceptable, to give the Queen of Scots the larger choice which Maitland demanded. Cecil had foreseen that Leicester would be rejected. "I think," he said, writing on the 26th of November to Sir Thomas Smith, "that no marriage is more likely to succeed than ——, *if it may come from them.*"

The name omitted was doubtless Darnley's. De Silva, in describing the conference to Philip, said that the English commissioners had given the Scots the alternative of Leicester, Norfolk, or Darnley.[1] Of Norfolk at that time there had been little mention or none. Darnley perhaps Elizabeth would have consented to allow if the Queen of Scots would ask for him; for in giving way to Mary Stuart's wishes she could have accompanied her consent with restrictions which would render the marriage innocuous; while the Queen of Scots on the other side would have accepted Darnley had Elizabeth offered him; for Elizabeth would have been unable to shackle her own proposal with troublesome stipulations.

No matter what promises Elizabeth might make, no matter to what engagements she might bind herself, the Queen of Scots had long resolved to agree to nothing which would alienate the Catholics. As Maitland had told the Bishop of Aquila, she could have no confidence that any engagement would be observed unless she was supported by a force independent of Elizabeth; and if she married Darnley it was necessary for her to keep unimpaired her connection with the party of insurrection, and with the foreign Catholic powers.

Thus neither side would be the first to mention Darnley. The arguments played round the mark but never reached it; and at last, when there was no longer a hope of a satisfactory end, the commissioners found it was useless to waste time longer. They parted without a quarrel, yet without a conclusion, Maitland summing up his own demands in the following words:—

"That the Queen of England would permit his mistress to marry where she would, saving in those royal houses where she desired her to forbear; that her majesty would give her some yearly revenue out of the realm of England, and by Parliament establish unto her the crown, if God did his will on her majesty, and left her without children; in so doing her majesty might have the honour to have made the marriage, and be known to the world to have used the Queen of Scots as a dear and loving sister."[1]

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[1] De Silva to Philip, December 18: *MS. Simancas.*

Immediately after the breaking up of the conference Mary Stuart wrote to request that Lord Darnley might be allowed to join his father in Scotland, and assist him in the recovery of the Lennox estates. Had Elizabeth anticipated what would follow she would probably, instead of complying, have provided Darnley with a lodging in the Tower. But the reports from Scotland were contradictory; Lennox said openly that "his son should marry the queen;" yet Randolph "knew of many, by that which had been spoken of her own mouth, that the marriage should never take effect if otherwise she might have her desire." Lennox had succeeded imperfectly in making a party amongst the lords; and Darnley's elevation to the crown of Scotland would wake a thousand sleeping feuds. The requested permission was suspended without being refused; while Elizabeth began again as usual to play with thoughts of the archduke. Cecil sent to Germany to urge Maximilian to propose in form for her hand;[2] while stranger still, Catherine de Medici meditated an alliance between Elizabeth and her son Charles IX. Elizabeth was twenty-nine and Charles not more than fourteen; but political convenience had overruled more considerable inequalities; and though Elizabeth affected to laugh at the suggestion as absurd, de Silva reminded her that the difference of age was scarcely greater than that between Philip and her sister; while the queen-mother of France made the proposal, as will presently be seen, in perfect seriousness.[3]

On their return to Edinburgh from Berwick, Maitland and Murray wrote a joint letter to Cecil, in which they recapitulated their arguments at the conference and put forward again the demand on behalf of their mistress with which Maitland had concluded. They dwelt on the marriages abroad which were offered to her acceptance—far exceeding in general desirableness that which was proposed by Elizabeth. They expressed themselves however deferentially, and professed a desire which both of them really felt for a happy termination of the difficulty.

Cecil's answer was straightforward, consistent, and honourable. He was glad to perceive from their letter, he said, that they were beginning to comprehend the Queen of England's real feelings. If they persisted in the tone which they had first assumed they would alienate England altogether. They talked of proposals to marry their mistress in this place and that; there were proposals for his own mistress as well, and they would do better in confining themselves to the subject which was immediately before them. They professed to desire to know the Queen of England's real wishes. They knew them already perfectly well. His mistress had never varied either in her words or in her intentions. She wished well to the Queen of Scots. She had no objection to the Queen of Scots' recognition as second person if England could be satisfied that its liberties would not be in danger.

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[1] Report of the Conference at Berwick: *Cotton. MSS.*, CALIG. B. 10.
[2] Roger Strange to Gaspar Pregnyar, February 1, 1565: HAYNES, vol. i.
[3] De Silva to Philip, October 9: *MS. Simancas.*

"And now," Cecil said, "in return for this you propose that the queen's majesty should permit your sovereign to marry where she would, saving in some places prohibited, and in that consideration to give her some yearly revenue out of the realm of England, and by Parliament establish the succession of the realm to her; and then you add that it might be the queen's majesty's desire would take effect. Surely, my Lord of Ledington, I see by this—for it was your speech—you can well tell how to make your bargain. Her majesty will give the Earl of Leicester the highest degree that any nobleman may receive of her hand; but you look for more—you would have with him the establishment of your sovereign's title to be declared in the second place to the queen's majesty. The queen's majesty will never agree to so much of this request, neither in form nor substance, as with the noble gentleman already named. If you will take him she will cause inquisition to be made of your sovereign's rights; and as far as shall stand with justice and her own surety, she will abase such titles as shall be proved unjust and prejudicial to her sister's interest. You know very well that all the queen's majesty mindeth to do must be directed by the laws and by the consent of the three Estates; she can promise no more but what she can with their assent do. The Queen of England, if trusted as a friend, may and will do what she will never contract or bargain to do or submit to be pressed to do. It is a tickle matter to provoke sovereigns to determine their succession.

"Wherefore, good my lords," Cecil concluded, "think hereof, and let not this your negotiation, which is full of terms of friendship, be converted into a bargain or purchase; so as while in the outward face it appears a design to conciliate these two queens and countries by a perpetual amity, in the unwrapping thereof there be not found any other intention but to compass at my sovereign's hands a kingdom and a crown, which if sought for may be sooner lost than gotten, and not being craved may be as soon offered as reason can require. Almighty God assist you with His spirit in your deliberation upon this matter to make choice of that which shall increase His glory and fortify the truth of the gospel in this isle." [1]

Before this letter reached Scotland Maitland had become disposed to receive it in the spirit in which it was written. He had expressed his regret to Randolph for having "meddled" with English Catholic conspirators; he was drawing off from the dangerous policy to which he appeared to have committed himself; and Randolph, who a month before had been more afraid of him than of any man in Scotland, wrote on the 16th of December, the date of Cecil's despatch, that "he never thought better of him than at that moment." [2]

So anxious Maitland seemed to be to recover the confidence of the English government, that except for the opposition which he continued to offer—when opposition had become dangerous—to the Darnley marriage, it might have been thought that he was in league with Mary to throw Elizabeth off her guard. His motives must in part remain obscure. He had perhaps become acquainted with Darnley in England, and had foreseen the consequences if a youth of such a temperament came in too close contact with his mistress. Perhaps too he had never meant to do more than play with poisoned tools; and withdrew when he saw that Elizabeth would not be frightened with them. But an obvious reason for Maitland's change of posture was to be found in the new advice and the new advisers that were finding favour with the Queen of Scots. Two years before, M. de Moret, the ambassador from Savoy, had brought in his suite to Mary Stuart's court an Italian named David Ritzio. The youth—he was about thirty—became a favourite of Mary. Like Châtelar, he was an accomplished musician; he soothed her hours of solitude with love songs, and he had the graceful tastes with which she delighted to amuse her leisure. He had glided gradually into her more serious confidence, as she discovered that he had the genius of his countrymen for intrigue, and that his hatred for the Reformers rivalled her own in its intensity.

The adroit diplomacy of statesmen found less favour in Mary's cabinet than the envenomed weapons of deliberate fraud. She shook off the control of the one supremely able minister that she possessed, and she went on with renewed spirit, disembarrassed of a companion who was too honourable for her present schemes. To the change of counsellors may be attributed her sudden advance in the arts of intrigue. On a sudden, none knew why, she professed a readiness to yield to Elizabeth's wishes. "Her mind to the Lord Robert," she said to Randolph at the end of January, "was as it ought to be to so noble a gentleman;" "such a one as his mistress would marry were he not her subject ought to content her;" "what she would do should depend on the Queen of England, who should wholly guide her and rule her." [1] She deceived Maitland as she deceived Randolph, and Maitland wrote warmly to Cecil, full of hopes "that the great work at which they had so long laboured together, the union of the two countries, would be accomplished at last to their perpetual honour." [2] It appears as if she had persuaded him that she had looked the Darnley marriage in the face and had turned away from it as too full of danger; and even Cecil was so far convinced that he entered in his diary at the date of these letters —"Mr. Randolph writeth at length of the Queen of Scots' allowance of my Lord of Leicester, and giveth great appearance of success in the marriage." [3]

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[1] Cecil to Maitland and Murray, December 16: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*
[2] Randolph to Cecil, December 16: *MS.* Ibid.

On the 6th of February Randolph wrote again to Leicester as if there was no longer any doubt that he would be accepted. "This queen," he said, "is now content to give good ear to her majesty's suit in your behalf; she judges you worthy to be husband to any queen." [4] And though Randolph himself still vaguely anticipated evil, and though other persons who understood the state of things in Scotland shared his misgivings,[5]

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, February 5: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Maitland to Cecil, January 16 and February 1: *MS. Rolls House.*

[3] Cecil's Diary, February 5.

[4] Randolph to Leicester, February 6: WRIGHT, vol. i.

[5] Among the *Conway MSS.* there is a remarkable paper, unsigned and unaddressed, on the Lennox question in Scotland, and on the views supposed to be entertained by Lady Lennox and her husband. It shows how remarkably the religious parties were intersected by family feuds; and how disintegrating and dangerous to the Catholic party in Scotland the marriage of Mary Stuart and Darnley must have been.

NOTE OF AFFAIRS IN SCOTLAND

February 3, 1564-5.

"Enemies to the Earl of Lennox—All the Protestants of that realm in general, and in special the Duke of Chatelherault, with all the Hamiltons in Clydesdale, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh; the Bishop of St. Andrew's; the Abbot of Kilwinning; the Bishop of Glasgow; all the Betons; the allies of the late Cardinal of St. Andrew's; the Laird of Borthwick, and

Elizabeth permitted herself to be persuaded that Mary Stuart was at last sincere. Cecil and Leicester shared her confidence or were prepared to risk the experiment; and Darnley was allowed leave of absence for three months in the belief that it might be safely conceded.

Darnley therefore went his way. Elizabeth herself meanwhile, half desponding, half hopeful of the result, and perhaps to hold a salutary fear over the Queen of Scots, listened to the

all the Scots. The Earl of Argyle, sister's son to the duke; all the Campbells; the Earl of Glencairn, whose eldest son is sister's son to the duke; and all the Cunninghams. The Earl of Eglinton was never good Lennox. The Earl of Cassilis, young, and of small conduct. The remnants of Huntly's house will favour the duke, and so will James M'Connell, and others of the Isles. The Lord James and Ledington in their hearts have misliked Lennox; unless now, in hope to continue their rule in that realm, they may be changed. The Earl of Morton, being chancellor; the young Earl of Angus, Drumlanrig, and all the Douglasses, with the Justice Clerk; M'Gill and their alliance, if my Lady Lennox do not relinquish her title to the Earldom of Angus, which I suppose, in respect of the greater advancement, she hath already promised. The Lords Maxwell and Erskine, allied to Argyle. Livingstone is friend to the duke, and Fleming likewise. Borthwick will hang with the Douglasses. The Earl of Montrose and the Leslies, being Protestants.

"Of these [some] may be won, partly in hope that Darnley will embrace religion, which I doubt will never be, partly by preferment of spiritual lands, partly by money, and partly but in fear by the authority and in respect of other insolent pretences.

"Friends hoped upon it—

"The Humes and the Kers, albeit they will choose the best side.

"The Earl of Bothwell, of no force now.

"The Earl Athol; the Earl Errol; the Lords Ruthven and Seton; the gentlemen of Lennox, and some of the Barony of Renfrew. The Laird of Tullybardine, a young head.

"The queen, being his chief countenance, thinketh from the duke's overthrow, if she can bring it to pass, to advance Lennox as her heir-apparent, failing of her issue. If Darnley can hit the mark, then careth my lady (Lady Lennox) neither for the Earldom of Lennox, Angus, nor lands in England, having enough that way; and if the queen can bring it about, division shall follow. The overthrow of religion is pretenced; the French to be reconciled; their aid again to be craved; and if they can, they intend to pretend title here in England, where they make account upon friends. Whenas they have Lennox, Darnley, and the mother within their border, whatsoever flourishing words be used for the shift, either here or in Scotland, by Lady Lennox, her son, or husband, their hearts portend enmity to our sovereign and division to her realm. They are only bent to please and revenge the Queen of Scots' quarrel, and to follow her ways, who remembereth, as I am informed, her mother, her uncle Guise, and her own pretences. This realm hath a faction to serve their turn. Betwixt Chatelherault and Lennox, take heed that ye suffer not that Chatelherault be overthrown, and in the end advance him who shall be enemy to this realm. It may fall out the queen's majesty's purpose may be followed by them of Scotland, in which case it should be well; but I, in my simple opinion, am in despair thereof, for they look for her where the Lord preserve her, and therefore betimes seek ways to stop the tide, and fill their hands full at home, which may well be done."—*Conway MSS. Rolls House.*

proposals of Catherine de Medici for her own marriage with the boy King of France.

On the 24th of January the queen-mother addressed a letter to Paul de Foix, setting forth that, considering the rare excellence of the Queen of England, the position of England and France, separated as they were only by a three hours' passage, and the deep interests of both countries in their mutual prosperity, she would feel herself the happiest mother in the world if either of her sons could convert so charming a sister into a daughter equally dear.[1]

Before Mary Stuart had given signs of an alteration of feeling, and immediately that she was made aware of the ill success of the conference at Berwick, Elizabeth had been again haunted by the nightmare of marriage. Again Cecil had communicated with Maximilian, and in writing to Sir Thomas Smith on the 15th of December, he had said:

"This also I see in the queen's majesty, a sufficient contentation to be moved to marry abroad; and if it may so please Almighty God to lead by the hand some meet person to come and lay hands on her to her contentation, I could then wish myself more health to endure my years somewhat longer, to enjoy such a world here as I trust will follow; otherwise I assure you as now things hang in desperation I have no comfort to live." [2]

Cecil's interest was in the archduke who was a grown man. Elizabeth, if she was obliged to marry, preferred perhaps a husband with whom her connection for a time would be a form.

When Paul de Foix read Catherine's letter to her she coloured, expressed herself warmly grateful for an offer of which she felt herself unworthy, and wished that she had been ten years younger. She feared, she said, that if at her age she married any one so young as the King of France, it would be with her as it had been with her sister and King Philip. In a few years she would find herself a discontented old woman deserted by a husband who was weary of her.

The ambassador politely objected. She might have children to give stability to the throne; virtue never grew old, and her greatness would for ever make her loved.

She said she would sooner die than be a neglected wife, and yet, while conscious of its absurdity, she allowed the thought to rest before her. She admitted that her subjects desired her to marry. They would perhaps prefer an Englishman for her; but she had no subject in England of adequate rank except the Earl of Arundel, and Arundel she could not endure. She could have loved the noble Earl of Leicester, but her subjects objected and she was bound to consult their wishes.

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[1] "Me sentirois la plus heureuse mère du monde si un de mes enfans d'une bien aymée sœur m'en avoit faict une très chère fille."—Catherine de Medici to Paul de Foix. Vie de Marie Stuart: MIGNET; Appendix.

[2] Cecil to Sir T. Smith, December 15: WRIGHT, vol. i.

So with a promise to consider the proposal she graciously dismissed de Foix and proceeded to consult Cecil. The careful Cecil with methodical gravity paraded the obvious objections, the inequality of age, the danger, should the marriage prove fruitful, of the absorption of England into France, the risk of being involved in continental wars, and the innovations which might be attempted upon English liberty and English law.

Elizabeth admitted the force of these considerations, but she would not regard them as decisive. De Foix suggested that the crown of England might be entailed on the second son or the second child; and Catherine de Medici herself, excited by Elizabeth's uncertainty, became more pressing than ever, and made light of difficulties.

She even tempted Cecil with splendid offers if he would recommend the French alliance and do her a pleasure; but she had mistaken the temperament which she was addressing. Cecil answered like himself "that he thought neither of how to gratify the Queen of France nor of any gift or recompense which might accrue to himself; his sole care was for the service of God, the weal of his mistress, and the interests of the realm; if the marriage would further these it should have his hearty support, if otherwise no second consideration could move him."[1]

The queen-mother was too eager to be daunted. The Queen of Spain was coming, in the course of the spring, to Bayonne on a visit to her mother. Some marriage in Philip's interest would then probably be proposed for her son; and while de Foix was working on Elizabeth, Catherine herself continued to press upon the English ambassador and to urge the necessity of an immediate resolution.[2]

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[1] MIGNET'S *Mary Stuart;* Appendix.

[2] Sir Thomas Smith reports a singular Order of Council for the behaviour of the French court, in preparation for the Queen of Spain's visit:—

"Orders are taken in the court, that no gentleman shall entertain with talk any of the queen's maids except it be in the queen's presence, or except he be married. And if any demoiselle do sit upon a form or stool, he may sit by her, but not lie along as the fashion was afore in this court, with other such restraints, which whether they be made for this time of Lent, or to somewhat imitate the austerity of the Spanish court, that they should not be offended or think evil of the liberty used in this court, I cannot tell."—Sir T. Smith to Cecil, April 10: *French MSS. Rolls House.*

Elizabeth really thought for the time that unless she could succeed with Mary Stuart her choice lay only between the archduke and the King of France. She told de Silva in March that she must marry or she could not face another Parliament, whilst she durst not marry Leicester for fear of an insurrection.[1] Catherine de Medici knew the necessity which was bearing upon her, and laboured hard with Sir Thomas Smith to remove the objections raised by Cecil.

Age was nothing, she said. If the Queen of England was contented with the age of her son he would find no fault with hers. Elizabeth professed to fear that a marriage with the King of France might oblige her to be often absent from England. Catherine could see no difficulty in governing England by a viceroy; and it was to no purpose that Smith urged that the English people were less easy to govern than the French, and that their princes had trouble enough to manage them though they remained always at home. He told Catherine that he thought she was too precipitate; the young people might meet and make acquaintance. "You are a young man, sir," he said to Charles himself; "when you are next in Normandy you should disguise yourself, go lustily over unknown, and see with your own eyes."

The queen-mother laughed, but said it could not be. She must have an answer at once; and the match was so advantageous for both parties that she could not believe Elizabeth would refuse. France and England united could rule the world, for French and English soldiers united could conquer the world. "France had the honour for horsemen, English footmen were taken for invincible."

The conversation turned on the chances of children, where Catherine was equally confident; and the dialogue which followed was reported by Sir T. Smith in a letter to Elizabeth herself:—

"The queen told me that she was married when King Henry had but fifteen years and she fourteen; and that Mr. Secretary Cecil had a child at fourteen years of age, as her ambassador had written to her; and, said she, 'you see my son, he is not small nor little of growth.'

"With that the king stood upright.

"'Why,' said she, 'you would show yourself bigger than you be,' and laughed.

"'But what think you will be the end, M. l'Ambassadeur,' saith she; 'I pray you tell me your opinion frankly.'

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[1] De Silva to Philip, March 17: *MS. Simancas.*

"'By my troth, madame,' quoth I, 'to say what I think, I think rather it will take effect than no; and yet in my letters I see nothing but deliberation and irresolution and request of delay to consult; but methinks it groweth fast together and cometh on hotlier than I did imagine it would have done; and that maketh me judge rather that at the last it will take effect than otherwise. But methinks on your part and the king's you make too much haste. If the king had three or four more years and had seen the queen's majesty and was taken in love with her, then I would not marvel at this haste.'

"'Why,' said the king, 'I do love her indeed.'

"'Sir,' quoth I, 'your age doth not yet bear that you should perfectly know what love meaneth; but you shall shortly understand it, for there is no young man, prince nor other, but he doth pass by it. It is the foolishest thing, the most impatient, most hasty, most without respect that can be.'

"With that the king blushed.

"The queen said this is no foolish love.

"'No, madame,' quoth I, 'this is with respect and upon good grounds, and therefore may be done with deliberation.'"[1]

"'So your majesty is to marry the King of France after all,' said de Silva to Elizabeth a little after this.

"She half hid her face and laughed. 'It is Lent,' she said; 'and you are a good friend, so I will confess my sins to you. My brother the Catholic king wished to marry me, the King of Sweden and Denmark wished to marry me, the King of France wishes to marry me.'

"'And the archduke also,' said de Silva.

"'Your prince,' she went on without noticing the interruption, 'is the only one who has not been at my feet; I have had all the rest.'

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[1] Sir Thomas Smith to Elizabeth, April 15: *French MSS. Rolls House.* Elizabeth had desired the ambassador to describe the young king to her. Smith said he was a pale, thin, sickly, ungainly boy, with large knee and ankle joints. His health had been injured by over-doses of medicine. He seemed amiable, cheerful, and more intelligent than might have been expected, "seeing he had not been brought up to learning, and spoke no language but his own."

In a letter to Cecil the ambassador said—

"The queen-mother hath a very good opinion of you. She liketh marvellous well that you had a son in your fourteenth or fifteenth year, for she hopeth therefore that her son the king shall have a son as well as you in his sixteenth year, and thinketh you may serve as an example to the queen's majesty not to contemn the young years of the King's."—Smith to Cecil: *MS.* Ibid.

"'When the king my master failed,' replied de Silva, 'he supposed your majesty would never marry at all.'

"'There was no need of so hasty a conclusion,' she said; 'although it is true that at that time I was very unwilling to marry; and I assure you that if at this moment I could name any fitting person to succeed to my crown I would not marry now; I have always shrunk from it; but my subjects insist, and I suppose I shall be forced to comply unless I can contrive some alternative, which will be very difficult. The world, when a woman remains single, assumes that there must be something wrong about her, and that she has some discreditable reason for it. They said of me that I would not marry because I was in love with the Earl of Leicester, and that I could not marry him because he had a wife already; yet now he has no wife, and for all that I do not marry him, although at one time the king my brother advised me to do it. But what are we to do? tongues will talk, and for ourselves we can but do our duties and keep our account straight with God. Truth comes out at last, and God knows my heart that I am not what people say I am.'"[1]

Meanwhile in Scotland the drama was fast progressing. Darnley reached Edinburgh on the 12th of February; and a week later he was introduced to Mary at Wemyss Castle in Fife. As yet he had but few friends: the most powerful of the Catholic nobles looked askance at him; the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Cardinal of Guise, and the widowed duchess, misunderstanding the feeling of his friends in England, imagined that in accepting a youth who had been brought up at Elizabeth's court, the Queen of Scots was throwing up the game.[2] The Archbishop of Glasgow, Mary's minister in Paris—a Beton, and therefore an hereditary enemy of Lennox—sent an estafette to Madrid in the hope that Philip would dissuade her from a step which he regarded as fatal; and though Melville, who was in the confidence of the English Catholics, assured her "that no marriage was more in her interest, seeing it would render her title to the succession of the crown unquestionable," although Ritzio, "the known minion of the pope," threw himself into

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[1] MIGNET; Appendix 6.

[2] When Mary's final resolution to marry Darnley was made known in Paris, Sir Thomas Smith wrote to Leicester, "The Cardinal of Guise, Madame de Guise, and the Scottish ambassador, are in a marvellous agony for the news of the marriage of the Scottish Queen with the Lord Darnley. They have received letters out of Scotland from some friends there, which when they had read, they fell weeping all that night."—Smith to Leicester. April, 1565: *French MSS. Rolls House.*

Darnley's intimacy so warmly "that they would lie sometimes in one bed together,"[1] Mary Stuart either disguised her resolution, or delayed the publication of it till Philip's answer should arrive. She had not yet relinquished hope of extracting concessions from Elizabeth by professing a desire to be guided by her; she was afraid of driving Elizabeth by over-precipitancy to accept the advances of France.

In the interval therefore she continued to assure Randolph that she would be guided by "her sister's" wishes. "How to be sure that it is her real mind and not words only," Randolph wrote on the 1st of March, "is harder than I will take upon me, but so far as words go, to me and others she seems fully determined. I never at any time had better hopes of her than now."[2]

Yet the smooth words took no shape in action. She pressed Randolph every day to know Elizabeth's resolution, but the conditions on both sides remained as they were left at Berwick. Elizabeth said to Mary Stuart, "Marry as I wish and then you shall see what I will do for you." Mary said, "Recognise me first as your successor and I will then be all that you desire." Each distrusted the other; but Elizabeth had the most producible reason for declining to be credulous. However affectionate the Queen of Scots' language might be, the Treaty of Edinburgh remained unratified.

The more Mary pressed for recognition therefore, the more Elizabeth determined to withhold what if once conceded could not afterwards be recalled, till by some decisive action her suspicion should have been removed. With the suspense other dangerous symptoms began to show themselves. Soon after Darnley's appearance the Queen of Scots made attempts to reintroduce the mass. Murray told Randolph that "if she had her way in her 'Papistry' things would be worse than ever they were." Argyle said that unless she married as the Queen of England desired "he and his would have to provide for their own." The chapel at Holyrood was thrown open to all comers; and while the queen insisted that her subjects should "be free to live as they listed," the Protestants "offered their lives to be sacrificed before they would suffer such an abomination." Becoming aggressive in turn they threatened to force the queen into conformity, and they by their violence "kindled in her a desire to revenge." Mary Stuart was desiring merely to reconcile the Catholics of the anti-Lennox faction to her marriage with Darnley. There was fighting about the chapel door; the priest was attacked at the altar; and in the daily quarrels at the council-board the lords of the congregation told Mary openly that "if she thought of marrying a Papist it would not be borne with."[1] Suddenly, unlooked for and uninvited, the evil spirit of the storm, the Earl of Bothwell, reappeared at Mary's court. She disclaimed all share in his return; he was still attainted; yet there he stood—none daring to lift a hand against him—proud, insolent, and dangerous.

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[1] CALDERWOOD.

[2] Randolph to Cecil, March 1: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

At this crisis Randolph brought Mary a message which she was desired to accept as final; that until Elizabeth had herself married or had made up her mind not to marry, the succession must remain unsettled. The Queen of Scots "wept her fill;" but tears in those eyes were no sign of happy promise. Randolph so little liked the atmosphere that he petitioned for his own recall. Lennox had gathered about him a knot of wild and desperate youths—Cassilis, Eglinton, Montgomery, and Bothwell—the worst and fiercest of all. Darnley had found a second friend and adviser besides Ritzio in Lord Robert Stuart, the queen's half-brother, "a man full of all evil." The queen's own marriage with him was now generally spoken of; and Chatelherault, Argyle, and Murray gave the English ambassador notice that mischief was in the wind, "and joined themselves in a new bond to defend each other's quarrels."[2]

"To help all these unhappy ones," Randolph wrote to Cecil, "I doubt not but you will take the best way; and this I can assure you, that contrary to my sovereign's will, let them attempt, let them seek, let them send to all the cardinals and devils in hell, it shall exceed their power to bring anything to pass, so that be not refused the Queen of Scots which in reason ought to content her."[3]

The elements of uncertainty and danger were already too many, when it pleased Elizabeth to introduce another which completed the chaos and shook the three kingdoms. Despising doctrinal Protestantism too keenly to do justice to its professors, Elizabeth had been long growing impatient of excesses like that which had shocked her at Cambridge, and had many times expressed her determination to bring the Church to order. Her own creed was a perplexity to herself and to the world. With no tinge of the meaner forms of superstition, she clung to practices which exasperated the Reformers, while the Catholics laughed at their inconsistency; her crucifixes and candles, if adopted partly from a politic motive of conciliation, were in part also an expression of that half belief with which she regarded the symbols of the faith; and while ruling the clergy with a rod of iron, and refusing as sternly as her father to tolerate their pretensions to independence, she desired to force upon them a special and semi-mysterious character; to dress them up as counterfeits of the Catholic hierarchy; and half in reverence, half in contempt, compel them to assume the name and character of a priesthood, which both she and they in their heart of hearts knew to be an illusion and a dream.

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, March 15, March 17, and March 20: *MS. Rolls House*

[2] Randolph to Cecil, March 20: *Cotton. MSS.* CALIG. B. 10.

[3] Ibid.

Elizabeth's view of this subject cannot be called a fault. It was the result of her peculiar temperament; and in principle was but an anticipation of the eventual attitude into which the minds of the laity would subside. But the theory in itself is suited only to settled times, when it is safe from the shock of external trials: from the first it has been endured with impatience by those nobler minds to whom sincerity is a necessity of existence; and in the first establishment of the English Church, and especially when Elizabeth attempted to insist on conditions which overstrained the position, she tried the patience of the most enduring clergy in the world.

Her first and greatest objection was to their marriage. The holy state of matrimony was one which she could not contemplate without bitterness; and although she could not at the time of her accession prevent the clergy from taking wives, and dared not re-enact the prohibitory laws of her sister, she refused to revive the permissive statutes of Edward. She preferred to leave the archbishops and bishops with their children legally illegitimate and themselves under the imputation of concubinage. Nor did time tend to remove her objections. Cecil alone in 1561 prevented her from making an attempt to enforce celibacy.[1] To the Archbishop of Canterbury himself "she expressed a repentance that he and the other married bishops were in office, wishing it had been otherwise;" she thought them worse as they were, "than in the glorious shame of a counterfeited chastity;" "I was in horror," the archbishop wrote after a conversation with her on the subject, "to hear such words come from her mild nature as she spake concerning God's holy ordinance of matrimony." "Princes hitherto had thought it better to cherish their ecclesiastical state as conservators of religion; the English bishops alone were openly brought in hatred, shunned and traduced before the malicious and ignorant people as beasts without knowledge, as men of effrenate intemperancy, without discretion or any godly disposition worthy to serve in their state."[1]

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[1] "Her majesty continues very ill-affected towards the state of matrimony in the clergy; and if I were not therein very stiff, her majesty would utterly and openly condemn and forbid it."—Cecil to Archbishop Parker, August 12, 1561: STRYPE'S *Life of Parker*.

In the same spirit the queen attempted to force her crucifixes into the parish churches; and she provoked by it immediate rebellion. The bishops replied with one voice "that they would give their lives for her; but they would not set a trap for the ignorant and make themselves guilty of the blood of their brethren;" "if by the queen's authority they established images, they would blemish the fame of their notable fathers who had given their lives for the testimony of God's truth."

Thus the antagonism went on, irritating Elizabeth on her side into dangerous traffickings with the Bishop of Aquila and his successor; while Parker declared openly that he must obey God rather than man; and that, however the queen might despise him and his brethren, "there were enough of that contemptible flock that would not shrink to offer their blood for the defence of Christ's verity."[2]

The right however, as has been already pointed out, was not wholly on the Protestant side. The recollections of Protestant ascendancy in the days of Edward were not yet effaced; and the inability of the Reformers to keep in check the coarser forms of irreverence and irreligion was as visible as before. They were themselves aggressive and tyrannical; and when prebendaries' wives melted the cathedral organ-pipes into dish-covers and cut the frames into bedsteads, there was something to be said even in favour of clerical celibacy. The bad relations between the crown and the spiritual estate prevented the clergy from settling down into healthy activity. The queen insulted her bishops on one side; the Puritans denounced them on the other as imps of Antichrist; and thus without effective authority —with its rulers brought deliberately into contempt—the Church of England sunk deeper day by day into anarchy.

Something no doubt it had become necessary to do; but Elizabeth took a line which however it might be defended in theory was approved of only by the Catholics—and by them in the hope that it would prove the ruin of the institution which they hated.

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[1] Parker to Cecil: STRYPE'S *Life of Parker*. [2] Ibid.

At the close of 1564, after the return of the court from Cambridge, an intimation went abroad that the queen intended to enforce uniformity in the administration of the services and to insist especially on the use of the surplice and cap—the badges which distinguished the priest from the Genevan minister. The Puritan clergy would sooner have walked to the stake in the yellow robes of Sanbenitos. But it was in vain that the Dean of Durham insisted that it was cruel to use force against Protestants while "so many Papists, who had never sworn obedience to the queen nor yet did any part of their duty to their flocks, enjoyed their liberty and livings." It was in vain that Pilkington and others of the bishops exclaimed against disturbing the peace of the Church at such a time "about things indifferent."[1] On the 24th of January the queen addressed a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, "that whereas the ecclesiastical government ought to be the example in its perfection to all others—by the carelessness of him the archbishop and of the other bishops, differences of opinion, differences of practice, differences in the rites used in the churches, had risen up throughout the realm, to the great offence of godly, wise, and obedient persons. She had hoped that the bishops would in time have remembered their duties; but finding her expectation disappointed she had now resolved to use her own authority and suppress and reform all novelties, diversities, and varieties. The Act of Uniformity should be obeyed in all its parts, and the bishops must see to it at their peril." In the first draft of the letter a clause was added in Cecil's hand, recommending them to act with moderation; but the words were struck through and a menace substituted in their place that "if the bishops were now remiss, the queen would provide other remedy by such sharp proceedings as should not be easy to be borne by such as were disordered; and therewith also she would impute to them the cause thereof."[2]

Much might have been said on the manner of these injunctions. To the matter there was no objection, provided discretion had been observed in limiting the points which where to be insisted on within the bounds which were indispensably necessary, and provided the bishops' powers were equal to the duties imposed upon them. Henry VIII. had again and again issued similar orders; and on the whole, because he was known to be evenhanded and because the civil authority supported the ecclesiastical, he had held in check the more dangerous excesses both of Catholic and Protestant. But the reformed opinions had now developed far beyond the point at which Henry left them. They had gained a hold on the intellect as well as on the passions of the best and noblest of Elizabeth's subjects; and on the other hand, as the Dean of Durham complained, vast numbers of the Catholic clergy were left undisturbed in their benefices who scarcely cared to conceal their creed. The bishops were rebuked if they attempted to exact the oath of allegiance from Papist recusants; while the queen's displeasure was reserved for those who were true from the bottom of their hearts to the throne which the Catholics were undermining. The ablest and worthiest of the English clergy were those on whom the injunctions would press most heavily. Elizabeth it seemed had not yet forgiven the good service which they had done her when Amy Robsart died, and when but for them she would have married Lord Robert.

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[1] Pilkington to Leicester, October 25, 1564: STRYPE'S *Parker*, Appendix.

[2] The Queen to Archbishop Parker, January 24, 1565: STRYPE'S *Life of Parker*.

But there was no escape. The surplice should be worn though it scorched like the robe of Nessus. The archbishop, with the help of the Bishops of London, Ely, Lincoln, and Winchester, drew up a body of articles for "uniformity of apparel and ritual," and submitted them to Cecil for approval. Elizabeth meanwhile had supplemented her first orders by a command that "matters in controversy in religion" should not be discussed in sermons; the clergy while wearing Catholic garments were not to criticise Catholic doctrines. The archbishop told Cecil that while "the adversaries" were so busy on the Continent writing against the English Liturgy, this last direction was thought "too unreasonable;" and implored him "not to strain the cord too tight;" while he requested an order in writing from the queen, addressed to himself and the Bishop of London, as their authority for enforcing her first commands.[1]

Neither a letter from herself however, nor assistance in any form from the government, would Elizabeth allow to be given. The bishops should deliver their tale of bricks, but they should have no straw to burn them. They were the appointed authorities, and by them she was determined at once that the work should be done and that the odium of it should be born.

She did something indeed; but not what Parker desired. As

[1] Parker to Cecil, March 3, 1565: *Lansdowne MSS.* 8.

if purposely to affront the Protestants, the court had revived the ceremonies of the carnival. On Shrove Tuesday Leicester gave a tournament and afterwards a masque, where Juno and Diana held an argument on the respective merits of marriage and celibacy. Jupiter, as the umpire, gave sentence at last for matrimony; and the queen, who had the Spanish ambassador as usual at her side, whispered to him "that is meant for me." A supper followed, but not till past midnight. As Lent had begun the ambassador declined to eat, and Elizabeth laughed at him. The next day being Ash Wednesday, de Silva accompanied her to St. Paul's, where Nowell, the dean, was to preach. A vast crowd had assembled—more, the queen thought, to see her than to hear the sermon. The dean began, and had not proceeded far when he came on the subject of images—"which he handled roughly."

"Leave that alone," Elizabeth called from her seat. The preacher did not hear, and went on with his invectives. "To your text! Mr. Dean," she shouted, raising her voice; "To your text; leave that; we have heard enough of that! To your subject."

The unfortunate Doctor Nowell coloured, stammered out a few incoherent words, and was unable to go on. Elizabeth went off in a rage with her ambassador. The congregation—the Protestant part of it—were in tears.[1]

Archbishop Parker, seeing the dean "utterly dismayed," took him "for pity home to Lambeth to dinner;"[2] and wrote to Cecil a respectful but firm remonstrance. Without the letter for which he had applied he was powerless to move. The bishops, without the support of the queen or council, would only be laughed at. Let Leicester, Bacon, Cecil himself, and the queen send for the Protestant ministers if they pleased, and say to them what they pleased. They had begun the trouble, and it was for them to pacify it. "I can do no good," he said. "If the ball shall be tossed unto us, and we have no authority by the queen's hand, we will sit still; I will no more strive against the stream—fume or chide who will. The Lord be with you!"[3]

Still labouring to do his best, the archbishop called a meeting of the bishops and invited them either to recommend obedience among the clergy or to abstain from encouraging them in resistance. But the bishops were now as angry as the queen. They refused in a body to "discourage good Protestants;" and Parker told Elizabeth plainly that unless she supported him in carrying them out the injunctions must be modified. He had to deal with men "who would offer themselves to lose all, yea, their bodies to prison, rather than condescend;" while the lawyers told him that he could not deprive incumbents of their livings "with no more warrant but the queen's mouth."

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[1] De Silva to Philip, March 12: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Parker to Cecil, March 8: *Lansdowne MSS.* 8.

[3] Ibid.

While Parker addressed the queen, the other bishops waited on Cecil with the same protest. The reforming clergy, they said, refused everywhere "to wear the apparel of Satan;" "Christ had no fellowship with Belial;" and "for themselves they would not be made Papists in disguise."

Cecil, who knew that all appeals to Elizabeth in her present humour would only exasperate her, replied that "they talked more rhetoric than reason; the queen must be obeyed or worse would follow."[1]

Never were human beings in a more cruel position. Elizabeth sat still in malicious emjoyment of the torture which she was inflicting, while Parker and Grindal, after a fresh consultation with the lawyers, undertook at last to summon the London clergy and attempt to extort a promise from them to obey the Act of Uniformity; if the clergy refused, the archbishop supposed that the court was prepared for the consequences, and that he must proceed to sequestration and deprivation; but while he consented to submit to the queen's commands he warned Cecil of the inevitable consequences: many churches would be left destitute of service; many ministers would forsake their livings and live at printing, teaching children, or otherwise as they could: "what tumults would follow, what speeches and talks were like to rise in the realm and in the city, he left it to Cecil's wisdom to consider;" and driven as he was against his will to these unwise extremities, he again entreated that some member of the council might be joined in commission with him "to authorise the queen's commandments."[2]

On this last point Elizabeth would yield nothing. The clergy were under the charge of the bishops; and the bishops should manage them with law or without. One or two of the most violent of the London preachers were called before the council and "foul chidden;" but lay interference with them was limited to remonstrance. The responsibility of punishing them was flung persistently on the archbishop, who at length, after once more ineffectually imploring Cecil "to pacify the queen," opened a commission at Lambeth with the Bishop of London on the 26th of March.

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[1] De Silva to Philip, March 12.

[2] Parker and Grindal to Cecil, March 20: *Lansdowne MSS.* 8.

A few hours' experience sufficed to justify the worst alarm. More than a hundred of the London clergy appeared. Sixty-one promised conformity; a few hesitated; thirty-seven distinctly refused and were suspended for three months "from all manner of ministry." They were the best preachers in the city; "they showed reasonable quietness and modesty other than was looked for," but submit they would not.[1] As an immediate consequence, foreseen by every one but the queen, the most frequented of the London churches either became the scenes of scandal and riot or were left without service. When the archbishop sent his chaplains to officiate, the congregation forcibly expelled them. The doors of one church were locked, and six hundred citizens "who came to communion" were left at the doors unable to find entrance; at another, an Anglican priest, of high church tendencies, who was sent to take the place of the deposed minister, produced a wafer at the sacrament; the parishioners, when he was reading the prayer of consecration, removed it from the table "because it was not common bread." At a third church the churchwardens refused to provide surplices. The Bishop of London was besieged in his house at St. Paul's by mobs of raging women whom he vainly entreated to go away and send their husbands instead. Unable to escape from the hands of these Amazons he was about "to pray aid of some magistrate" to deliver him; and was rescued only by one of the suspended clergy who persuaded them to go away quietly—"yet so as with tears they moved at some hands compassion."[2] Everywhere "the precise Protestants" "offered their goods and bodies to prison rather than they would relent."

Simultaneously and obviously on purpose Elizabeth forced upon the people the most alarming construction of the persecution. On Good Friday, her almoner Guest, the high church Bishop of Rochester, preached a sermon in the Chapel Royal on the famous *Hoc est corpus meum.* He assured his congregation again and again "that the bread at the sacrament was the very body, the very same body which had been crucified," "and that the Christian must so take it and so believe of it," and an enthusiastic Catholic in the audience was so delighted to hear the old doctrine once more in the sovereign's presence, that he shouted out—"That is true, and he that denies it let him be burnt."

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[1] Parker to Cecil, March 26: *Lansdowne MSS.* 8.

[2] Parker to Cecil, March 26, March 28, April 3, April 12: *Lansdowne MSS.* Grindal to Cecil, May 4: *Domestic MSS., Elizabeth*, vol. xxxix., *Rolls House.*

On Easter Tuesday Elizabeth in stiff black velvet and with all solemnity and devotion publicly washed the feet of a poor woman; and the washing business over, with slow deliberation she had a large crucifix brought to her which she piously kissed.[1] In part perhaps she was but a politic hypocrite, and desired to deceive de Silva and Philip; but the world took her at her word and believed that she was openly making profession of Catholicism while she was compelling the Protestants to be their own destroyers."

Once more Parker poured out to Cecil his despair and distraction.[2]

LAMBETH, *April* 28.

"SIR,—The queen's majesty willed my Lord of York to declare her pleasure determinately to have the orders go forward. I trust her highness hath devised how it may be performed. I utterly despair therein as of myself and therefore must sit still as I have now done, always waiting either for toleration or else further aid. Mr. Secretary, can it be thought that I alone, having sun and moon against me, can compass this difficulty? If you of her majesty's council provide no otherwise for this matter than as it appeareth openly, what the sequel will be *horresco vel reminiscendo cogitare*. In King Edward's days the whole body of the council travailed in Hooper's attempt; my predecessor Cranmer of blessed memory,[3] labouring in vain with Bishop Ferrars, the council took it in hand; and shall I hope to do that which the queen's majesty will have done? What I hear and see, what complaints be brought to me, I shall not report, [or] how I am used of many men's hands. I commit all to God. If I die in this cause—malice so far prevailing—I shall commit my soul to God in a good conscience. If the queen's majesty be no more considered, I shall not marvel what be done or said to me. If you hear and see so manifestly as may be seen, and will not consult in time to prevent so many miseries, I have and do by these presents discharge my duty and conscience to you in such place as ye be. I can promise to do nothing but hold me in silence within my own conscience, and make my complaints to God ut exsurgat Deus et judicet causam istam, ille, ille, qui comprehendit sapientes in astutiâ eorum.[1] God be with your honour.

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[1] "Acabando de lavar el pie á la pobre, hacia de mucho espacio una cruz muy larga y bien hecha para besar en ella de que pesaba á muchos de los que allí estaban."—De Silva to Philip, April 21: *MS. Simancas*.

[2] Archbishop Parker to Cecil: *Lansdowne MSS.* 9.

[3] Parker's words are "my predecessor D. Cranmer labouring in vain," etc. D. is *Divus*, and the expression in the text is its nearest English equivalent.

"Your honour's in Christ,
"MATT. CANTUAR."

The alarm produced by Elizabeth's attitude was not confined to the English Protestants. Adam Loftus, titular Archbishop of Armagh, bewailed to Cecil the malice of the crafty "devil and subtle Satan" who was "turmoiling and turning things topsy-turvy, bringing in a mingled religion, neither wholly with nor wholly against God's word." Such a religion was "the more dangerous," the Irish primate thought, "as it was accounted good and comely;" but for himself he would rather see God followed wholly or Baal followed wholly; "it was dangerous to urge a necessity in things which God's word did set at liberty."[2]

Far worse was the effect in Scotland. The rigid Calvinists, who had long watched Elizabeth with jealous eyes, clamoured that she was showing herself at last in her true colours. "Posts and packets flying daily in the air," brought such news as lost her and lost England "the hearts of all the godly." No imagination was too extravagant to receive credit. The two queens were supposed to be in a secret league for the overthrow of the truth, and Darnley's return was interpreted as part of an insidious policy—at once "to match the Queen of Scots meanly and poorly," and to confirm her in her evil ways "by marrying her to a Papist." The "godly" exclaimed in anguish "that no hope was left of any sure establishment of Christ's religion, but all was turned to confusion." "The evil effect" on men's minds was described "as beyond measure infinite;" and Mary Stuart's desire to obtain liberty of conscience for the Catholics and the increasing favour which she showed to Darnley, were alike set down to Elizabeth.

The Leicester scandals were revived with new anecdotes to confirm them.[3] The Protestants, goaded into fear and fury, swore that the priests at Holyrood should be hanged, and "idolatry" be no more suffered. Mary Stuart being on a visit at Lundy in Fife, the laird—"a grave antient man with a white head and a white beard"—led his seven sons before her, all tall and stalwart men. They knelt together at her feet. "The house," the laird said, "was hers and all that was in it, and he and his boys would serve her truly till death;" "but he prayed that while she remained no mass should be said there." She asked why. He said it was "worse than the mickle de'il."[1]

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[1] "That God may arise, and may judge in this cause,—He—He—who taketh the wise in their own craftiness."

[2] The Archbishop of Armagh to Cecil, 1565: *Irish MSS. Rolls House.*

[3] "It is in every man's mouth that lately the Duke of Norfolk's grace and my Lord of Leicester were playing at tennis, the queen beholding

Remonstrance did not rest in words. A priest in Edinburgh, taking courage from the reports which were in the air, said mass at Easter at a private house. He was denounced, caught, hurried before the town magistrates, and having confessed, was fastened hand and foot to the market cross. There from two o'clock in the afternoon till six he stood exposed, while "ten thousand eggs" were broken upon his face and body; and the hungry mob howled round his feet and threatened to dash his brains out with their clubs as soon as he was taken down. The provost, who had gone contentedly home to supper, was obliged to return with the city guard to bring him off in safety; and the miserable wretch pasted with slime and filth was carried senseless into the Tolbooth and there made fast in irons with two of his congregation at his side.[2]

The Queen of Scots, who was at Stirling when she heard of this cowardly outrage, sent for the provost, and ordered him to release his prisoner; "not however," wrote an unknown correspondent in relating the story to Randolph,[3] "without great offence of the whole people;" "whereby," he said, "I trust whenever the like occurs again, and there be knowledge gotten, execution will be made in another manner of sort without seeking of further justice at the magistrate's hands; I assure

them, and my Lord Robert, being very hot and sweating, took the queen's napkin out of her hand and wiped his face, which the duke seeing said he was too saucy, and swore he would lay his racket upon his face. Hereupon arose a tumult, and the queen offended sore with the duke. This tale is told by the Earl of Athol. Whatsoever is most secret among you is sooner at this queen's ears than some would think it. I would your doings were better, or many of your tattling tongues shorter."—Randolph to Throgmorton, March 31: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[1] Randolph to Cecil, March 27: *MS.* Ibid.

[2] Randolph to Cecil, April, 1565: *Rolls House MS.*

[3] One of a number of letters to Randolph, in the Rolls House, written in the same hand, and signed "You know who." To this person, whoever he was, Randolph was indebted for much of his secret information. The hand partly resembles that of Kirkaldy of Grange; partly, though not to the same degree, that of Knox.

you there is greater rage now amongst the faithful nor ever I saw since her grace came to Scotland."

Meantime Mary Stuart, weary of the mask which she had so long worn, and unable to endure any longer these wild insults to her creed and herself, determined to run the chance of dividing Scotland, to throw herself on the loyalty of the Catholic party in her own country, in England, and abroad, to marry Darnley and dare the worst which Elizabeth could do. Whether she had received any encouraging answer from Philip before she made up her mind does not appear. It is most likely however that she had learnt from the government in the Netherlands what the answer would be when it arrived; and the opinions of the Spanish ministers, when made known at last, were decisively favourable. After a consultation at the Escurial the Duke of Alva and the Count de Feria recommended Philip by all means to support the Queen of Scots in taking a Catholic husband who by blood was so near the English crown; and Philip sent her word, and through de Silva sent word to the English Catholics, that she and they might rely on him to bear them through.[1]

Tired of waiting, and anticipating with justifiable confidence that Philip would approve, the Queen of Scots in the middle of April came to a fixed resolution. As Darnley was an English subject it was necessary to go through the form of consulting the English sovereign; and Maitland, who to the last moment had believed that he had been successful in dissuading his mistress from so rash a step, was the person chosen to inform Elizabeth that the Queen of Scots had made her choice, and to request her consent.

With but faint hopes of success—for he knew too much to share the illusions of his countrymen—Maitland left Edinburgh on the 15th of April, taking Randolph with him as far as Berwick. Three days later he reached London. Mary Stuart still trusted Maitland with her secrets, in the belief that although he might disapprove of what she was doing he would remain true to her. He carried with him private messages to de Silva and Lady Lennox, and was thoroughly aware of all that she intended. It is certain however from Maitland's subsequent conduct that although ready to go with his mistress to the edge of a rupture with Elizabeth, he was not prepared for open defiance. Elizabeth's conduct had been so strange and uncertain that it was possible that she might make no difficulty.

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[1] *MS. Simancas.*

Even the Spanish ambassador believed that although she would prefer Leicester, yet sooner than quarrel with the Queen of Scots she would agree to the marriage with Darnley; and with a faint impression that it might be so Maitland had accepted the commission. Yet either Maitland betrayed his trust, or Elizabeth already knew all that he had to tell her: immediately after his arrival de Silva reported that the Queen of England "had changed her mind;"[1] while Mary Stuart, as soon as she was freed from the restraint of Maitland's presence, no longer concealed that she had made up her mind irrevocably whether Elizabeth consented or refused.

Letters from Randolph followed close behind Maitland to say that the marriage was openly declared; Lady Lennox even told de Silva that she believed it had secretly taken place; and amidst the exultation of the Catholics a general expectation spread through England that "the good time was at hand when the King of Spain and the Queen of Scots would give them back their own again."[2]

Nor were their hopes without sound foundation. Mary Stuart, as soon as her resolution was taken, despatched a messenger post haste to Spain to acquaint Philip with it and to tell him that she depended on his support. The messenger met the Duke of Alva at Bayonne, where the duke answered for his master in terms which corresponded to her warmest hopes.

"I replied," wrote Alva in a despatch to Philip, "that I had your majesty's instructions to inform the Queen of Scots of your majesty's interest in her welfare; I said that your majesty earnestly desired to see her in the great position to which she aspired; and you were assured that both for herself and for the realm she could not do better than marry the young Lennox.

"Your majesty, I continued, recommended her to conduct herself with great caution and dissimulation towards the Queen of England, and for the present especially to refrain from pressing her in the matter of the succession. The Queen of England might in that case do something prejudicial to the Queen of Scots' interests, and either declare war against her or else listen to the proposals of the queen-mother of France and marry the young king. If the Queen of Scots would follow your majesty's advice your majesty would so direct and support her that when she least expected it she would find herself in possession of all that she desired."[1]

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[1] "A lo que he podido entender esta Reyna se ha mucho alterado de este negocio."—De Silva to Philip, April 25: *MS. Simancas.*

[2] Ibid.

The messenger flung himself at Alva's feet and wept for joy. His mistress, he said, had never in her life received such happy news as these words would convey to her; and he promised that she would act in every particular as the King of Spain advised.

Although this conversation took place two months after Maitland's despatch to England, yet it spoke of a foregone conclusion which Elizabeth too surely anticipated. In the first flurry of excitement she sent Lady Lennox to the Tower; and uncertain whether she might not be too late, she proposed to send Sir Nicholas Throgmorton on the spot to Scotland, to say that "if the Queen of Scots would accept Leicester, she should be accounted and allowed next heir to the crown as though she were her own born daughter;" but "as this was certain and true on one side, so was it also certain on the other that she would not do the like with any other person."[2]

The situation however was too serious to allow Elizabeth to persist in the Leicester foible. The narrow and irritating offer was suspended till it could be more maturely considered; and on the 1st of May the fitness or unfitness of the marriage of the Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley was discussed "with long deliberation and argument" in the English council. The result was a unanimous conclusion "that the marriage with the Lord Darnley, being attended with such circumstances as did appear, was unmeet, unprofitable, directly prejudicial to the amity between the two queens, and perilous to the concord of the realm." But so little desirable did it seem to restrict the Queen of Scots' choice unnecessarily, so unjust it seemed to force upon her the scoundrel object of Elizabeth's own affections, that Cecil and his friends urged the necessity of meeting freely and cordially her demand for recognition; and they advised their mistress to offer the Queen of Scots "a free election of any other of the nobility, either in the whole realm or isle or any other place." "For themselves," the council, "thinking the like of the rest of the nobility and sage men of the realm, did for their parts humbly offer to her majesty that whatever could be devised for the satisfaction of the Queen of

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[1] Alva to Philip, June: TEULET, vol. v.

[2] First draft of instructions to Sir N. Throgmorton, April 24: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

Scots with some other meeter marriage should be allowed with their advice and furthered with their services when her majesty should command them."[1]

With these more generous instructions, Sir N. Throgmorton started for Scotland on the 4th of May. Maitland, whom, in order to prolong his absence from Edinburgh, Mary Stuart had directed to go on to France, returned with the English ambassador in loyal disobedience, to add his own persuasions: he still hoped that the Queen of Scots might be tempted by the prospect of immediate recognition to accept either Arundel, Norfolk, or the Prince of Condé. If she would consent to marry either of these three, the English government would do for her "more than she had asked or even could expect."[2]

But neither these offers, tempting as they would have been a few weeks before, nor the admonitory cautions of the Duke of Alva, came in time to save Mary from the rash course into which she was plunging. The presence of Lennox and Darnley had lashed the Scottish factions into fury, and queen and court were within the influence of a whirlpool from which they could no longer extricate themselves. The lords on all sides were calling their retainers under arms. The Earl of Murray, at the expense of forfeiting the last remains of his influence over his sister, had summoned Bothwell to answer at Edinburgh a charge of high treason. Bothwell would have defied him had he dared; but Murray appeared accompanied by Argyle and 7000 men on the day fixed for the trial; and the Hepburn was once more obliged to fly. On the other hand, Mary was lavishing on Darnley the most extravagant demonstrations of affection. He was ill, and with confiding carelessness she installed herself as his nurse at his bedside. She accused her brother, when he remonstrated, of "seeking to set the crown on his own head." Argyle and Murray durst not appear together at the court, "that if need were the one might relieve the other." The miserable Chatelherault could only mutter his feeble hope that he might die in his bed; while Lennox boasted openly, "that he was sure of the greatest part of England, and that the King of Spain would be his friend."

Lennox's men went openly to mass, and "such pride was noted in the father and the son," that they would scarcely speak to any common nobleman. "My young lord lying sick in his bed boasted the duke that he would knock his pate when he was whole;" while "the preachers looked daily to have their lives taken from them," and "the country was so far broken that there was daily slaughter without redress, stealing on all hands, and justice almost nowhere."[1]

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[1] Determination of the council on the Queen of Scots' marriage, signed Winchester, Norfolk, Derby, Pembroke, Clinton, W. Howard, Ed. Rogers, Fr. Knolles, W. Cecil, Ab. Cave, W. Petre, John Mason, R. Sackville.—*Cotton. MSS.* CALIG. B. 10. Endorsed, "This is a copy of the paper delivered to Sir N. Throgmorton."

[2] Paul de Foix to the Queen-mother, May 2, May 10: TEULET, vol. ii.

Although the report of the completion of the marriage was premature, yet the arrangements for it had been pushed forward with eager precipitancy. Mary Stuart's friends in England had informed her of the resolution of the council; she despatched one of the Betons to delay Throgmorton at Berwick; and the leading lords were sent for one by one to Stirling, where the court was staying, and were requested to sign a paper recommending Darnley as a fitting person to be the queen's husband. Murray's signature could be ill dispensed with. He was invited among the rest, and overwhelmed with courtesies—Mary, Lennox, and Darnley contending with each other in their professions of regard. Murray however was the first to refuse. "He had no liking thereof." The Earl of Morton had been gained over by a release from Lady Lennox of her claims on Angus; and if Murray would have complied he might have had the lands of three counties for his reward; but in vain Mary pleaded, in vain Mary threatened. She took her brother into a room apart; she placed the paper in his hand, and required him to sign it on his allegiance. He asked for time: she said no time could be allowed because others were waiting for his example.

Murray's character, so much debated among historians, was, in the eye of those who knew him, a very simple one. He was true, faithful, honourable, earnest, stout both for the defence of God's glory and to save his sovereign's honour; and he was fearful that her doings might make a breach of amity between the two realms.[2] For five years he had laboured to reconcile two opposing duties: he was a zealous Protestant, but he had saved his sister from persecution, and had quarrelled with his friends in her defence; he had maintained her claims on the English succession with the loyalty of a Scot; he had united his special patriotism with as noble an anxiety for the spiritual freedom of the united realms. Few men had resisted more temptations to play a selfish game than Murray; none had carried themselves with more conspicuous uprightness in a difficult and most trying service. To the last, and long after he had known the direction in which his sister's aims were tending, he had shielded her with his name, he had assisted her with his counsels, he had striven hard to save her from the sinister and dangerous advisers to whom she was secretly listening: but he could hesitate no longer; under the miserable influence of Ritzio and her foreign correspondents, she was bringing revolution and civil war upon Scotland, and the choice was forced upon him between his country and his personal affection.

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, May 3: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Randolph to Cecil, May 21: Ibid.

He implored the queen to pause. She reproached him with being a slave to England. He said "that he could not consent to her marriage with one who he could not assure himself would set forth Christ's true religion." She told him scornfully "it was well known from whom he had received that lesson." "He answered with humility, but he would not sign;" and Mary was left to act alone or with her own and Darnley's friends, and to endeavour to rid herself of Murray by such other means as might offer themselves.[1]

Her messenger meanwhile had sped fast upon his way to England, and encountered Throgmorton at Newark. Mary Stuart, concealing her resentment at Maitland's disobedience, sent him by Beton's hands "the sweetest letter that ever subject received from sovereign," wanting neither love, eloquence, despite, anger, nor passion; she bade him go back and tell Elizabeth that she had been trifled with too long, and that she would now follow her own mind and choice; with the advice of her nobles she would take such an one as she thought good, and she would no longer be fed with yea and nay, and depend on such uncertain dealing.

But she had far mistaken Maitland if she believed that he would travel with her on the road into which she had been tempted by Ritzio. So desperate it seemed to him that he would have had her dragged back from it by force.

"I never saw Lidington in such perplexity and passion," wrote Throgmorton; "I could not have believed he could have been so moved; he wishes I had brought with me authority to declare war if the Queen of Scots persist, as the last refuge to stay her from this unadvised act."

Mary Stuart's orders to Maitland to return to London were so distinct that he hesitated before he again disobeyed; he remained at Newark for a few hours after Throgmorton had gone forward; but the extremity was so serious that he ran all risks and overtook the ambassador at Alnwick. At the border they heard the alarming news that Chatelherault had been bribed into compliance with the marriage "by a written promise to enjoy his own." "Let the Earl of Northumberland be stayed in London," Throgmorton wrote back to Leicester: "from what I hear it is very necessary. Examine Sir Richard Cholmondley, and look well and sharp to the doings of that party." "The Papists in these parts do rouse themselves." "Look to yourselves and her majesty's safety." "Sir Henry Percy is dangerous."[1]

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[1] Randolph to Cecil, May 8: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

Time pressed. On the 15th Lord Darnley was to be created Earl of Ross at Stirling; when, being an English subject, he would swear allegiance to the Queen of Scots without leave sought or obtained from his own sovereign. A dukedom had been first intended for him; the higher title had been suspended, and the foolish boy struck with his dagger at the justice-clerk who was sent to tell him of the unwelcome change. But whether earl or duke he would alike commit treason to Elizabeth, and Throgmorton hurried forward to be in time if possible to prevent a catastrophe which would make reconciliation hopeless. A message from the Queen of Scots met him at Edinburgh that he should have his audience when the creation was over, and that he must remain where he was till she sent for him. So well he wished to Mary that he would not obey; he pushed right on to Stirling and reached the castle on the morning of the fatal day. But the gates were locked in his face; and it was not till toward evening that he received an intimation that the queen would receive him.

When he was at last admitted into her presence the creation was over; the oath had been sworn; and the Queen of Scots stood triumphant, her eyes flashing pride and defiance, surrounded by half the northern lords. Sir Nicholas Throgmorton and Mary Stuart had last met on the eve of her departure from France, when he had vainly entreated her to ratify the Treaty of Edinburgh. He was now witnessing another act of the same drama.

In England he had been a warm advocate of her recognition, and she received him with gracious kindness. He presented his despatches; he then said that he was sent by the Queen of

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[1] Throgmorton to Leicester and Cecil, from Berwick, May 11 and 12: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

England to express "her surprise at the hasty proceedings with the Lord Darnley, seeing how he and his father had failed of their duty in enterprising such a matter without her majesty's knowledge and consent."

Mary Stuart, affecting the utmost surprise, in turn professed herself at a loss to understand Elizabeth's meaning. It was not to be supposed, she said, that she would remain always unmarried; the foreign princes who had proposed for her had been unwelcome to the Queen of England, and she had imagined that in taking an English nobleman who was equally acceptable to both realms, she would have met her sister's wishes most exactly.

The truth sprung to Throgmorton's lips; he had been a true friend to her and he would speak plainly.

He told her that she knew very well what the Queen of England had desired; and she knew also that she was doing the very thing which was not desired. The Queen of England had wished her to take some one "who would maintain the amity between the two nations;" and by Lord Darnley that amity would not be maintained.

Argument was of course unavailing. The Queen of Scots had on her side the letter of Elizabeth's words—for Darnley was the nominee of the English Catholics; and the Catholics outnumbered the Protestants. After some discussion she promised to suspend the celebration of the marriage for three months, in the hope that in the interval Elizabeth would look more favourably on it; but Throgmorton saw that she was determined; and he doubted whether she would adhere to the small concession which she had made.

"The matter is irrevocable," he reported to Elizabeth; "I do find this queen so captivate either by love or cunning—or rather to say truly by boasting or folly—that she is not able to keep promise with herself, and therefore not able to keep promise with your majesty in these matters."[1]

Anticipating an immediate insurrection in Northumberland and Yorkshire, he begged that Bedford, who had gone to London, might return to Berwick without an hour's delay; and that the troops there might be largely reinforced. He returned at his leisure through York, to inform the council there of the names of dangerous persons which he had learnt in Scotland; and meanwhile he sketched a course of action to Leicester and Cecil which would either prevent the marriage

[1] Throgmorton to Elizabeth, May 21: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

or cripple it with conditions which would deprive it of its danger.

Elizabeth he thought should immediately make public "the indignity" which had been offered her by the Queen of Scots, and should declare without ambiguity her intention of "chastising the arrogancy" of subjects who had disowned their allegiance. He recommended the arrest of the Earl of Northumberland, the detention of Lady Lennox "in close and separate confinement," and the adoption of prompt measures to disabuse "the Papists" of their belief "that they were themselves in credit and estimation." An eye should be kept on the Spanish ambassador—"there the matter imported much"—and favour should be shown to Lady Catherine Grey, who, though fast sinking under hard usage, still survived. The English government should avoid differences with France and Spain; and then "either a breach of the matter would follow or else a good composition."[1]

Randolph, after Throgmorton's departure, continued at his post, and sent up accounts from week to week of the position of parties and of the progress of the crisis.

He described Darnley as a conceited, arrogant, intolerable fool; he spoke of Murray as true to his mistress in the highest sense, and still labouring to save her from herself—of Maitland "as more honest than many looked for"—of Argyle and the lords of the old congregation as true to their principles, and working all together—of the Earl of Ruthven alone "as to his shame stirring coals to bring the marriage to effect." "Of the poor queen herself" he knew not what to say, "so pitiful her condition seemed to him;" "he had esteemed her before," he said, "so worthy, so wise, so honourable in all her doings;" and he "found her so altered with affection towards Lord Darnley that she had brought her honour in question, her estate in hazard, her country torn to pieces."[2]

Affection it might be, or else, as Maitland thought, "the foundation of the matter might have been anger and despite:" so far from loving the weak idiot whom she had chosen, she was more likely already shuddering at the sacrifice which her ambition and revenge had demanded; Lord Darnley had few qualities to command either love or respect from Mary Stuart.

"David Ritzio," continued Randolph in a later letter, "is he that now worketh all, chief secretary to the queen and only governor to her good man. The bruits here are wonderful, men's talk very strange, the hatred towards Lord Darnley and his house marvellous great, his pride intolerable, his words not to be borne, but where no man dare speak again. He spareth not also in token of his manhood to let blows fly where he knows they will be taken. When men have said all and thought what they can, they find nothing but that God must send him a short end or themselves a miserable life. They do not now look for help from England. Whatsoever I speak is counted but wind. If her majesty will not use force let her spend three or four thousand pounds. It is worth the expense of so much money to cut off the suspicion that men make of her majesty that she never liked thing in her life better than to see this queen so meanly matched. She is now so much altered from that which lately she was known to be that who now beholdeth her doth not think her to be the same. Her majesty is laid aside; her wits not such as they were; her beauty other than it was; her cheer and countenance changed into I wot not what—a woman more to be pitied than any that ever I saw. The Lord Darnley has said that if there were war to-morrow between England and Scotland, this queen should find more friends in England than the queen's majesty's self."[1]

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[1] Throgmorton to Cecil and Leicester, May 21: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Randolph to Leicester and Cecil, May 21: Ibid.

Maitland continued to write confidentially to Cecil, promising to do his best to prevent a collision between the two countries, and entreating Cecil to assist him. Randolph, distracted by the suspicions of Elizabeth's motives which he saw round him, advised that "unless the Queen of Scots was to be allowed to take her will," an English army should advance to the border, and that he should be himself empowered to promise the congregation distinct and open support. In that case all would be well. "The Papists should be bridled at home, and all intelligence cut off between them and the Scots: and either Mary Stuart would be put to the hardest shift that ever prince was at, or such a stir in Scotland that what part soever was strongest should be the longer liver."[2]

The agitation in England after Throgmorton's return was almost as great. A series of remarkable papers remain to illustrate the alarm with which the crisis was regarded and to reveal many unexpected features in the condition of the country.

First is a paper in Cecil's hand, dated the 2nd of June, entitled

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[1] Randolph to Leicester and Cecil, June 3: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Randolph to Cecil, June 12: Ibid.

"The perils and troubles that may presently ensue and in time to come follow upon the marriage of the Queen of Scots with the Lord Darnley."

"The minds," thus this paper runs, "of all such as be affected to the Queen of Scots either for herself, or for the opinion of her pretences to this crown, or for the desire to have a change in the form of religion in this realm, or for the discontentation they have of the queen's majesty or her successors or of the succession of any other besides the Queen of Scots, shall be by this marriage erected, comforted, and induced to devise and labour how to bring their desires to pass; and to make some estimate what persons these are, to the intent the quantity of the peril may be weighed, the same may be composed in these sorts either within the realm or without.

"The first are such as are especially devoted to the Queen of Scots or the Lord Darnley by bond of blood and alliance—as all the house of Lorraine and Guise for her part, and the Earl of Lennox and his wife with all such in Scotland as be of their blood there and have received displeasure by the Duke of Chatelherault and the Hamiltons.

"The second are all manner of persons both in this realm and in other countries that are devoted to the authority of Rome and mislike of the religion here received; and in these two sorts are the substance of them comprehended that shall take comfort in this marriage.

"Next therefore is to be considered what perils and troubles these kind of men shall intend to this realm.

"The general scope and mark of all their designs is and always shall be to bring the Queen of Scots to have the royal crown of this realm; and therefore though their devices may vary amongst themselves for the compassing hereof, according to the accidents of the times, and according to the impediments which they shall find by means of the queen's majesty's actions and government, yet all their purposes shall wholly and only tend to make the Queen of Scots queen of this realm and to deprive our sovereign lady thereof. And in these their proceedings there are two manner of things to be considered, the one of which is far worse than the other. The one is intended by them that, either for malicious blindness in religion or for natural affection to the Queen of Scots or the Lord Darnley, do persuade themselves that the said Queen of Scots hath presently more right to the crown than our sovereign the queen, of which sort be all their kindred of both sides and all such as are devoted to the Papacy either in England, Scotland, Ireland, or elsewhere. The other is meant of them which less maliciously are persuaded that the Queen of Scots hath only right to be the next heir to succeed the queen's majesty and her issue, of which sort few are without the realm but here within; and yet of them not so many as are of the contrary. And from these two sorts shall the devices and practices proceed.

"From the first are to be looked for these perils. It is to be doubted that the devil will infect some of them to imagine the hindrance of our dearest sovereign lady by such means as the devil will suggest to them; although it is to be assuredly hoped that Almighty God will—as hitherto He hath—graciously protect and preserve her from such dangers.

"There will be attempted by persuasions, by bruits and rumours and such like to alienate the minds of good subjects from the queen's majesty, and to conciliate them to the Queen of Scots, and in this behalf the frontier and the north will be much solicited and laboured. There will be attempted tumults and rebellions, specially in the north towards Scotland, so as thereupon may follow some open extremity by violence. There will be by the said queen's council and friends a new league made with France or Spain that shall be offensive to this realm and a furtherance to their title; and it is also likely they will set on foot as many practices as they can both upon the frontier and in Ireland to occasion the queen's majesty to continue her charges, thereby to retain her from being wealthy or potent. From the second is not much to be feared; but they will content themselves to serve notedly the queen's majesty and so to impeach her not to marry; but to hope that the Queen of Scots shall have issue, which they will think to be more plausible to all men because thereby the houses of England and Scotland shall be united in one, and thereby the occasions of war shall cease; with which persuasions many people may be seduced and abused to incline themselves to the Queen of Scots."[1]

The several points thus prepared by Cecil for the consideration of the council were enlarged in the discussion which ensued on them.

"By some it was thought plainly that the peril was greater by the marriage with the Lord Darnley than with the mightiest prince abroad;" a stranger would have few friends in England; the Lord Darnley being an English subject "whatever power he could make by the faction of the Papists or other discontented persons would be so much deducted from the power of the realm." "A small faction of adversaries at home was more dangerous than thrice their number abroad;" and it was remembered that "foreign powers had never prevailed in England but with the help of some at home."

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[1] *Cotton MSS.* CALIG. B. 10.

It "had been observed and manifestly seen before this attempt at marriage that in every corner of the realm the factions that most favoured the Scottish title had grown stout and bold;" "they had shown themselves in the very court itself;" and unless checked promptly "they would grow so great and dangerous as redress would be almost desperate." "Scarcely a third of the population were assured to be trusted in the matter of religion, upon which only string the Queen of Scots' title did hang;" and "comfort had been given to the adversaries of religion in the realm to hope for change," "by means that the bishops had dealt straightly with some persons of good religion because they had forborne to wear certain apparel and such like things—being more of form and accident than any substance." "The pride and arrogancy of the Catholics had been increased" by the persecution of the Protestants; while if the bishops attempted to enforce conformity on the other side "the judges and lawyers in the realm being not the best affected in religion did threaten them with premunire, and in many cases letted not to punish and defame them," "so that they dared not execute the ecclesiastical laws."

For much of all this the queen was responsible. She it was who more than any other person had nursed "the Scottish faction" at the court. If the bishops had been too eager to persecute the Catholics it was she who had compelled Parker to suspend the ablest of the Protestant ministers. "But the sum of the perils was made so apparent as no one of the council could deny them to be both many and very dangerous." They were agreed every one of them that the queen must for the present relinquish her zeal for uniformity, and that the prosecutions of the clergy must cease till the question could be reconsidered by Parliament; they determined to require the oath of allegiance of the judges, "so that they should for conscience' sake maintain the queen's authority," to replace the nonjuring bishops in the Tower, to declare forfeited all benefices held by ecclesiastics who were residing abroad, and to drive out a number of seditious monks and friars who had fled across the border from Scotland and were serving as curates in the northern churches. Bedford meanwhile should go down to Berwick taking additional troops with him; the "powers of the border" should be held in readiness to move at an hour's notice; and a reserve be raised in London to march north in case of war. Lennox and Darnley might then be required to return to England on their allegiance. If they refused they would be declared traitors and their extradition demanded of the Queen of Scots under the treaties.

So far the council was unanimous. As to what should be done if the Queen of Scots refused to surrender them opinions were divided. The bolder party were for declaring immediate war and sending an army to Edinburgh; others preferred to wait till events had shaped themselves more distinctly; all however agreed on the necessity of vigour, speed, and resolution. "No persons deserving of mistrust were to be suffered to have any rule of her majesty's subjects or lands in the north;" they might "retain their fees," "but more trusty persons should have the rule of their people." The Earl of Murray and his friends should be comforted and supported; and "considering the faction and title of the Queen of Scots had for a long time received great countenance by the queen's majesty's favour shown to the said queen and her ministers," the council found themselves compelled to desire her majesty "by some exterior act to show some remission of her displeasure to the Lady Catherine and the Earl of Hertford."

Further—for it was time to speak distinctly, and her majesty's mode of dealing in such matters being better known than appreciated—she was requested after considering these advices to choose which of them she liked, and put them in execution *in deeds and not pass them over in consultations and speeches*.[1]

Nor did the council separate without returning once more to the vexed question of the queen's marriage. So long as she remained single they represented gravely that "no surety could be devised to ascertain any person of continuance of their families and posterities." The French affair had dragged on. Elizabeth had coquetted with it as a kitten plays with a ball. The French ambassador de Foix on the 2nd of May made an effort to force an answer from her one way or the other. "The world," he said, "had been made in six days and she had already spent eighty and was still undecided." Elizabeth had endeavoured to escape by saying that the world "had been made by a greater artist than herself; that she was constitutionally irresolute and had lost many fair opportunities by a want of promptitude in seizing them." Four days later on the receipt of bad news from Scotland she wavered towards acceptance: she wrote to Catherine de Medici to say "that she could not decline an offer so generously made; she would call Parliament immediately, and if her subjects approved she was willing to abide by their resolution."[1]

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[1] The words in italics are underlined in the original.

Summary of consultations and advices given to her majesty, June, 1565: *Cotton MSS.* CALIG. B. 10. Debates in Council, June 4, 1565: *Scotch MSS. Rolls House.*

A parliamentary discussion could not be despatched in a moment. The queen-mother on receiving Elizabeth's letter asked how soon she might expect an answer; and when Sir T. Smith told her that perhaps four months would elapse first, she affected astonishment at the necessity of so much ceremony. If the Queen of England was herself satisfied she thought it was enough.

"Madam," replied Smith, "her people be not like your people; they must be trained by doulceur and persuasion not by rigour and violence. There is no realm in Christendom better governed, better policied, and in more felicity of quiet and good order than is the realm of England; and in case my sovereign should go to work as ye say, God knows what would come of it; you have an opinion that her majesty is wise; her answer is very much in a little space and containeth more substance of matter than multitude of words."[2]

Catherine de Medici but half accepted the excuse, regarding it only as a pretext for delay. Yet Elizabeth was probably serious, and had the English council been in favour of the marriage, in her desperation at the attitude of Mary Stuart she might have felt herself compelled to make a sacrifice which would insure for her the alliance of France. Paul de Foix one day at the end of May found her in her room playing chess.

"Madam," he said to her, "you have before you the game of life. You lose a pawn; it seems a small matter; but with the pawn you lose the game."

"I see your meaning," she answered. "Lord Darnley is but a pawn, but unless I look to it I shall be checkmated."

She rose from her seat, led the ambassador apart, and said bitterly she would make Lennox and his son smart for their insolence.

De Foix admitted and made the most of the danger; "her enemies," he allowed, "all over the world were wishing to see Mary Stuart and Darnley married," and unfortunately there were also clear-sighted able English statesmen who desired it as well as a means of uniting the crowns. "But your majesty," he added, "has in your hands both your own safety and your rival's ruin. France has been the shield of Scotland in its English wars. Take that shield for yourself. The world is dangerous, the strongest will fare the best, and your majesty knows that the Queen of Scots dreads no one thing so much as your marriage with the most Christian king."

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[1] "La response de la Reyne," May 6: *French MSS. Rolls House.*

[2] Smith to Elizabeth, May, 1565: Ibid.

With mournful irony Elizabeth replied that she did not deserve so much happiness.[1] The English council in pressing her to take a husband was thinking less of a foreign alliance than of an heir to the crown; and the most Christian king was unwelcome to her advisers for the reason perhaps for which she would have preferred him to any other suitor. The full-grown able-bodied Archduke Charles was the person on whom the hearts of the truest of her statesmen had long been fixed. The queen referred de Foix to the council; and the council on the 2nd of June informed him "that on mature consideration and with a full appreciation of the greatness of the offer, the age of the King of France, the uncertainty of the English succession, and the unlikelihood of children from that marriage for several years at least obliged them to advise their mistress to decline his proposals."[2]

The next day Elizabeth sent for the ambassador of the Duke of Wirtemberg who was acting in England in behalf of Maximilian. She told him that she had once resolved to live and die a maiden queen; but she deferred to the remonstrances of her subjects, and she desired him to tell the emperor that she had at last made up her mind to marry.[3] She had inquired of the Spanish ambassador whether the King of Spain still wished to see her the wife of his cousin. The ambassador had assured her that the king could not be more anxious if the archduke had been a child of his own. She said that she could not bind herself to accept a person whom she had never seen; but she expressed her earnest wish that the archduke should come to England.

The minister of Wirtemberg in writing to Maximilian added his own entreaties to those of the queen; he said that "there was no fear for the archduke's honour; the queen's situation was so critical that if the archduke would consent to come she could not dare to affront the imperial family by afterwards refusing his hand."[4]

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[1] Paul de Foix to the Queen-mother, June 3: TEULET, vol. ii.

[2] MIGNET'S *Mary Stuart*, vol. i. p. 146.

[3] "Se constituisse nunc nubere."

[4] Adam Schetowitz to Maximilian, June 4, 1565: *Burghley Papers*, vol. i.

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By ERNEST RHYS

VICTOR HUGO said a Library was "an act of faith," and some unknown essayist spoke of one so beautiful, so perfect, so harmonious in all its parts, that he who made it was smitten with a passion. In that faith the promoters of Everyman's Library planned it out originally on a large scale; and their idea in so doing was to make it conform as far as possible to a perfect scheme. However, perfection is a thing to be aimed at and not to be achieved in this difficult world; and since the first volumes appeared, now several years ago, there have been many interruptions. A great war has come and gone; and even the City of Books has felt something like a world commotion. Only in recent years is the series getting back into its old stride and looking forward to complete its original scheme of a Thousand Volumes. One of the practical expedients in that original plan was to divide the volumes into sections, as Biography, Fiction, History, Belles Lettres, Poetry, Romance, and so forth; with a compartment for young people, and last, and not least, one of Reference Books. Beside the dictionaries and encyclopædias to be expected in that section, there was a special set of literary and historical atlases. One of these atlases dealing with Europe, we may recall, was directly affected by the disturbance of frontiers during the war; and the maps had to be completely revised in consequence, so as to chart the New Europe which we hope will now preserve its peace under the auspices of the League of Nations set up at Geneva.

That is only one small item, however, in a library list which runs already to the final centuries of the Thousand. The largest slice of this huge provision is, as a matter of course, given to the tyrannous demands of fiction. But in carrying out the scheme, publishers and editors contrived to keep in mind that books, like men and women, have their elective affinities. The present volume, for instance, will be found to have its companion books, both in the same section and even more significantly in other sections. With that idea too, novels like Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe* and *Fortunes of Nigel*, Lytton's *Harold* and Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, have been used as pioneers of history and treated as a sort of holiday history books. For in our day history is tending to grow more documentary and less literary; and "the historian who is a stylist," as one of our contributors, the late Thomas Seccombe, said, "will soon be regarded as a kind of Phœnix." But in this special department of Everyman's Library we have been eclectic enough to choose our history men from every school in turn. We have Grote, Gibbon, Finlay, Macaulay, Motley, Prescott. We have among earlier books the Venerable Bede and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, have completed a Livy in an admirable new translation by Canon Roberts, while Cæsar, Tacitus, Thucydides and Herodotus are not forgotten.

"You only, O Books," said Richard de Bury, "are liberal and independent; you give to all who ask." The delightful variety, the wisdom and the wit which are at the disposal of Everyman in his own library may well, at times, seem to him a little embarrassing. He may turn to Dick Steele in *The Spectator* and learn how Cleomira dances, when the elegance of her motion is unimaginable and "her eyes are chastised with the simplicity and innocence of her thoughts." He may turn to Plato's Phædrus and read how every soul is divided into three parts (like Cæsar's Gaul). He may turn to the finest critic of Victorian times, Matthew Arnold, and find in his essay on Maurice de Guerin the perfect key to what is there called the "magical power of poetry." It is Shakespeare, with his

"daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty;"

it is Wordsworth, with his

"voice . . . heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides;"

or Keats, with his

". . . . moving waters at their priest-like task
Of cold ablution round Earth's human shores."

William Hazlitt's "Table Talk," among the volumes of Essays, may help to show the relationship of one author to another, which is another form of the Friendship of Books. His incomparable essay in that volume, "On Going a Journey," forms a capital prelude to Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" and to his and Wordsworth's poems. In the same way one may turn to the review of Moore's Life of Byron in Macaulay's *Essays* as a prelude to the three volumes of Byron's own poems, remembering that the poet whom Europe loved more than England did was as Macaulay said: "the beginning, the middle and the end of all his own poetry." This brings us to the provoking reflection that it is the obvious authors and the books most easy to reprint which have been the signal successes out of the many hundreds in the series, for Everyman is distinctly proverbial in his tastes. He likes best of all an old author who has worn well or a comparatively new author who has gained something like newspaper notoriety. In attempting to lead him on from the good books that are known to those that are less known, the publishers may have at times been too adventurous. The late *Chief* himself was much more than an ordinary book-producer in this critical enterprise. He threw himself into it with the zeal of a book-lover and indeed of one who, like Milton, thought that books might be as alive and productive as dragons' teeth, which, being "sown up and down the land, might chance to spring up armed men."

Mr. Pepys in his *Diary* writes about some of his books, "which are come home gilt on the backs, very handsome to the eye." The pleasure he took in them is that which Everyman may take in the gilt backs of his favourite books in his own Library, which after all he has helped to make good and lasting.

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